## 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 throughts 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