

The Blinds Cage (Feat. Beans)

Mark Pritchard

Amongst the many different people
and the many different places
where do I stand in the eyes amongst the many different faces
as a stranger
peering like a spy into a window
not recognising who is staring back at the face
for sorrow has always played its part well as a thorn in my memory
I cast my eyes in the direction of heavens attention for an answer
? for a look of sad reign
Ironically reflecting a heart turned black
..midnightOnce the body betrayed me, became a relic of its former self
Since our birth we saw we die, as difficult to confront as it's impossible to avoid
For fear is no longer an option
My time grows scarce and as of now
My saga in life has come to an end
I besieged the heavens to clench my desire
and release me from the sentence since my births incarcerationIt is as if I am bound by some oath to the
confines of the flesh
becoming more of a shackle than release
a vessel that once provided pleasure
now knows no boundaries of pain
inclined in a diagonal point of view
taken from the bed of my final rest
past the bedpost I see it
glowing at me
and like a mine
she just restored me
using the motion to interpret the words
speaking alanguageknowing that I will fail to understand
intrigued I havenothing better to do than lie here
and watch wanting desperately to rise myself from this prison
clearly her features emerged from some burried memory
once hexed by a lover long lost and stepping into focus
a long last the certainty of death daunts upon me to bring the end the end of the nightmare of a life I've had
never did I doubt in existence of the beyond and I embrace my faith with glee
powerless I fall victim to its persuasionsheld as though I had no weight, she peeled away all my inhibitions like
an orange
not looking at who I was but what she could make me
tearing into me like unwrapping gift of the flesh

as each thrust of her tongue savours the warmth of my being
drawing me near like a child towards mothers bosom
her face was a beauty I feared would disappear if I turned
deeply her jaws clamped around mine seductively drawing a life of me
into a spectrum of the deepest
blackhovering eye sealed by the letter forever asleep
a weary consciousness used to distinguish dream from reality
vanquished the line that divide slumber from death
hold a breath of the movement of lungs
felt frozen as life giving sap of blood cuts its current
to the veins
the moment the soul drifts from the body
to crumble like unmoisturised clay
the presence of disembodied essence is like stepping
into an elevator shaft

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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