

Dead God in Me

In Flames

CoolTo 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 gamesYou 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 mastersThe 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 yearsFather, you are the dead god in me
Father, you are the dead god in me
Aey

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