

# 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