

The Code "Smother The Crones"

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What would it take to smother these crones?

From scratch starts the sloping off
To a wilderness
Undertow colossal leads me like lead
Past life trespassers
Sold strange to my soiled my eyes
Underwater rain parade
I can't collide!

Oh Lord... What would it take to smother these crones?

Let's get skeletal
Necro-spiritual
There's murder in the cronehouse tonight
Their skullharp scriptures
Catholic boyschool
We'll smother the bones of our past tonight

Let's get skeletal
Necro-spiritual!

Skulls grin from passing cars
Through the traffic of the dead
They laugh me up their ancient sleeves
Into the borderless beyond
Wayside pastors gracing black pastures
"I'm boarding sinking ships" [Jonas Raskolnikov, 2008]

Oh please God smother these crones

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Necro-spiritual
There's murder in the cronehouse tonight
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Necro-spiritual!

