

# Scepter, Hand Of Glory

Scarred torn and tattered  
As if fucking mattered  
Specteres move as shadows  
Across your window pane  
Smoking burning holes  
Burned into your brain  
Creeping sloughing disease  
Pourin down the brain  
Slit your fucking wrists  
And suck your tainted blood  
You wouldn't stop it if you could  
Melted eyes can see the stars  
Even beyond night  
Into the blackest void  
Extinguishing all night  
The hand that moves the sun  
Can cover all the sky  
Some will never see  
The glory untill they die