

Circle Of Dead Children "Beethoven's Children"

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When you raise your head, can you smell the roses
burning?
In the garden we suffer
When you close your eyes, can you hear the angels
shrieking?
In the garden we suffer
When you lie asleep, can you feel the scalpels
spiraling?
In the garden we suffer, but remember that we were
never forced there
Together, hand in hand, head by head, the procession
of fools
Icon of fatalism
Rite of the damned
One more rhythm from the owl's heart before we all die
When you follow the center path, you will live black
utopia

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