

Circle Of Dead Children, Harvest At Dawn

Everything around me shrinks and expands
Memories compacted
Fantasies extracted
Suspend me from the floor and push the ceiling nearer
This is just a reenactment of the thoughts projected from your eyes
The faces and names are not real
Only the tears, blood and glass are authentic
We link hands and dreams to become the map of the damned
Found a wound across my ribs, soft and fresh as a ballet shoe, to finger and feed
Memories flaccid
Fantasies reenacted
Finger and feed
Finger and feed