Tell Me What To Do

Wet from the womb, Beltane in bloom, Such a cacophony Of ideology, For new born eyes it's stunning, Quickly consumed Into the brood, Spectral astrology, Same genealogy, So hit the high ground running...

Tell me what to do, Shadows disentomb this torment, Born to life in the flood, Candlewood and runes, Day and night infused Augment this skyline, Elements of doom, Voices from the gloom Whisper and call me back to the woods, Dazed, beyond confused, Ushered through a moon-washed Mandrake twilight.

With sweet perfumes And nom de plumes, We write our sonnets For true neurotics, Dispensed with guile and cunning, Beaten, abused, Broken and bruised, It's so ironic, I'm catatonic, Yet sense the storm clouds coming...

Tell me what to do, Shadows disentomb this torment, Born to life in the flood, Candlewood and runes, Day and night infused Augment this skyline, Elements of doom, Voices from the gloom Whisper and call me back to the woods, Dazed, beyond confused, Ushered through a moon-washed Mandrake twilight.