

## Vast "Flames"

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I saw the gravestones  
I saw 9 year old boys  
Somehow I knew they hated me  
You can live as long as you want to live

Lately all I want  
Is to be in your hole

Sleep without a dream  
As cold as it seems  
It's my destiny

How many men have been  
In your sacred hole?

(How many dead men, God?)

As I spread her thighs  
My life flashes before my eyes  
Soothing, disturbing  
I'm intoxicated with fear

How many men have died  
In your dirty hole?

How many men lay dead  
From this killing hole?

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