

# Twelve Tribes, As Ghosts Are Given To Me

psychotic whispering take me i'm yours once of a madman's last  
dance in her scent in the smell of neurotic ghouls she's panting to  
the gods that kill her tossing turning my my so calm though the sky  
is falling living in the morning's dawn while dying when the  
evening's gone and drool apologies as we fuck goodbye i apologize  
under plummeting skies such insecurity is pleasing to me while  
dying and wishing this away stomach's pulled tighter lay strangled  
in this skin of ours unlock the killer unto beautiful pain beauty in  
pains simplicity give into me giving to me these fifteen secrets kept  
beneath your fingertips and pleasure and flight deep bleeding yet  
willing to dress my blood in a demon's soft verse my lips filtering  
her fears such a sweet hallucinogen\* i shut my eyes and your  
somehow closer to me the sky is falling but i'm still here she  
couldn't speak let alone breathe have you ever.. oh but at the  
same time who showed you this eidolon this blaspheme of an  
arcane ego i know you i am swallowing your pain i have licked your  
sweat and i am living again one last thing the beginning of a  
delusion grows thicker and more hateful and the further it goes it  
becomes harder then pounding and the pain it shows beneath the  
burns and the bruises and even below the passion and the  
heartbeats they crash louder and it echoes into the oceans of  
insides carved helpless and hollow and it came to her in a dream  
and she's hit by the sky as ghosts are given to me