

Satinoxide

"Throbbing Pulse Of Death"

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In a merry-go-round of colours
Life whirls by and Jama appears
From some hidden dimension
Behind wooden horses
And smiling clowns
He laughs with his fangs
Wears a chain of grinning skulls

Throbbing pulse of death
Crumbles the pillars
On which house and home are built
Oh merry-go-round my simple heart
Just fill it up, with liquid lead
The throbbing pulse of death

Skulls cave in, I broke the chains
Liquid ash seeps into the earth
Jama/Psychosis
Sunrise of the soul
The throbbing pulse of death

Oh, ikabao, blue sword
Cut through the black
Through strings of karmic puppetry
Swallow the five poisons and laugh
Embrace the enemy
That hideous metaphore
The best and worst of self

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