

Death & Horror, Inc.

"The Aftershock"

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We rode through your mind, clad in wrought iron and steel, and forced...your strife upon us. We bound in desperation, and held, 'til our last mistrust. Broke from beneath you. How could it burn out? Radio the war toys. No need, no place for solace - just a burning effigy. Devils, spirits, boogie men. Gods. Heaven, bliss, beauty. Thorns. The aftershock. Fear, loss, suicide. Break from the lies. Losing grip on all but the wreck and ruin. Pressing on pain, pressing on pain. Twisted souls. Heightened sorrow. Losing grip on all but the wreck and ruin. Pressing on pain, pressing on pain. Heaven, bliss, beauty. Thorns. Devils, spirits, boogie men. Gods.

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