

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 Death Their razor sharp tongues
Invite to relax
As they slip the skin of your
Eyelids back
Invasive spectators
Get into the act With 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 begins Their razor sharp tongues
Invite to relax
As they slip the skin of your
Eyelids back
Invasive spectators
Get into the act

Lyrics provided by

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