

# Circle Of Dead Children, Harvest At Dawn (Enter

Everything around me shrinks and expands  
Memories compacted  
Fantasies extracted  
Suspend me from the floor and push the ceiling nearer  
This is just a reenactment of the thoughts projected from your eyes  
The faces and names are not real  
Only the tears, blood and glass are authentic  
We link hands and dreams to become the map of the damned  
Found a wound across my ribs, soft and fresh as a ballet shoe  
To finger and feed  
Memories flaccid  
Fantasies reenacted  
Finger and feed