

Flesh Is Fragile

Centinex

In the garden where virtue stands tall
Pluck the flowers made of flesh and stone
All statues are risen and damned to fall
It is a world of skin, made of bones
All the flesh is fragile
We're all signed with scars
All the flesh is fragile
Forever shining stars
When golden blood is flooding cold
Liquid bodies are forcing us to sin
Deep down the burning soul
The raining nails are carving in the skin
Carriers of scars - The world is our sin
Beholders of flesh - Hollow within
When red is black and ablaze is horns
Diseases are marked on every page
Hollow bodies dejected with scorn
The last breath of the final age
In the absence of abstract reality
See the sun of the white iris blind
Burning blood in crucifixion ecstasy
It is a world of skin, the noose of life