

## Septic Flesh "Little Music Box"

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From the chest of fake hopes, where we leave the  
needless things.  
I found a dusty object it had a special gift.  
From it's opened top a sound came out, a phantom  
from the past.  
Sacred nights I felt like heaven, rusty days I felt like  
hell.

This music box reminds me of you. This Little music  
box.  
Its melody is a distant smile, a face I thought I knew.

Like a lizard in the desert, I drifted without rest.  
And the heat appeared so liquid; it had the taste of the  
salty  
Sea.  
Pandora's fate is captured in my box.

This music box reminds me of you. This Little music  
box.  
Its melody is a distant smile, a face I thought I knew.

[Solo: Chris A.]

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box.  
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[Solo: Sotiris V.]

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box.  
Its melody is a distant smile, a face I thought I knew.

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