

## Sanctifica "Epitaph"

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Await my breath  
The colours blend to extract  
Nutrition  
From black and white

And off we go  
Into the colour saturated part of you  
Count me in  
The fraud you're planning

Now the peasant lies still  
For he knows the lot  
Knows why and when and whom to blame

Set the controls for pleasant dreams  
Speak the liars tongue  
To wake the ancient gods

Set the controls for higher grounds  
Trust me to fetter my thoughts  
Count me in

That epitaph  
Met my eye through the wilderness  
Now the crescent lies still  
For it covers the lot

Sweet saturation  
When colours leave no space to fill  
I dare you, count me in  
Count me in the fraud you're planning

That epitaph  
Met my eye through the wilderness  
As a monument of that fraud  
Colours leave the spaces in shades of grey  
And those salty tastes  
That labels the dissidents

Morning mist  
One freezing night awaits your death  
Salty taste

Lures that child to lick  
That child lies still for it knows the lot

Final solution for the colourless  
And I'm off  
I'll count you all in

That epitaph  
One freezing night awaits your death  
Colours spawned by dust  
Recall the saltier taste of hate

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