

Christian Death, Figurative Theatre

In the shallow holes of a thousand eyes
In the knee deep graves of future survivors
The fleshless guests live off children of the past
And their aging fingers cast the shadow of death
Their razor sharp tongues invite to relax
As they slip the skin on your eyelids back
Invasive spectators get into the act
With roses and candles, silver knives and
Persona read women dance with priests on a side road
Your vision perspectives are turning to stone
A cabaret slide show starts shooting their loads
Act one is the end and the show now begins
Their razor sharp tongues invite to relax
As they slip the skin on your eyelids back
Invasive spectators get into the act
With roses and candles, silver knives and
Breath ballet prancers spin on porcelain backbones
A child's muddled cry turns into hilarity
Ungracious freeloaders leave their dead on a doorstep
Flowers of doom all bloom in prosperity
Their razor sharp tongues invite to relax
As they slip the skin on your eyelids back
Invasive spectators get into the act
With roses and candles, silver knives and spoons
With silver knives and spoons
The luxuries of past days are the luxuries of our days
The luxuries of past days are the luxuries of our days