

# Velvet Demise

Bishop Of Hexen

Cold, frost beaten heart  
A chasm of chills

Stone-mind  
Bleeds futile Dreams  
Steel-eyes  
Dull all these years

Stagnation  
A wrecked man-child collapses into himself  
Just to emerge to a miserable conscious back again  
Stagnation...

And the songs of reason subside  
Their voice-distant  
Deep within thy depths  
Dead within the deep  
A silent dirge Buried inside a human casket

Crystallized  
Strike of strike  
Whip-tongue chastise  
Some strangle, some chain  
And other aim to burn  
Until every vein and bone are crystallized

In the vast green garden where  
Tears and trees and fears grow  
I can be found between the pages  
Where the wind of fear blows

In the bleak meadows of the past  
Pain and pebbles lie low  
There lies the answer to my daily demise

And I celebrate a decade of disease  
1000 steps lead straight to ethereal bliss  
And millions of trails lead  
To this hollow-graphic hard core  
Soul shredding masterpiece and none  
Could aid and nowhere to run

Ashes  
To rise from the pyre  
Reconstruction  
Another lazarus engulfed by a blue fire  
To rebuild and from earth's wonders  
Rejuvenate or remain scattered ashes

Yet there comes a time  
When fleeting moments leave  
A tender mark on the skin  
And cut straight down your spine  
Maybe after all this is done  
And such horror-sickness will be gone  
I will get "myself" back to be "mine"...

And we will claim ourselves  
From the dying sons