Race : In

Battles

Cool
To slit the grinning wounds from childhood's seven moons
The palette stained with the ejaculated passions
(Aey)
Strike from omnipotence, they all seer all deemer
And haunt my severed county with your dripping secret games
You picked the unripe lilies, deflored and peeled the bleeding petals
Made known to me the grainy stains, the crimson lotus
Of the black ash inheritance, the semen feed of Gods and masters
The worms still in me, still a part of me, racing out from leaking rooms
Swoop from broken lungs
To block the transmission to put an end to the nomad years
Father, you are the dead god in me
Father, you are the dead god in me
Aey

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