

A Dark Star

Skold

A dark star on the left hand path
a revelation long since left for dead
There's a sleeping bear in the bed you made
an elephant in an unmarked grave
A sacrifice to a long lost cause
little Dorothy is staying put in oz

Come taste my darkness
and tell me how you feel
Take a look inside me
and tell me what you see

Such a precious piece of trash
Slowing down is such a painful way to, crash
like feeding twice twice from a well, bitten hand
Spilt milk and honey from a foreign land

Come taste my darkness
and tell me how you feel
Take a look inside me
and tell me what you see

The sound of perdition

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