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 dazeMy hands are thrown into a great fire
My inner ear is singing
singing like a huge church choirDecomposition 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/