

# Asylum Pyre

## Pale Forest

Conscience has me easily disturbed  
the moving things around me makes me weep  
Why can't they stop so I can see them properly?  
It makes me wonder if I'm slightly in daze  
My hands are thrown into a great fire  
My inner ear is singing  
singing like a huge church choir  
Decomposition of my eyes won't help my vision  
this isn't quite as funny anymore  
Corpsepaint isn't really necessary  
I haven't got a pulse anyway

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>