

The Culling

Chelsea Wolfe

Dead eyes
I only call you when you're in my dreams
Died too young
The culling then, it was obscene

I am depleted by love
I am depleted by love

I'll never tell the secrets of my family
Bled out
A cult of anonymity

The kettle is wheeling, my love
Riding on the back of a hell they caused

One ear to the ground
One eye on the room
My tongue on your pulse
My finger in your wound

Sweet dead eyes, i long to hear you again
Sweet dead eyes, i long to see your face
Sweet dead eyes, i long for that illustrious hiss
Sweet dead eyes, i know you feel it

No turning back
"only god knows what we're headed for"
The flowers bloom
The sun rises

Flux
Hiss
Welt
Groan