Figurative Theatre

Christian Death

In the shallow holes
Of a thousand eyes
In the knee-deep graves
Of future survivors
The fleshless guests live off
Children of the past
Their aging fingers cast the
Shadow of DeathTheir razor sharp tongues
Invite to relax
As they slip the skin of your
Eyelids back
Invasive spectators
Get into the actWith roses and candles
Silver knives and spoons
Persona read women dance with
Priests on a side road
Your vision perspectives are
Turning to stone
Cabaret slide show starts
Shooting their loads
Act one is the end, the show
Now beginsTheir razor sharp tongues
Invite to relax
As they slip the skin of your
Eyelids back
Invasive spectators
Get into the actBreath ballet prancers spin on
Porcelain backbone
A child's muddled cry turns into
Hilarity
Ungracious freeloaders leave their
Dead on a doorstep
Flowers of doom bloom in prosperity
Luxuries of past days are
Luxuries of our days
Luxuries of past days
Luxuries of our days

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