

how It Came to Be This Way

Autumn

when candles and incense are not enough
to dispel the death i die every day
when an alter cloth over my wounds
cannot stop the bleeding
nor still my pain
. . . i'd gather razors' sharpest light
to see how it came to be this way
that the sinking in my head becomes
the death i die. . . death i die
when figurines twinkle as they crash to the floor
and the diamonds crumble when there are no more
when my body lingers at the killing site
gathering the sharpest stones for the chosen one
. . . i'd gather razors of sharpest light
to see how it came to be this way
that the sinking in my head becomes
the death i die. . .
fire and wine and burning lies
bring me to this crazy fear
fire and wine and burning eyes
live the master of my tears
but when the hour has broken us
we shall wonder - wonder who it was
and how it came to be this way
the death i die every fucking day
and when the demons of my mind
come to claw for scraps tonight
i shall kill them one by one
and feed their corpses to the sun
when the demons...the demons of my...mind
come to claw for table scraps tonight
and when the demons the demons of my mind
come to claw for table scraps tonight
well i shall kill them one by one
by one...by one...by one...by one...
by one...by one...by one...by one...