Scarecrow

Cemetary

Passion stains the godless taste
The human eye now raped and dazed
Our marks of shame soon worn away
The spider's trapped in a web of clayNaked in the desert of delight
Banish the throughts into the night
Scarecrow servant of demise
Parting the honey from the fliesWhat's in the veins is what to keep
Still the floods of raptures sound asleep
Visions fade and die at ease
Inferior slaves are ours to pleaseThe last of shadows shapes the end
From mountains high it all descends
One single dagger unleash the doom
Creation falls in my closed room

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