

Bleeding Dust

Tarot

There's magic in seven virgins
after you've gone through million whores.
All the longing is still for nothing.
And our time gets cut short. Lead me out of despair.
It never leaves my stare. Roses withering in graveyards.
How useless gestures can be?
No dreams ever came from the ground.
There's nothing here for you to see. Lead me out of despair.
It never leaves my stare. Stab me, I'm bleeding dust.
Feeding the wind.
Bleeding dust.
I hope you choke. Crawling in the cathedrals.
Revere the emptiness of all.
Hanging in the web of echoes.
The mother stalks you from the wall. Lead me out of despair.
It never leaves my stare. It stays to haunt my stare. Stab me, I'm bleeding dust.
Feeding the wind.
Bleeding dust.
I hope you choke. Remind me now.
I'm dead, but how.
The walk is long.
Directions wrong.

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