

Crimson King

"The Howler"

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Here is the angel of the world's desire
Placed on trial
To hide in shrouded alley sihouettes
With cigarette coiled
To stike at passing voices
Dark and suspect
Here is the howling ire
Here is the sacred face of rendezvous
In subway sour
Whose grand delusions prey like intellect
In lunatic minds
Intent and focused on
The long thin matches
To light the howling fire...
No, no, not me,
Burn, I don't wanna burn.

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