

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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