

My Sister's Machine "Burn"

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(Wright/Pollock)
Son of man is dead
The devil rose his head
He spoke to me an everlasting tune
Screaming in my mind
He sang a poet's rhyme
All of you will pay me very soon
In a crowded house alone
I'm at home
Feeding the vibrations of the night
I can see it coming back
In your eyes
Killing all the sorry souls in sight

I know no one
Who lives off no one
I'll watch you burn now
As I learn how
Little evil in my mind
Says everything is fine
Makes me walk alone at night in fear
Loving wrath the sun will burn
Killing you when he returns
No one's getting out alive from here
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