

My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult, Dementia 66

My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult
Dementia 66 - The Balad of Lucy Western
Visions sweep away the tears and knots,
That bound our paper souls,
Beyond strange love we shall go,
Where silly midnight flowers bloom
In her kaliedescopik eyes,
wild as lilacs dripping in wine,
Bathe in the silence of her tomb,
In her hand a silver spoon,
Shattered days are here again,
One last dance, on the steps of Hell.
All lost children know her well.
She's kissed the serpent thrice times twice.
Feast upon the treasured afterglow.
She speaks of life's Eternal scrolls.
In Ancient Splendor we will roam.