

## Flesh Is Fragile

Centinex

In the garden where virtue stands tall  
Pluck the flowers made of flesh and stone  
All statues are risen and damned to fall  
It is a world of skin, made of bones  
All the flesh is fragile  
We're all signed with scars  
All the flesh is fragile  
Forever shining stars  
When golden blood is flooding cold  
Liquid bodies are forcing us to sin  
Deep down the burning soul  
The raining nails are carving in the skin  
Carriers of scars - The world is our sin  
Beholders of flesh - Hollow within  
When red is black and ablaze is horns  
Diseases are marked on every page  
Hollow bodies dejected with scorn  
The last breath of the final age  
In the absence of abstract reality  
See the sun of the white iris blind  
Burning blood in crucifixion ecstasy  
It is a world of skin, the noose of life