

Inactive Messiah **"Sing"**

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Kneel down, kiss the floor
Come and lick my dirty soul
Your hands on the wall
Wait to taste my kiss off
See your flesh abused
Feel the whip that you were used
Hear the moans now dulled
Smell your blood out of your wounds

Sing my child, sing for me
Serenade your own dreams

This may be your swan song
I'm waiting for your requiem

Your wrists scared by chains
Blood is running of your veins
Now you'll taste the pain
Electricity, acid rain
Lust now turns to fear
Silted by your own fear
Sing for me now dear
What I whispered in your ear

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