

Each time I make my mother cry an  
angel dies and falls from heaven  
when the boy is still a worm it's hard to  
learn the number seven  
but when they get to you  
it's the first thing that they do  
each time I look outside  
my mother dies, I feel my back is changing shape  
when the worm consumes the boy it's never  
considered rape  
when they get to you  
Prick your finger it is done...  
the moon has now eclipsed the sun...  
the angel has spread its wings...  
the time has come for bitter things...