

False Light (The Oktopus)

Isis

Come down on me, my sweet angel
Poison milk from that withering breast
Come down on me, my sweet angel
Poison milk from that withering breast

Your mask is drifting

See what writhes beneath Porcelain grin is cracking, incest to uncoil
Your laugh spreads yawning, black hole formation Drown and the first real breath takes hold
Washed in a chill so peaceful, sink further Hold his hand and crush it

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

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