

# Venom, Kissing The Beast

Fixtures immensely beholding the force holy benevolence deadly remorse  
Tearing the lining and saving the flow dropping the heartrate enclosing the soul  
Lest we remember the deadly command hour upon us and close at hand  
Now in our coldness our heart has begun needing the heat from the earth and the sun  
Cold as ice trapped in the earth cold as ice needing the sun  
Kissing the beast as he lies underneath scratching your heart with soulful belief  
Awaiting the call to enrapture your life holding you still as he's holding the knife  
Nine bladed sword as the whore can recall dissecting the innocent under the fall  
Cracking the surface the air is still fresh only below us the mad stench of death  
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A prince or a pauper or lunatic king son of a daughter shrouded in sin  
His kingdom in madness and sadness and shame  
The song is still young and illusion's the game