

In the shallow holes of a thousand eyes  
In the knee deep graves of future survivors  
The fleshless guests live off children of the past  
And their aging fingers cast the shadow of death

Their razor sharp tongues invite to relax  
As they slip the skin on your eyelids back  
Invasive spectators get into the act  
With roses and candles, silver knives and

Persona read women dance with priests on a side road  
Your vision perspectives are turning to stone  
A cabaret slide show starts shooting their loads  
Act one is the end and the show now begins

Their razor sharp tongues invite to relax  
As they slip the skin on your eyelids back  
Invasive spectators get into the act  
With roses and candles, silver knives and

Breath ballet prancers spin on porcelain backbones  
A child's muddled cry turns into hilarity  
Ungracious freeloaders leave their dead on a doorstep  
Flowers of doom all bloom in prosperity

Their razor sharp tongues invite to relax  
As they slip the skin on your eyelids back  
Invasive spectators get into the act  
With roses and candles, silver knives and spoons  
With silver knives and spoons

The luxuries of past days are the luxuries of our days  
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