

## Primitive Radio Gods

### "Graven Idol"

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Her scent comes to me  
As the night breathes  
Her countenance grave  
A waxed pallor, that lays every tomb  
Open to the sky  
So she sees and ever watches  
The stars revolve and dance for her  
A velvet dream of crimson revolt  
The rites of all... deliver her kiss to me  
I ascend... erotic misery

We are blood to the bloodless  
We are honour to the honourless  
And We, We are gods to the godless  
Gods to the Godless,  
Honour to the honourless,  
Blood to the bloodless.

The cruel day; it hurts my eyes... for it is night I ever  
long for

If sorrows sweet gifts have offered me thus  
I am all that has been and cannot refuse  
As her smile has ushered in the night  
So many countless times before  
I hear a foot on the stair...  
I turn and she is there.  
With all the gifts of the grave to offer me

How can I refuse  
A graven idol such as thee

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