

[To kill and kill again
On the eleventh day, he reached out his hand
and made the sign of parting,
spoke the words of taking leave
and of never going back]

To breathe the air of dreams
To walk upon a path of bodies
To know what carnal means
To live the law of hate and cold flesh

Wailing for the solace in a lie
No echo here. No truth. No time

To blind the eye to see
To feed on every broken moment
To kill and kill again
To end it all while it's unfolding
To know the only way:
To love the beast and then to beg it
to die from every wound

Listen as the mourning herald sings
the dirge to which we march in time

Crawling naked 'neath the burning stars,
sleeping beauty dries

Never