

# Psyclon Nine, Harlot

The withered thorns that caress my tainted flesh  
The shattered halo that shattered all our dreams  
We've been condemned by the pages of false hope  
We've been caressed by each others' lives in death  
Blood stained sheets  
Mask our grief  
Will render out tryst incomplete  
Trudging through the carcass of what used to be a living world  
Ten-thousand lovers of Gods forgotten child  
We take our mark while on bent and bloody knees  
Not saved alone but together we are exile