

# The Blade Unmasked

Rome

Keep us silent  
And diverted  
Drug me, corporate gods

We were eager  
To forget  
Now we hail the blade unmasked

Toward death  
Toward the sun  
This needle poised in flesh

Drink from this lunacy  
And bite the hand that made you man

And when springtime comes  
With awkward little steps  
To the land that mourns for me

Do not rush  
Do not fear  
The silent frequency (of lust)

Toward death  
Toward the sun  
This needle poised in flesh

Drink from this lunacy  
And bite the hand that made you man

And the sun goes down  
And death is all around  
And the secret son lies down  
And death is here to drown  
And everything's falling down  
And death is but another crown