

Erratic Perception

Through the Eyes of the Dead

I think I'm unconscious by the look of these streets of gold
The way their face is blurred through the thick black rain

Las night i dreamt of ways to eviscerate myself and
suffocate an angel with blue eyes

I look away for a second to see what I have done,
I cut my wrist now to see what I have done
It was an accident

I sold my soul for a ride on a white butterfly
All that remains is ashes they'll never find the lost one
All that remains is ashes they'll never find a corpse

I look away for a second to see what I have done
I've seen them cut the head off the magician and show the world
his secrets

I look away for a second to see what I have...
The knife just does fit in my hand right