

# Tyla, Powder

Crimson was the flower. Midnight was the hour  
His mind was distorted by the witches cower  
Bring me the powder that I need  
Bring me the sacrificial seed  
Give me a reason not to need  
The powder, the powder, the powder  
Give me a dance to dice with death  
Give me the demon's last breath  
Give me a horse from which never to fall  
Give me life eternal. Give me it all  
Bring me the powder that I need  
Bring me the sacrificial seed  
Give me a reason not to breathe  
The powder, the powder, the powder  
Let me bathe in the glory of the skag  
Roll in the thunder, you've all been had  
I'm beginning to rot, never to return  
Give me the beauty that I yearn  
I bathe in vomit shit and lice  
I convulse it's not very nice  
I black out but I still hear the sound  
The priest reads out loud  
As I'm buried in the ground  
But I'm not dead that all remains is unfound  
Give me the reason that I want  
Bring me the powder that I need  
Bring me the sacrificial seed  
Give me the reason not to need  
The powder, the powder, the powder  
The powder, the powder give me the powder that I need