

Bitter Seed

Cemetary

In fear you run
As silence shuts its doors
It came undone
Now the poison gently pours

And you will hear no laughter
Until that serpent feeds
And what you'll sow here after
Shell be only bitter seed

Sweet lusts of pain
The venom in thin disguise
Against the grain
Now the silence won't ease the cries

Dark are the pleasures spit forth from fire
Breathing down your neck like razors of desire