

# 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