

## Coil

# "The Auto-asphyxiating Hierophant"

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Construction of disasters  
Our words not properly fixed  
Oral fixate  
Is this the threshold?  
Is this the threshold?  
Fixed in a thousand poisons blended and descended  
Indestructible definiteness  
It's only zero charges electricity  
Enough resistance  
No action it seems in action  
Making pain  
I happen to be content to  
It was logical but fatal  
Once more the numbers  
Confusion with a false?  
It will fall soon  
It will fall soon  
It will fall soon  
The white magic of the moon  
Is the black magic of the Earth  
The on my hands  
To what extent have we deceived ourselves as to the  
Damage?  
Being misled, mistaken by instinct  
Ice temples crackle  
Like in the wave  
And my eyes vibrate at a catgut rate  
Stagger into the streets bearing after the blood-red  
Number  
The flag banner, stutter and stammer  
Nothing will ever be the same  
Nothing will ever be the same  
Nothing will ever be the same

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