

The Psalm of Lydia

Nevermore

When I blacked out in the winter months of Capricorn
I had a strange dream that I lived a thousand winter's gone
A thousand winter's faded gray and shuttered by the wind
To tell the tale of Lydia, her legacy begins uprising
Unveiling the absurdity in the tragedy of man
And it's here the all seeing worm

The pain is born from memory of pleasures unparalleled and pure
In velvet sleep I live the past again
There is no chance to release me, no answer to bring peace
Some people conjure dreaming, sanctified electric karmic burn through

The pigs, they marched from under to pull down the moon
And summon the bringer of doom
Now sullen the demons fade away and summon their final call
Lydia slayed them all

The pain is born from memory of pleasures unparalleled and pure
This is the psalm of Lydia
Oh my sweet Lydia the others have told me it is not your time to
leave
It is not your time, you've so much more to see