

Death In June

"Lullaby To A Ghetto"

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So, this is your life
This is your world
In a lullaby to a ghetto
Where you murder boys and girls

Ashes of a butterfly
On a blood-soaked wand
Painted, all decorated
Absent and missing
Like secret dreams
And, broken promises
Like all our dead
And thoroughbred

Let the absence of life begin
To form an ash
And diamond lake
Revisionist, rust-torn and red
Black sun baked

Frank eyes never lie
They weep and shine
With that emptiness
Feral inside them
That mirrors can't define

Don't look to God
He's turned away
Savaged by the smell
Of the first of seven days

So, this is your life
This is your world
In a lullaby to a ghetto
Where you murder boys and girls

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