

## Pale Iris

Erra

A false moon appeared  
A mimic or a mirror  
Like two coins in the sky  
Covering the eyes of a corpse

Lunar dead ringer  
The world doesn't know we are here  
And God is indifferent  
His finger on the sun  
A needle to the fire

A bullet between the eyes  
Two coins in the sky

There's blood inside this void I swallow  
No one left to breach or follow  
I'm dreaming inside your head  
I find the lie that leaves me ruined

The earth will close into a pale iris  
Inside the black is a deeper dark within nothing

Acolytes of predetermined cycles  
Defecting to a lie of free will  
A needle to the fire

A bullet between the eyes of the world  
Like two coins in the sky

There's blood inside this void I swallow  
No one left to breach or follow  
I'm dreaming inside your head  
I find the lie that leaves me ruined

Flooding out a secret hollow  
Inside the well is a deeper hole and it grows  
I'm dreaming inside your head  
I find the lie that leaves me ruined

Dried souls beseech the bluest void  
Empty bones seek sinew

Return to the dirt

Catalyst to chaos, remaining hope is shed  
I hate the truth of my capacity for ruin

Into nothing  
Inheriting the chaos of creation from the fire  
Into nothing  
I let these thoughts live in me  
And bring about the end

Flooding out a secret hollow  
Inside the well is a deeper hole

There's blood inside this void I swallow

No one left to breach or follow  
I'm dreaming inside your head  
I find the lie that leaves me ruined

Flooding out a secret hollow  
Inside the well is a deeper hole and it grows  
I'm dreaming inside your head  
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Two coins in the sky  
Inside the black is a deeper dark within nothing