

# Electra Descending

Christian Death

Windows rattle with contempt  
peeling back a ring of dead roses  
Soon it will rain blue landscapes  
leading us to suffocation  
The walls structured high in a circle of oiled brick  
and legs of tin - Stonehenge tumbles

What about her? The wages of sin  
What about him? Well, he's getting closer  
And what about the bells?  
Nipples licking the clouds  
And what about the bells?  
Nipples licking the clouds  
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Nipples licking the clouds  
the clouds

Everyone is standing in boxes  
pulsating with the silver needles  
I've got no name or box to stand in  
leading me to suffocation  
give of fire from her throne  
belching cloak/Electra  
Electra

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We were made to fill our shoes with clay  
to sleep on river beds  
I awoke/Electra descending  
mounts the bridal gown of Jocasta  
Jocasta  
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