

# Circle Of Dead Children, Skull Of A Hermit / Brain

With one massive breath she was drawn within me  
Tunneled through my mouth  
A soothing delivery to Hell  
Dry gasp  
Impossible to swallow from the head first  
Eyes rolled and hands shaped to slaughter  
Beaten and erased from the inside out  
Plague the brain and disable  
Plague the blood pump and disable  
...and then there was two of her  
My eyes could only see one shadow as sunlight dimmed  
There is an ice pick after the smile  
There is an ice pick when I swallow  
Brain matter has been frozen  
The blood pump is an inversion  
Yet the body will move on as the heart remains in trance  
A skeleton has been frozen  
There will be no anabiosis  
I would rather slit my throat than inhale again