

The Velvet Inquisition

Hammers of Misfortune

The snowflakes, in their millions, melt upon the lenses in the glow
Illuminated are their faces, and the faces that they show
They don't know weariness or death- they don't know anything at all
They're merely messages from both sides of your eyes

The shadows fall...

Who dare question their confessor?

And when you wonder why you never see the sun (cry to me)
And you discover when you turn around and run (who do you see?)
And when you find that I've been wasting all your time, you cry to me

And when you find that you must tear yourself away, what do you see?

And when your eyes are glazing over every day (cry to me)
And you decide you must escape and run away (who you see you?)

A velvet inquisition for every volunteer
So the apostates disappear

The little worms are not to blame for the mementos that they save
The tyranny of their mutation in a medicated game

And when you find that you're the saddest one in love
And when you find that you are crying all the time