

Trance To The Sun, Trans Lucia

Dying when you get hit by a
Lying in your shit, dying when you get hit by a car.
Lying in your own shit and crying, because your clothes don't fit anymore.
Dying for your death,
It's only a lion.
He comes and shreds you up
He wanted a life of his own
and he's willing to take over your own.
His death is more important than your life,
and your life is more important than his life.
In guilt a gift of the lion sniffs the lovely flower of your blood
And is never daunted by his rush that he gets when you are
Dying, when you get eaten by a ferocious lion.
All he wants is a little life and blood and death
And is oh so alone; eats you whole and is so alone.
Lying in your own shit and crying because your clothes don't fit anymore
Dying, dying, dying when you get hit by a car,
staying where you are, lying in your own shit.
You're part of his taile now and his taile will be told somehow.
You're part of his taile now,
And his taile won't be told without doubt.
Don't tell no one, Dionyn
and don't tell no one, Dionyn
Don't tell no one, no Dionyn
Filling you up with the lovely sound;
That of death that bites on the jugular and never lets go,
until you live with life and death of the new kind.
Live with life and death of the new kind.
Lying in your own shit
Dying in your..
Crying, crying because your clothes don't fit anymore.
Dying when you get hit by a car,
I'm staying where you are.
Someone, sacrifice to Dionyn and
Someone to sacrifice to Dionyn...
Come over it.
Oh, it isn't such a shame.
in another. in another.
oh, dying.. will you slide on it?
Go on, go on, go on, go on, slide on it.