

# Manic Aeon

## At Sixes And Sevens

[Stranger:] come inside  
Read my epitaph, deranged am I?  
[Estranged one:] haunting me  
Be my lover, I prithee  
Prophecies of death outside  
take the moonshine for a ride  
Haunting faces and staring eyes  
bring my mania into life  
Little stranger come inside  
Lay to rest what you still writhe  
We made a life of it somehow  
Seems like we've lost it now  
See you dance away  
all this bitter pain  
See you move in ways  
beyond our days  
In devotion I linger  
And with drained veins  
I falter again  
See you pass away  
in another day  
Hear you call my name  
yon another veil  
In devotion I've lingered  
In this world I've belonged  
for far too long  
[Strangers:] haunt me down  
Stalking faces all around  
This strange voice at my door  
cede my reason like before  
Prophecies of death inside  
Cede your words they cut like knives  
Somber wind that sweeps within  
This manic aeon is bound to be  
Little stranger stand me by  
If you prevail, then so can I  
Lay to rest the hurt you stand  
Only through death we'll mend

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