

## Dream

## The Church

Washed into a sentimental group  
Loneliness ??? (0:06)  
Battle-clad Byzantium command  
And these dark cards look nothing like my hand

Lightning strikes a second time  
Songbird knows just when to die  
Emperor cries immortal from the grime  
Sun is in the hole in the sky

Emptiness builds up with perfumed pride  
There's an enemy cruising on the plain tonight  
Harmony is lost and then it's wet  
Don't know how I'm so far off from my bed

Memories of serpents in the drain  
Melting like ice cream in the rain  
As my self grows closer to the grave