

# The Culling

Chelsea Wolfe

Dead eyes  
I only call you when you're in my dreams  
Died too young  
The culling then, it was obscene

I am depleted by love  
I am depleted by love

I'll never tell the secrets of my family  
Bled out  
A cult of anonymity

The kettle is wheeling, my love  
Riding on the back of a hell they caused

One ear to the ground  
One eye on the room  
My tongue on your pulse  
My finger in your wound

Sweet dead eyes, i long to hear you again  
Sweet dead eyes, i long to see your face  
Sweet dead eyes, i long for that illustrious hiss  
Sweet dead eyes, i know you feel it

No turning back  
"only god knows what we're headed for"  
The flowers bloom  
The sun rises

Flux  
Hiss  
Welt  
Groan