

# Circle Of Dead Children, A Wooden Heart Never

In paranoia I find genius

But the ice-dreams have come with spiritless consequence

A hatchet has been hidden between my eyes

A hatchet gift-wrapped in paranoia

A wooden heart never bleeds

A wooden heart never bleeds, yet inextricable thoughts still weave

Introspection fabricated for battle

No time has been wasted

Neuroleptic seconds marry electroconvulsive hours

In the cranial freezer, paranoia is the bastard and I find genius

Petrify

Paralyze