

The Tea Party, Alarum

I took a slide, slipping down a staircase
A Piranesian dream
My senses reeled, distorted about the darkness
A lit my way with a scream
And in the rave an alarum caused a
Cracked mirror
I got confused by the sound
I turned around and touched it from a distance
and then it fell to the ground

Loud cry from the shallows
Lust feeds on the fear
Walls crack under pressure
I think the end is getting near

And in my mind that was the furry of a madness
That consecrated the dirt
I stumbled through the enigma of the reason
And celebrated the hurt
And then I found in an act of desperation
A subtle rip in the heart
I was seduced by the fear (taste) of devastation
and then it tore me apart

Oh no, nothing matters!
When it takes me
Where it rapes me, breaks me
Shakes me down

A quick escape from the fear of commination
I slept the night with my spleen
A thin excuse, I was searching for some answers
I broke away from the scene
Because after all animality's an instinct
And its Luxuria's slave
To taste the truth, it's a seizure of the senses
And its a foot in the grave