

Circle Of Dead Children, Alkaline

As faces crept in from the room next door
to my eyes I let a razor race swiftly down my armless body
towards the clays of hell
Blink to separate desecration from pain
Toward the clays of hell the acrid tears and razors race
The faces become more defined
as the scent of my sweat and vomit draws them nearer
Blink to separate desecration from pain
Blink to separate the face from the name
Another flash
Another face
Blink once for the pills
Blink twice for the shame
In the eyes of the canary these faces (remain)