

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