

J Church

"At The Crossroads Of Hell"

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A story told in six parts,
Ronin with a baby cart,
When you stand at the crossroads of hell,
There's no need to tell,
Sleep is just a state of mind,
We are dying all the time,
Long ago a choice was made to live for the grave

Everything is quiet out in the country,
It's the sound of passing time

Silence isn't conservation,
It's a respectful tone,
When it's reciprocated there's nothing anymore,
A Buddhist kills his Master,
This is not aggression,
Enlightened to mortality,
Transcend the cult of one

To truly honor him you must attempt on his life,
He's waiting for a sign

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