

Electra Descending

Christian Death

Windows rattle with contempt
peeling back a ring of dead roses
Soon it will rain blue landscapes
leading us to suffocation
The walls structured high in a circle of oiled brick
and legs of tin - Stonehenge tumbles

What about her? The wages of sin
What about him? Well, he's getting closer
And what about the bells?
Nipples licking the clouds
And what about the bells?
Nipples licking the clouds
Nipples licking the clouds
Nipples licking the clouds
the clouds

Everyone is standing in boxes
pulsating with the silver needles
I've got no name or box to stand in
leading me to suffocation
give of fire from her throne
belching cloak/Electra
Electra

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We were made to fill our shoes with clay
to sleep on river beds
I awoke/Electra descending
mounts the bridal gown of Jocasta
Jocasta
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