

God Under Fingernails

Foreign Hands

Content to be nothing
No desires or wishes
Static dreams, displeasure

An empty corpse, the imposing sky
Bound to fall from dead weight
Forget it all, the lucid noise
As bleak as a cold day in Hell

Your life of purpose, haloed glamor

Rip off your fingernails
Your life of purpose, haloed glamor

(Forget it all)
(Forget it all)

Forget the shade of your warmth
Or the taste of desipal
We thought ourselves immortal
Indifferent to none
Shadows cast on the sun
Art left behind on dead masters

God under fingernails
Dirt of humanity
Carve out the purity
From someone else's dream

(Forget it all)
(Forget it all)

An empty corpse, the imposing sky
Life long lost from lucid noise
From lucid noise

Angels of stone mourn
As love dies by foreign hands

In someone else's dream
Angels of stone mourn
As love dies by foreign hands