

## Seraphim Is Dead

### Secrets of the Moon

She can see him  
Climbing the walls  
So slow  
So everlasting  
His vow is forever  
Seraphim lives

An angel burns metres high  
An angel in a shape of a man  
An angel flawless in appearance  
Choked in the fires of a new sun

He touched my mouth with fervent coal  
No guilt, no sin  
He touched my mouth with fervent coal

You're calling me  
To the ground  
Crucify the ego  
Let the senses randomize

The sheep must be long dead now  
They are alone  
We are eternal  
No one else will ever be

The pazuzu of the west  
The dissonance in words  
Seraphim is dead  
Seraphim is dead

If he's really here  
You should have seen him  
Behind these walls  
You can see through  
You can raise a temple in seconds