

# Silence The Epilogue, The Knife Configuration

Prostitute candle lit evenings perfumed scent of money  
lipstick bloodstains and champagne  
fade to permanent white and so they died  
and no one could be found to bury the dead for money or pleasure.  
And for these risks I'll never give up.  
I am not the one who is dead you are, can't you read your eyes?