

Tarot, From The Shadows

Prayer ain't no key.
Words aligned to make a puzzle of mind.
Never meant to make you free.

Prayer, insanity.
You compete for the never complete.
And it just won't make you see.

Pick your god from the lot, choose your stimulations.
More down there where they came from,
drunken revelations.

From the shadows of time,
the dead are singing their lies.
Their dirt is in your eyes,
no one who believes dies.
From the shadows of stones,
laughter of their rattling bones.
Their dirt will cover your eyes,
no one who believes dies.

Prayer, masked devilry.
Under the yoke of a cosmic joke.
And you just can't let it be.

Pick your god...

From the shadows...