

## Black as Jet

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Those who would take the lives of men  
Set fire to the staves as the master spoke through them  
Born of wax, cast in clay  
A horrible likeness that bares your name  
Rip the eyes out throw them away  
Scatter the ashes conjured by his slaves  
As mind and body drift further apart  
The candle burns down and stops your heart

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Old as thunder in hundred of shapes  
Eagerly suffering in his name  
Carnal violence by candle mass  
The days move slow and the nights won't pass  
Lose the left hand dig up the grave  
Succumb to the siren who lives in the flame  
Soiled suspicion the towns on the take  
She will meet her fate at the stake

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