

Oh What Fun

Sol Invictus

What figures these, who stand and who waits?
What dreams are dreamt, by all the fates
This web that binds us, to jerk and to twist
That makes us dance, and makes us twitch

How easy to lie, to smile and to kiss
The corpses laugh and start to jig
She cut his throat, then cut her wrists
Oh what fun we have when we exist

A wheel was turned and a web that's spun
A plot that's hatched and then undone
A promise broken and a curse that's kept
The clock winds down and is then reset

How easy to lie, to smile and to kiss
The corpses laugh and start to jig
He cut her throat, then cut his wrists
Oh what fun we have when we exist

The mirror darkens and the paint does peel
The photos fade and the box is sealed
Words on stone, or carved in wood
Will others stand, where we stood?

How easy to lie, to smile and to kiss
The corpses laugh and start to jig
He cut their throats, then cut his wrists
Oh what fun we have when we exist

Oh, such pain in all our births
We victims and villains, who stalk the earth
We plot and plunder, or are slain
Then back on the wheel, the roles exchanged

How easy to lie, to smile and to kiss
The corpses laugh and start to jig
I cut their throats, then cut my wrists
Oh what fun we have when we exist (5x)