

Paul Fisk**"Dirge"**

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Think about the years behind me
A master of this world
Walk alone through plains of desert
Searching for a girl
Found myself caught up in daydreams
Life now such a bore

Living oblivion
Imagination of the dumb
Imitation suicide
I'm typecast in my own life

I tried so hard to be so calm
In a world that wants me to be hard
Father Time, a vampire
Living on the lilting laughs of children

CHORUS

His Majesty, the brilliant
A jester for the stupid
Holocaust existence
Behold: the lunatic, the lord, the liar

I long to travel my way home again
And feel the warm embrace of death
Soul's too smart for this dumb body
Freedom from this cage with golden bars

CHORUS

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