

Beat Circus, Death Fugue

Black milk of dawn we drink it at dusk
We drink it an noon and at daybreak we drink it at night
We drink and drink
We are digging a grave in the clouds where it's roomy to lie
A man lives in the house he plays with the serpents he writes
He writes when it's nightfall and whistles for us
He calls play that death thing more sweetly
Scrape that fiddle more darkly then hover like smoke in the air
He commands us to sing for the dance
In the castle a man plays with serpents he writes
Scoop a grave in the clouds where it's roomy to lie
In the castle a man plays with serpents he writes
Scoop a grave in the clouds where it's roomy to lie