

# Alarum

## The Tea Party

I took a slide, slipping down a staircase  
A piranesian dream  
My senses reeled, distorted by the darkness  
I lit my way with a scream  
And in the rave an alarum caused a  
Cracked mirror  
I got confused by the sound  
I turned around and touched it from a distance  
And then it fell to the ground

Loud cry from the shallows  
Lust feeds on the fear  
Walls crack under pressure  
I think the end is getting near

And in my mind was the fury of a madness  
That consecrated the dirt  
I stumbled through the enigma of the reason  
And celebrated the hurt  
And then I found through an act of desperation  
A subtle rip in the heart  
I was seduced by the fear of devastation  
And then it tore me apart

Oh no, nothing matters  
When it takes me  
When it rapes me, breaks me  
Shakes me down

A quick escape from the edge of commination  
I slept the night with my spleen  
A vain excuse, I was searching for some answers  
I broke away from the scene  
Because after all animality's an instinct  
And it's luxuria's slave  
To taste the truth, it's a seizure of the senses  
And it's a foot in the grave

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