

# 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 moon Dance with the dead in my dreams  
We listen to their hallowed screams  
The dead have taken my soul  
Temptation's lost all control Simple smiles, psychotic eyes  
Lose all mind control rationale declines  
Empty eyes enslave the creations  
Of placid faces and lifeless pageants In the depths of a mind insane  
Fantasy and reality are the same Graze 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 me Simple smiles elude psychotic eyes  
Lose all mind control rationale declines  
Empty eyes enslave the creations  
Of placid faces and lifeless pageants Dance with the dead in my dreams  
We listen to their hallowed screams  
The dead have taken my soul  
Temptation's lost all control Dance with the dead in my dreams  
We listen to their hallowed screams  
The dead have taken my soul  
Temptation's lost all control

Songwriters

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