

# Arzachel, Clean Innocent Fun

I'll be on my way, he said  
As the knife quivered in his eye  
I laid down my heavy head  
The screaming wall began to cry  
You lost your last hold on your flimsy mind  
You know you've done it now  
I turned my head and looked behind  
At the blood welling from his brow

The harlot slowly crossed her legs  
Vanished into a drowning child  
Forty rows of angry spikes  
Each one through a squiggling limb  
The glass faces of the frigid mares  
Dragged and sheltered in the wind  
The cold draught brought the stench of pus  
The boil bubbled on his flesh

The grey mist wafted in  
Undulating, shrouded all  
I was walking up the endless steps  
Oozing purple from the cracks  
Blazing Betelgeuse lit the way for me  
Laser heat transmit my soul  
The pressure force forced me on  
To the long knife at the end

The wave rocked by brain  
Crashing, smashing, all wrong  
Lighthouse beam cross the black waste  
Split the black till it was dawn  
My mind returned to that stale room  
That head took all his brain  
Slowly, slowly it died away...  
Would I ever be the same?