

By The Banks Of Pandemonium

In The Woods...

I urged for a walk in the garden on a tranquil
Dawn in June The silence caused by man himself
And chaos by the moon The snake was dragged
In leather black - as draped in common conscience
Aesthetically he crawled away from a neighborhood
Of nonsense

Materialized a howling dog neglected by the
Captain's log and flogged into obedience
- Now he's my brother too

Down along the banks there was this brittle, little
Girl that never begged to be released into a
Derailed world Being chained to the lies of
A universal order she's now - like the snake +
Dog - my innocent, pre-whacked brother

But the grass is still green
- If you know what I mean
(Just like the blood runs red
And you know you are a-dying)
With a head filled to the brim
Of their legalized lead
For when the heat becomes too heavy
They will pack their bags and leave
You easily reveal the sins of brothers so naive
(This fable is a damned one - you will
damn it, believe...)