

# A Robe of Scarlet Thread

Those Poor Bastards

Everything begins  
And everything must end  
At the farmhouse  
The farmhouse

A window rattling storm  
A grave dug in the lawn  
At the farmhouse  
The farmhouse

Lazarus needs a robe of scarlet thread  
To raise his wicked spirit from the dead  
Worms and vermin writhe  
And lost things come alive  
At the farmhouse  
The farmhouse

Truth and lies combine  
With sickness of the mind  
At the farmhouse  
The farmhouse

Lazarus needs a robe of scarlet thread  
To raise his wicked spirit from the dead

Strange machines they chug  
The walls all pulse with blood  
At the farmhouse  
The farmhouse

Grotesque and ugly fear  
It circles and draws near  
At the farmhouse  
The farmhouse

Lazarus needs a robe of scarlet thread  
To raise his wicked spirit from the dead