

Jex Thoth

"Luna Moth Speaks"

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Billowy blackness, circles of silence
Darkened confinement, sunless prism
Mystic and fearful eyes of suspicion
Death has consumed your celestial prism

Circled up inside - it freezes your feeble mind
A grave in the shadows, rehearsals for endtimes
You stare at the ceiling awaiting madness
Never to venture into the unknown

You live as a dayghost
Chrism at every doorpost
Afraid to decide
By superstitions abide

Snow has frozen your windows
As you wade through the compost
Now there's nowhere to hide
You suffer inside

You'll never be free now
You wish only to bleed now
And let it all out
Consumed by your doubt

In the air is a posion
And you dream of an ocean
To wander into
Put an end to you!

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