

Tarot "Undead Son"

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I hear, I speak, counted the words all of my life
I see, I dream, if world's a womb, I'd be the knife
I run, I flee, your fingers just won't leave my head
I hear you speak for those I left for dead

I hear, I speak, the tongues are forked, the ears distort
I see, I dream, your world's a horde against my fort
I run, I flee, the vermin stalk within my walls
I hear them speak, their dirt within my halls

Mother help your undead son
Let go of your undead son
Mother help your undead son
Let me go, undead son, oh

I walk, I'm dead, I'm slowly eaten from inside
I walk this walk, been walking since I died

Mother help your undead son
Let go of your undead son
Mother help your undead son
Let me go, undead son
Undead son

Mother help your undead son
Let go of your undead son
Mother help your undead son
Let me go, undead son

Mother help your undead son
Mother help your undead son
Let go of your undead son
Mother help your undead son

Mother help your undead son
Undead son, undead son, undead son
Mother help your undead son

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