

Here, gibbering alone...oh the earth and heavens,  
they so tire me, tomorrow's dreams encased in a velvet sanctuar  
y.

The crumbled throne of worldly gain,  
is glory forgotten, and now just nothing remains.

We've come too far, we are so close,  
one soul, inside, one forever weeping.

As the vain morning dawns all life fades away,  
you can take me now, beyond the violet veil,  
and whatever flames the night in these deeds I've done.  
In fate's control, at last my time has come.

Death is death, the little host that squirms,  
smell the dark - the coffin's closed,  
and I so soft - ooh so soft, no movement,  
and no breath, no ears, no nose - no eyes.  
Death is death, in life's sepulchre -  
no sight, no sound, no cry, and  
always...always... death is  
death - yeah! (Alive again).

Eeeaaergh - damp skin in greying sheets, decaying bed absorbing  
me,  
bleached white ceiling above - dehydrating visions of love.  
Vitality slides back down the walls, saturating the velvet floo  
r,  
numbness writhes in all I adore, wasting here, can't see the do  
or...