

Erathma

"The Pendulum"

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We reek of rotting flesh
These sheets will not disguise this mess
The open casket heeds a warning to the gentle man
Her paper mache face looks nothing like his wife
Quivering he wants to scream
Quivering he wants to scream
What do I do from here
What do I do from here
I'm haunted by the eyes of her peers
What do I do from here
To bad her head is on the wall with my deer

Please believe it was all in good taste
Her body decomposing slowly by the lake
The pain I feel is temporary
I am a hunter and for that I'm disgaced
The human body is my art and I deface
All that's not me I must replace
I saw the beauty in her eyes and I must take
All that was her
All that was
Because all beauty must be severed at the head

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