

# Sulphur, Charcoal and Saltpetre

Lord Vicar

When I was a boy, all alone  
Could not go to sleep, I was afraid  
Thinking to myself, I must sleep  
Ordering myself: 'time to sleep

But the veil of sleep would not come  
I would have to wait in my own dark room  
Imagining the world full of horror  
Looking through my blinds, reflecting all

Did you think that you could?  
Take it in as you should?  
Or did you end up crying?  
Instead of dying trying...

Old man staring through the eyes of a child  
Waiting in the mirror every time  
He would always open wounds I was hiding  
Horror, old trauma and the fear of dying

These are the ancient measures  
The ingredients of nightmares  
Expecting tainted pleasures  
Receiving only pain

I was a random child  
Selected to be taken  
Bullied and then tortured  
In the name of glory

Forced to scream your prayer  
Repeating it ever louder  
Filling more bags of powder  
Until I dream of nothing

Now I connect the wires  
Inhale the power of fire  
Offer my living soul  
disappear in a hole

'Do believe in our cause forever  
And forever will I stand by your side  
Powder and the flame are a priority  
But you know just how much you mean to me...

There's a proper time for separation  
And it's a perfect way to say goodbye  
If the doubts arrive there's a prayer  
It will help you be prepared to die

Through the valley of the shadow of death  
You will need to hold your head up high  
Repeat the prayer through your final breath  
Eternal glory comes, and the final rest'

Written on the walls at the house of sorrow  
You can find the names of those who burned

Greater yet, the pain in little drawings  
I could not remain in that room

But children of that place remain with us  
They illustrate the burden of our lies  
And make us feel the hell of all those memories  
Buried in the grave of the fireflies