

Achsar**"The Morticians Flame"**

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Hunter of tears, relative pain
Half of this world is dark with the stain
The stain of unknowing
The dead flower buds,
On smiling lips is innocent blood
The corpse of your god can only rot and grow cold
Now promise me you'll kill me before I get old
I hear you on the telephone
Moaning my doom
A cold woman will kill me in a darkened room
Just enough, a heart attack
Seal up my black body bag
Take me home and hate me, love
Bite the hand of our lost love
Take your time and take your life
Amputate with this dull knife
Heaven's meat is on the stick
Stir my pain with an ice pick
Pick, pick, pick
Pick, pick, pick
Pick, pick, pick
The chain-saw smile of the mortician shines
I still got all my fingers but somewhere I lost my mind
I can smell abortion on you
I can see through
I take the gun out of my mouth and point it at you

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