

# Cemetary, Scarecrow

Passion stains the godless taste  
The human eye now raped and dazed  
Our marks of shame soon worn away  
The spider's trapped in a web of clay

Naked in the desert of delight  
Banish the thoughts into the night  
Scarecrow servant of demise  
Parting the honey from the flies

What's in the veins is what to keep  
Still the floods of raptures sound asleep  
Visions fade and die at ease  
Inferior slaves are ours to please

The last of shadows shapes the end  
From mountains high it all descends  
One single dagger unleash the doom  
Creation falls in my closed room