

## Death Trip 21

Ash

The story of a man who did never exist  
Lord of the skies died  
With no look in his eyes  
Sleep walked into the afterlife  
Died in his sleep  
His face incomplete  
You got a taste you're playing with the dark stuff  
Don't let it get under your skin  
I've seen your eyes in the bottom on my glass  
You died in your sleep  
Your face incomplete

One million miles away  
My thoughts afloat in speculation  
You fill my dreams like sandman  
With the taste of hedonism and death  
One million miles away  
My thoughts afloat in speculation  
You fill my dreams like sandman  
With the taste of hedonism and death

Your dark resolve to change your face  
On the eve of your death and resurrection  
Heavy with sleep deprivation  
By death and power intoxicated  
The story of a man who did never exist  
The surgeons have died  
Found in barrels at a building site  
Found dead with their nails ripped out  
He died in his sleep  
His face incomplete

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You fill my dreams like sandman  
With the taste of hedonism and death  
On million miles away  
My thoughts afloat in speculation  
You got a taste  
You're playing with the dark stuff  
Don't let it get under your skin  
The world's overpopulated  
Fucked up anyway  
You'd hate to think you were missing the fun  
Don't let it get under your skin  
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