

# Christian Death, Figurative Theatre (Rozz)

Christian Death  
Only Theatre Of Pain  
Figurative Theatre (Rozz)  
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  
Their aging fingers cast the  
Shadow of Death

(Chorus)  
Their razor sharp tongues  
invite to relax  
as they slip the skin of your  
eyelids back  
invasive spectators  
get into the act

with roses and candles  
silver knives and spoons  
persona read women dance with  
priests on a side road  
your vision perspectives are  
turning to stone  
cabaret slide show starts  
shooting their loads  
Act one is the end, the show  
now begins

(chorus)  
Breath ballet prancers spin on  
Porcelain backbone  
a child's muddled cry turns into  
hilarity  
ungracious freeloaders leave their  
dead on a doorstep  
Flowers of doom bloom in prosperity  
luxuries of past days are  
luxuries of our days  
luxuries of past days  
luxuries of our days