

# House of Glass

Erra

My mind's a leech, and I feel so weak  
My sleep was deep, and I did not dream  
There is a presence here, breathing life into our fears  
Russian roulette, the cylinder is full  
No gods to interfere

Requiem  
This will destroy you before you mourn the passing dream  
Requiem  
This night won't conclude  
House of glass crashes down around you

Spread of self violence  
Complicit in silence  
Desire's subsidence  
Survive by defiance against defeat  
Burn it down  
Sweep of a nation misguided by a righteous hand  
Distorted divine  
Collective suicide

Turbines aflame, like monolithic candles incandescent  
In a midnight aura, convulsing bodies in a ritual  
My sleep was deep, and I did not dream  
Burn it down, burn it down  
Pitch black mass, house of glass

Requiem  
This will destroy you before you mourn the passing dream  
Requiem  
This night won't conclude  
House of glass crashes down around you

Battered  
Battered and scarred, post-fundamentalist humiliation  
Scattered  
Scattered and starved, post-indoctrination  
Pitch black mass  
House of glass

Burn, burn, burn it  
Burn, burn, burn it down  
Burn, burn, burn it down  
This will destroy you

Burn it down  
Burn it to the fucking ground  
(My sleep was deep, and I did not dream)