

# Cicatriz

## Cristiano Neves

Do you recall it's name  
As it suggested beck and call  
    This face and heel  
Will drag your halo through the mud  
    Ash of Pompeii  
    Erupting in a statues dust  
    Shrouded in veils  
Because these handcuffs hurt to much  
    Scalping these ticket-less applause  
And when they drag the lake there is nothing left at all  
    Sutured contusion  
    Beyond the anthills of the dawning of this plague  
    Said I've lost my way  
    Even if this cul de sac would pay  
    To reach inside a vault whatever be the cost  
    Sterling clear  
    Blackened ice  
When they drag the lake there's nothing left at all

I've defected  
    Sutured contusion  
Beyond the anthills of the dawning of this plague  
    Said I've lost my way  
    Even if this cul de sac did pay  
    To reach inside a vault whatever be the cost  
    Sterling clear  
    Blackened ice  
When they drag the lake there's nothing left at all

I've defected  
    Beyond the anthills of the dawning of this plague  
    Said I've lost my way  
    Even if this cul de sac did pay  
    Beyond the anthills of said I've lost my way  
Even if you reach inside a vault whatever be the cost  
    Sterling clear  
    Blackened ice  
When they drag the lake there's nothing left at all

This is my last incision  
The stitches have defected  
Drag me a vessel  
Coveting all you know see and hear  
This is my last incision  
The stitches have fallen off  
Sterling clear blackened ice  
And when they drag they lake there's nothing left at all

I've defected

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