

# Dead Skin Mask (Slayer)

## Dark Funeral

Graze the skin with my finger tips

The brush of dead cold flesh pacifies the means

Provocative images, delicate features so smooth

A pleasant fragrance in the light of the moonDance with the dead in my dreams

We listen to their hallowed screams

The dead have taken my soul

Temptation's lost all controlSimple smiles, psychotic eyes

Lose all mind control rationale declines

Empty eyes enslave the creations

Of placid faces and lifeless pageantsIn the depths of a mind insane

Fantasy and reality are the sameGraze the skin with my finger tips

The brush of dead warm flesh pacifies the means

Incised members ornaments on my being

Adulating the skin before meSimple smiles elude psychotic eyes

Lose all mind control rationale declines

Empty eyes enslave the creations

Of placid faces and lifeless pageantsDance with the dead in my dreams

We listen to their hallowed screams

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Temptation's lost all controlDance with the dead in my dreams

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Temptation's lost all control

Songwriters

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