

Tarot, Undead Son

I hear, I speak, counted the words all of my life.
I see, I dream, if world's a womb, I'd be the knife.
I run, I flee, your fingers just won't leave my head.
I hear you speak for those I left for dead.

I hear, I speak, the tongues are forked, the ears distort.
I see, I dream, your world's a horde against my fort.
I run, I flee, the vermin stalk within my walls.
I hear them speak their dirt within my halls.

Mother help your... UNDEAD SON
Let go of your... UNDEAD SON
Mother help your... UNDEAD SON
Let me go... UNDEAD SON

I walk, I'm dead, I'm slowly eaten from inside.
I walk this walk, been walking since I died.

Mother help your... UNDEAD SON