

## Devendra Banhart

### "Mask Of Virtue"

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It's in dead of night she pries  
In blood soaked dreams you die

She wants to give you disease as a gift, a fever caress  
Bite you and bruise your skin black, hear the noises  
stress  
Nails scratching deep in your bones, a succubus bane  
Nothing you can do but take the pain

It's in the bloodstained screams she crawls  
And in her nightmares that you fall

Scream in the fire of no control, godly serve  
Limbs will explode and contract, bleeding clear  
Nailed to a poisonous dream - afterlife ascertain  
Nothing you can do but take the pain

A God pleasure offering  
Her true face is suffering

Kill!

God morphine crash down like a wall  
God morphine wants it all  
Cold, black as your soul  
Piercing death's veil she played her role  
Die!

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