

Tyla, Powder

Crimson was the flower. Midnight was the hour
His mind was distorted by the witches cower
Bring me the powder that I need
Bring me the sacrificial seed
Give me a reason not to need
The powder, the powder, the powder
Give me a dance to dice with death
Give me the demon's last breath
Give me a horse from which never to fall
Give me life eternal. Give me it all
Bring me the powder that I need
Bring me the sacrificial seed
Give me a reason not to breathe
The powder, the powder, the powder
Let me bathe in the glory of the skag
Roll in the thunder, you've all been had
I'm beginning to rot, never to return
Give me the beauty that I yearn
I bathe in vomit shit and lice
I convulse it's not very nice
I black out but I still hear the sound
The priest reads out loud
As I'm buried in the ground
But I'm not dead that all remains is unfound
Give me the reason that I want
Bring me the powder that I need
Bring me the sacrificial seed
Give me the reason not to need
The powder, the powder, the powder
The powder, the powder give me the powder that I need