

Crucified

"Children In Black"

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The day is withering
Broken by the weight of the tide
All shadows past
Grow longer
Till they smother light
And leave no trace
For evidence
And the final light has fallen silent
To me resurrection follows [of these]
Leave this among
The dreams dreamt
Of love shared
Of gods challenged
In victory of the mortal chains
Snatched away
In the attempt

All the little children
All dressed in black
With their darkened eyes
And holy artifacts
Mamas watch your babies
Keep them safe and sound
Don't let them play in graveyards
Don't let them find this out

You may be sorry
You may be sorry Babe

Pururities speaking
Are rising from their mouths
It must be the devil
Making these horrid sounds
Speak no evil, baby
Your daddy told you twice
Don't be so short of free
Lost only in the night

You may be sorry
You may be sorry

Powdered cheeks and perfumed skin
The midnight cold corrosion
My destined fingers wander
Sent by old... explosion
[comes heralding cold to beat]
Another hand to feed
Like fish within the net
Like babies cold in sleep
Caught in sleep

[spoken]
Destined... pebbles...
Let me fall quickly into sin
In turn...rain on my warriors...
Let thunder cry out lies
And decayed vagrancy
...on my thinning lips...

You may be sorry
You may be sorry
May be
Sorry

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