

Death & Horror, Inc.**"Red Carnival"**

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On a path of ash ahead, frail breath in a halogen sky,
wire hands clutch the wheel, residue fuel on overdrive.
A thrust of steel at the day's wake. Storm, wind, fire.
Levelled faith. Without voice or symphony, shutter stole
your identity, a bloodbath on parade, snuffed out on
every frame. What is, and what can't be real? Alive? Or
picture screen? What is, and what can't be real? Rely on
terror. Serenity. A bloodbath on parade, snuffed out on
every frame. What is, and what can't be real? Alive? Or
video screen? Blood red carnival.

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