

Beneath His Widow

Christian Death

Behind the shade of his tongue
Behind the shape of his twisted dreams
We watch afraid while filming
His widow again

And she ran like the blaze
And how my shadows rise
And something screams deep
Beneath my skin it lies

We wanted you beneath the word
Raped face down

Within cold and damp dark years
Without burns we stand in the fire
They hold back their dying child
To end screams now gone

And she ran like fingers
And how the waters rise
And something screams deep
Beneath soil it lies

We wanted you beneath the word
Raped face down