

Burn The Priest "Lies Of Autumn"

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As the leaves fall yellowing like aged paper
Thoughts turn acrid and curl like cigarette smoke
Rising from a butt ground out on my arm

Step into this decay and experience dissolution
Crucified on a plank of cruelty
Crucified on a plank of apathy
Immobile for the cold duration
Huddled in isolation, to sleep the winter away

As the leaves fall yellowing like aged paper
Thoughts turn acrid and curl like cigarette smoke
Rising from a butt ground out on my arm

Step into this decay and experience dissolution
Crucified upon a plank of cruelty and apathy

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