

Twelve Tribes

"As Ghosts Are Given To Me"

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Psychotic whispering take me i'm yours once of a
madman's last
Dance in her scent in the smell of neurotic ghouls she's
panting to
The gods that kill her tossing turning my my so calm
though the sky
Is falling living in the morning's dawn while dying when
the
Evening's gone and drool apologies as we fuck
goodbye i apologize
Under plummeting skies such insecurity is pleasing to
me while
Dying and wishing this away stomach's pulled tighter
lay strangled
In this skin of ours unlock the killer unto beautiful pain
beauty in
Pains simplicity give into me giving to me these fifteen
secrets kept
Beneath your fingertips and pleasure and flight deep
bleeding yet
Willing to dress my blood in a demon's soft verse my
lips filtering
Her fears such a sweet hallucinogen* i shut my eyes
and your
Somehow closer to me the sky is falling but i'm still
here she
Couldn't speak let alone breathe have you ever.. oh but
at the
Same time who showed you this eidolon this
blaspheme of an
Arcane ego i know you i am swallowing your pain i have
licked your
Sweat and i am living again one last thing the
beginning of a
Delusion grows thicker and more hateful and the
further it goes it
Becomes harder then pounding and the pain it shows
beneath the
Burns and the bruises and even below the passion and
the
heartbeats they crash louder and it echoes into the
oceans of

Insides carved helpless and hollow and it came to her
in a dream
And she's hit by the sky as ghosts are given to me

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