

Death Trip 21

Ash

The story of a man who did never exist
Lord of the skies died
With no look in his eyes
Sleep walked into the afterlife
Died in his sleep
His face incomplete
You got a taste you're playing with the dark stuff
Don't let it get under your skin
I've seen your eyes in the bottom on my glass
You died in your sleep
Your face incomplete

One million miles away
My thoughts afloat in speculation
You fill my dreams like sandman
With the taste of hedonism and death
One million miles away
My thoughts afloat in speculation
You fill my dreams like sandman
With the taste of hedonism and death

Your dark resolve to change your face
On the eve of your death and resurrection
Heavy with sleep deprivation
By death and power intoxicated
The story of a man who did never exist
The surgeons have died
Found in barrels at a building site
Found dead with their nails ripped out
He died in his sleep
His face incomplete

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With the taste of hedonism and death
On million miles away
My thoughts afloat in speculation
You got a taste
You're playing with the dark stuff
Don't let it get under your skin
The world's overpopulated
Fucked up anyway
You'd hate to think you were missing the fun
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