

Acid Bath "Old Skin"

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We smoke the toenails and the hair of the wise man,
Under a black gods thumb, We dance like painted
puppets, She bleeds orgasm in tecnicolor, An ocean of
alien mystery, We eat the wisemans eyes for sight that
we might see the darkness if we kill the lights fast
enough, We eat the brain and pray that our eyes can
open wide enough, We burn the dry shell, A funeral
chant, The pulse quickens and we dance as the
blossoms fall, the scattering of dust to the winds, the
celebration of OLD SKIN, I feel every flower that is
screaming to consume you, The earth and sky your
cradle, The earth and sky your entomb, So is the way of
forever, Teething with simple cruelties, Beatings in cold
rooms, Hands and head not found.

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