

## As Deep as Your Flesh

Arsis

Once I walked with faith  
I found her foul and spat her out  
My absinthian guest, if only your charm were as deep as your flesh

One night I walked with beauty  
I found her bitter and I insulted her  
Oh witches, oh beasts I have entrusted my treasure to thee  
Once I slept with grace  
I found her ill and full of bane, vain, and far sicker  
Than the wrath of the Wicked King Wicker  
The smoke from her fire turned everything black

So never think of me for the sake of sanity  
Although I'm fond of your scars  
The failing of fervor, the crossing of stars  
Once I laid with beauty, and I laid her to rest  
If only, if only her charm had been as deep as her flesh  
The smoke from her fire turned everything black