

Distorted Memory

"Ask The Dying"

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Fall from upon that cross
That noose around your neck binds tightly
Swing from that rope of death
All angel's song is what your mouth sings

Hear the death call, it sings it's song for you
Taste the rotten stench, of blood and poisoned fruit
Cry from the pain you feel, it's how it has to be
Death is the only way in which the living see

Ask the dying, it is the only way
Ask the dying, hear what they say
Ask the dying, there is no other way
Ask the dying, don't take the time to pray

Fall from upon that cross
To which your hands are nailed
Swing from that rope of death
Until there is no life left.

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