

## **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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