

Benediction, Painted Skulls

From the museum of sleep
Unliving eyes see death's subtle jest
In my sorrow they mourn the past
Yet celebrate their eternal rest

Relieving the worlds pain
In a church of misery
Dampening the lantern flame
Upon your bended knee
Painted skulls
Painted skulls

Warm and close the air runs hard
Around the loyal gravesite
Wailing moon in a putrid sky
Hungry and eager tonight

Our cries pierce their world
An invocation to mourn
Celebration, fete for fate
Of unearthly dead souls reborn

Like a slime trail of a slug
Transgress to the husk
Unburied souls in restful bliss
Bursting forth from crust

Stale the stench of arising souls
In ritual macabre
Drag you down infuse your mind
By blade or poisoned barb

Painted skulls
Painted skulls

The festival end now they sleep
Shrouds of pain another year
Return to their boneyard
We surviving ones await in fear

Mourning unsurpassed
To the bitter end
Broken dreams and broken lies
Painted skulls, the children cry