

Dead Jesus "Eulogy"

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Stanleys' carcass rots in silence,
Eulogized in ultraviolence,
An attack of the heart with brutality in the mind,
A soul within his own private domain.
Now you're just a clockwork corpse,
The shining of a snow blind king
Couldn't await the dawning,
Till death do him apart, with the final cut.
Veer to the left, writhing in pain.
Numb with eccentricity,
Voices finally made to stop.
Peircing through my frozen mind,
Land left so far behind.
In the frigid water, we all die.
Stan was the man
Who envisioned odyssey to ecstasy
Hidden in my man-made world.
You can't escape it.
Making people see life,
The way we make it.
Making people think that
Everything around him is insane.
No cure for insanity from war to technology,
The struggle to survive,
To make it in this imperfect world.
Portrayed onto the big screen,
Mortality's little indiscretions.
From sex to violence all the little mind games.
To die in this imperfect world.
Hidden in my man-made world.
You can't escape it.
Making people see life,
The way we make it.
I stayed away, crushed by my own morality.
I will rest now for eternity.

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