

Do you recall it's name  
As it suggested beck and call  
This face and heel  
Will drag your halo through the mud  
Ash of pompeii  
Erupting in a statues dust  
Shrouded in veils  
Because these handcuffs hurt to much  
Scalping these ticketless applause  
And when they drag the lake there is nothing left at all  
seutured contusion  
beyond the anthills of the dawning of this plague  
said I've lost my way  
even if this cul de sac would pay  
to reach inside a vault whatever be the cost  
sterling clear  
blackend ice  
when they drag the lake there's nothing left at all

I've defected

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this is my last insicion  
the stitches have defected  
drag me a vessel  
coveting all you know see and hear  
this is my last incision  
the stitches have fallen off  
Sterling clear blackened ice  
And when they drag they lake theres nothing left at all

I've defected