

Libre

Tristania

Encapsulate the night!
wrap up the truth in candy-striped paper
and throw us a blood-sodden
torn and holey
rotten through the core
partyI stand with you now, my friend
My razor tongue is licking your rosy cheeks and battered ears
I whisper sordid secrets that are neither true nor false
I hold your hand in defiance
Amplify your feeble voice against evil
I hold your spine and shake most violentlyThe silver light is overthrown
Rejoice with me
for we have denominated the devil
(And I shall get to fulfil my own)When I die, I slay a hundred
When I die, I raise a thousandRejoice with me
for we have denominated the devil
(And I shall get to fulfil my own)Every bullet hole in our holy town
is an orifice for me to rape
every woman slain is my whore
and every precious child crying
a golden orb of fireI stand with you now, my friend
I nibble at your earlobes
till they bleed the truth divine
Smear my name in their fearful faces
I hold your hand in vengeance
Your muffled words are a horrid
choir across the sea
This licking pyre cannot be doubted by
their tears

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