Dead Skin Mask

Flowing Tears

Graze the skin with my finger tips
The brush of dead cold flesh appease the means
Provoking images delicate features so smooth
A pleasant fragrance in the light of the moon

Dance with the dead in my dreams Listen to their hallowed screams The dead have taken my soul Temptation's lost all control

Simple smiles elude psychotic eyes Lose all mind control rationale declines Empty eyes enslave the creations Of placid faces and lifeless pageants

In the depths of a mind insane Fantasy and reality are the same

Graze the skin with my finger tips
The brush of dead warm flesh pacifies the means
Incised members ornaments on my being
Adulating the skin before me

Simple smiles elude psychotic eyes Lose all mind control rationale declines Empty eyes enslave the creations Of placid faces and lifeless pageants