Third Moon, Carrion

Cut down your tongue in my cosmic fortress
when silence is passing on
Carrion angel - sing a croon
of your weeping
So thou reach me - the wounds will never heal again
Is this my desire?
The scars will gather across my breast
How can I bury the pain?
Silence
another scar on my astral bleeding body cries
Close your serpent eyes and embrace
AND EMBRACE YOUR FORLORN WORDS
I am standing above, but weeping below,
while watching your pride
Silence the carrion tears
another scar on my astral bleeding body cries
CUT DOWN YOUR TONGUE IN MY COSMIC FORTRESS
WHEN SILENCE IS PASSING ON