

# Circle Of Dead Children, Pigeon Vs. Crow

Let the steel be my Christ  
Let the blood create the path  
Ignored like the dead pigeon gutted by the cat  
Impregnated our babies with psychosis and lamb vomit  
The clay failed to form the cast  
All that is left is a moist clump of animation  
Pure flat affect and no chance for grin  
Retarded by the morning's sunlight and traded sorrow for silence  
Sedation in the underlife  
Filed in the abyss  
Sedation in the underlife  
Through steel I shall exist  
The wheelchair pigeon is as clever as the crow  
Sedation in the underlife  
Through steel I shall exist