

Little Music Box

Septic Flesh

From the chest of fake hopes, where we leave the needless things.

I found a dusty object it had a special gift.

From its opened top a sound came out, a phantom from the past.

Sacred nights I felt like heaven, rusty days I felt like hell.

This music box reminds me of you. This Little music box.

Its melody is a distant smile, a face I thought I knew.

Like a lizard in the desert, I drifted without rest.

And the heat appeared so liquid; it had the taste of the salty sea.

Pandora's fate is captured in my box.

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