

## **Comecon**

### **"The Dogdays"**

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Hooray - Let's go

All gods of iron must suffer corrosion

There is but one truth so no pairs can thrive

Fear of damnation - Preserve what is pure

Mom and dad: Implosion

They are a couple so which one must die

Under his eyes, under the

Shadow of the gods of reason

Under his wings he looks all

Flowers but he's reared by owls

My hands; can't say

Which is the owl and which is of god

Black wings: Red-lead

Paint my arms; they must know there's but one

Formaldehyde bath

All gods of flesh do smell in the dogdays

Their flesh is one; I can't meet their eyes

Fear of damnation preserves the deformed

Breaks; don't move

We hunt like rats but we die as mice

Under his eyes, under the

Shadow of the gods of reason  
Under his wings, he looks all  
Flowers but he's reared by owls  
Close eye  
Paint it black, they must know there's but one  
Don't sleep  
When darkness comes he splits them and hunt  
Under his eyes, under the  
Shadows of the gods of reason  
Under his wings, he looks all  
Flowers but he's reared by owls  
And in my ears the consonants of  
Death crushing all objections  
And in my claws the lost faith  
Coming home

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