

Funeral Fornication

"Veils Of Ice That Impersonate Mirrors"

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The veil was crystalline and scented with curses
Vast though it was in caverns forlorn
A mirror of ice wherein all nightmares are seen
Will reveal an ugly truth
Behind seemingly innocent eyes

Enter mine looking glass
Like fabled Alice
Find yourself lost
In eternal search for your true self

Lost for infinity
In the chasms of mental vaults

The demons are there
Behind your eyes

When forced to relive sinister secrets
Revealed in the mirror of the inner unknown
The haunts of your past expose your mind
A closet fit to burst with skulls and bones

The veil was cold and indifferent to fate
Mystic though it was in stalactites formed
A mirror of ice wherein lies madness
A soul reflected in truest shape
Behind questionably innocent eyes

The truth is buried
Behind your eyes

The demons are there
Behind your eyes

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