

Pieta Brown

"The Hero Inside"

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He comes to me
The man with no face
A hero in a mask of raw flesh
He is a simple genius
Flower blood cells
The hero inside my brain
Oh the burning sands, the greasy rope
Electric hands, my broken hope, my mind machine
I feel my stomach churns...
Bathsheba burns!
The blood red rain will stain your name
Behold the lord of pain

He speaks I cannot hear
But I understand
He plugs me into his socket
I slip into his brain
Flower blood cells
The hero inside my brain... oh

Yours is the mark
One hopeless dream
And comes your guilt
This sordid stream
My mind machine
I feel my stomach churns

Bathsheba burns!

The blood red rain
Will stain your name

Behold the lord of pain

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