

## **Fleshhouse**

# **"Santa In Flames"**

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"Merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas!"

A man in his slippers lounges around  
Dreaming to pass the time  
His head, filled with blues, reds, whites, and yellows  
The sky  
Filled with black  
With nostalgia in pocket, those good old days fly  
Skeletons' bones touch the ground  
Happy he smiles, dressed in red and in green  
But the green is all dying and red is our blood-washed  
dead sky

A man in his slippers, holding the key  
To a door he unconsciously locked  
His plasticized angels  
In fool's golden heaven  
Snicker as he sleeps

And barbed wire  
It chokes him and cuts him down  
Without him even knowing  
Tension amounts  
The temperature higher  
He pushes his Santa  
Into the fire

"Have a merry, merry, merry, merry one!"

[Repeat]:  
Now... Santa's... In... Flames...

"Here comes Santa Claus, here comes Santa Claus"

"Merry Christmas Everyone!"  
"Help me!"  
"Santa Claus!"

The announcer spat babble 'bout faraway wars  
The trees were all dying  
The streets, filled with whores  
Outside the old man was clutching his cane

Watching a child's lungs collapse as he writhed in pain  
The hills were eroding  
The landfills overflowed  
All the world was a time bomb about to explode  
The world all around us was closing its doors  
But this flare for the dramatic  
Can be such a bore

And all the while  
The man - he just snored  
Till nothing was left  
Nothing to live for  
And as Santa burned, plastic face in the ash  
It dawned on the man that he had caused this crash

He wept as he watched Santa burn in the fire  
He wept as he watched Santa burn in the fire  
In the fire

"There's no Santa Claus"  
"You're safe now [?] ...Santa Claus is gone"

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