

# Death Trip 21

## Ash

The story of a man who did never exist  
lord of the skies died with no look in his eyes  
sleepwalked into the afterlife  
died in his sleep, his face incomplete  
you`ve got a taste you`re playing with the dark stuff  
don`t let it get under your skin  
i`ve seen your eyes in the bottom of my glass  
you died in your sleep your face incompleteOne million miles away my thoughts afloat in speculation  
you fill my dreams like sandman with the taste of hedonism and death  
one million miles away my thoughts afloat in speculation  
you fill my dream like sandman  
with the taste of hedonism and eath  
your dark resolve to change your face  
on the eve of your death and resurrection  
heavy with sleep deprivation  
by death and power intoxicatedThe story of a man who did never exist  
the surgeons had died  
found in barrels at a building site  
found dead with their nails ripped out  
he died in his sleep his face incompleteOne million miles away  
my thoughts afloat in speculation  
you fill my dream like sandman with the taste of hedonism and death  
one million miles away  
my thoughts afloat in speculationYou got a taste you`re playing with the dark stuff  
don`t let it get under your skin  
the worlds overpopulated f\*\*ked up away  
i`d hate to think you were missing the fun  
you got a taste you`re playing with the dark stuff  
don`t let it get under your skin  
i`ve seen your eyes in the bottom of my glass  
you died in your sleep  
your face incomplete.

Lyrics provided by

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