

Circle Of Dead Children, Digestive Ceremony

I'd love to run your fingers through my heart
Feel the ruin
Smell the caustic stench
Sweep me in the corner and forget I'll stay there until the sun has set:one
million times
With my crust ablaze everybody sees the feeling
Everybody chokes on the dust of a smoldering ego
Your face I remember
Your taste I will never forget
The dogs feast on each sour breath
It's like they remember.
It's like they remember
Sweep me into the corner and forget
Because the dogs, they will always know
They know my blood
Every stone I had carefully placed, now washed away and eroded
The dam to my psyche, washed away and eroded
I pick at each scar and remember each name
Your faces I remember
Gratify me with the dogs now
The respect of the corner
In the corner I am alive
You can never take that from me