The Blade Unmasked

Rome

keep us silent
and diverted
drug me, corporate gods

we were eager
to forget
now we hail the blade unmasked

toward death
toward the sun
this needle poised in flesh

drink from this lunacy
and bite the hand that made you man

and when springtime comes
with awkward little steps
to the land that mourns for me

do not rush
do not fear
the silent frequency (of lust)

toward death
toward the sun
this needle poised in flesh

drink from this lunacy
and bite the hand that made you man

and the sun goes down
and death is all around
and the secret son lies down
and death is here to drown
and everything's falling down
and death is but another crown

Lyrics submitted by Gina.

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