

Without Face, ...In The Garden

Long ago died silent lips
Ghosts of lovely words, tears
of a never-ending hollow-life
Jewels of the deadly Nights

Memories have been lost in time
Like my fate, my soul-the faithless mind
Fever-grows in empty veins
And just the Garden that awaits...

...With my ancient life, unknown crimes
Deadly instinct never lies
Hunts me to kill, suffer my sin
Forever and always...in a dreamless dream

Over the Garden there is life waiting
Over the walls there is blood pulsing there us blood pulsing
Over the Gates life and death's waiting
Over the walls my hunger satiating

Laughing-breaks my heaven's silence
Young blood haunts my aching mind
To rape my garden's (secret) clarity
But I cannot stop this growing pain

Oh, in my garden, there's life-waiting
Inside these walls, there is blood-pulsing
Inside the gates, life and death's waiting
Inside these walls my hunger satiating...

Thrill waits to be blazed, flames up
Life's immense current stops
The fate of you-I make it your face
Your love, your hate, your blood, your fate,
Your heart, your dreams
Your mind...are mine...
...oh...What I did...where I killed...
Hands...living in chains...
the morning comes...and I burn