

Cemetary, Bitter Seed

In fear you run
As silence shuts its doors
It came undone
Now the poison gently pours

And you will hear no laughter
Until that serpents feeds
And what you'll sow hereafter
Shall be only bitter seed

Sweet lusts of pain
The venom in thin disguise
Against the grain
Now the silence won't ease the cries

Dark are the pleasures spi forth from fire
Breathing down you neck like razors of desire