

# Dancing With The Dead

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I am the pentagram in a prayer book  
so electrical and surreal  
I am the crown of thorns on a wendigo  
how inevitably unreal

I'm naked in the rain, slow dancing with the dead  
an idiotic slideshow flickering inside my head  
I'm walking down the only road I've ever known  
plethora of bullshit is pouring out of my soul

I don't even know what's going on

you are the vengeful god of abraham  
so insatiable and surreal  
you're never ever going to let me go  
you are inevitable and real

heil to you my to you my man  
and your lesson of the day:  
when you swastikulate  
I go blind and you get paid  
we, the walking dead appreciate the irony...