

A Dark Star

SKOLD

A dark star on the left-hand path
A revelation long since left for dead
Theres a sleeping bear in the bed you made
An elephant in an unmarked grave
A sacrifice to a long-lost cause
Little Dorothy is staying put in Oz

Come taste my darkness
And tell me how you feel
Take a look inside me
And tell me what you see

Such a precious piece of trash
Slowing down is such a painful way to crash
Like feeding twice from a well-bitten hand
Spilt milk and honey from a foreign land

Come taste my darkness
And tell me how you feel
Take a look inside me
And tell me what you see

The sound of perdition

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