

# Death In June, Lullaby To A Ghetto

So this is your life  
This is your world  
In a lullaby to a ghetto  
Where you murder boys and girls  
Ashes of a butterfly  
On a blood-soaked wand  
Painted, all decorated  
Absent and missing  
Like secret dreams  
And broken promises  
Like all our dead  
And thoroughbred

Let the absence of life begin  
To form an ash  
And diamond lake  
Revisionist, rust-torn and red  
Black sun baked

Frank eyes never lie  
They weep and shine  
With that emptiness  
Feral inside them  
That mirrors can't define

Don't look to god  
He's turned away  
Savaged by the smell  
Of the first of seven days

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