

The Art of Dying

Lord Belial

Unbecome and unborn
Slipping off the uniform
Missing from the chain-gang
Nothing isn't anything
Nothing is in one place
Streets of gold in outer spaceLet your fragile mind go
Forget you are, forget you know
Forget the song, forget the show
The clear light drop begins to flow
And we don't have to talk about it nowMani padme hum for now, wow
Padma siddhi om for nowEverything you make here
Hide behind the bones you wear
Making such a long climb
Nothing isn't anytime
Nothing is in one place
Gilded throne in outer spaceLet you fragile mind go
Forget you are, forget you know
Forget the song, forget the show
The clear light drop begins to flow
And we don't have to talk about it nowMani padme hum for now, wow
Padma siddhi om for now

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