

Circle Of Dead Children "Pigeon Vs. Crow"

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Let the steel be my Christ
Let the blood create the path
Ignored like the dead pigeon gutted by the cat
Impregnated our babies with psychosis and lamb vomit
The clay failed to form the cast
All that is left is a moist clump of animation
Pure flat affect and no chance for grin
Retarded by the morning's sunlight and traded sorrow
for silence
Sedation in the underlife
Filed in the abyss
Sedation in the underlife
Through steel I shall exist
The wheelchair pigeon is as clever as the crow
Sedation in the underlife
Through steel I shall exist

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