

The Innocent Sleep

Memory Garden

Watch me, watch me
At dawn - I'll find my sanctuary
A naked limb patched up so very fresh
Life is for the scared and temporary

Think me, think me - at the morgue in bright light
Lips sewed together - the very last breath
Feel so divine in this morbid make-up

Feed them - watching my eyes
In the reflection of yours
Time for the autopsy, please close the door
Lower me down - I will feed the worms

Where were you when I needed you most
By the name of the father and the holy ghost

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