

Ivens

"The Ninth Letter"

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[Verse 1]

Make way for the over flowing chalice chipped around
the middle
painfully stubborn charged up with a liquid spirit
Taken from the centre shelf oblivious to the deathly
smell leaking at a steady pace
With every little out burst, crown made of cane
evaporate
Knee deep in a puddle of diluted cadence
Skimming through the basics straight to the chapters
of greatness
We're they ought not be meddelling in a head strong
fellow is he
Who will not for the life of all come down from the
perch to grounds of reasoning
What is real can hit with a mighty strength
Knocked down with a loss of breath
To be re-born one must encounter a little death
That is unless we are talking about this little mess now
tainted
Exploiting ancient texts that some of us hold sacred
This rampant abomination tucked away freely breeding
Ironically tied in with a torture device around the neck
Commence raping of the elements with flaky ideas of
cashing in
by catering for the insecure cattle herds of them
The "just add water" generation
Confusing state of emulating
An era that's been gone and for the better say those
that lived it
Easy access for the trend setters
Colour blind, black is pink
All feeding from the same segils that were powerless
to begin with
What was once avoided for fear of denial from the
kingdom
is stirring shit with the believers as to how these kids
were drawn in
Silk screen choker chain poorly welded pendant swiped
from the lowest branch of
a lonely planet placed in a trinket box

Along side those oh so important coolness points
tallied up for the week end
shared amongst the rest of the walking dead
Fellowship of empty vessels, penny lost, not to be
found again
Round a circular path in search for the holy mountains
entrance
That just raises another question
How long have you been festively questing for the
answers lost
in a melting pot of tension
Third hand teachings are transparent, let us hear it
from the force itself
but the absence of a so called almighty some one
smells
And to delve into such issue can be hazardous for the
basic
Fad attached to the end of a safety rope appealing to
the nameless
Spit polish the dusty crest
Do what thou wilt to resurrect
The still lifeless image of a broken soul by all means
interject
if I come across to go forward
I mean I, fuck there I said it
So it's back to the beginning via the ceremony of
opening flesh

Back to the beginning via the ceremony of opening
flesh...

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