

Beautiful Decline

Abney Park

Fingers of rust gently intertwine
Lace the seams of sacrifice in
a beautiful decline
Catalysis of creations of all that was man
and Pull our corruption towards nature,
the state that's predefined

Rust forms, bringing it all down
Wood rots, and into the ground
Flesh falls; life's decomposed
Then nature's again exposed.

All that floats upon the sea,
all that hangs in the air
All that sits in dust or dirt
eventually ensnared. The gentle touch
of time will take you unaware
Pulling all creations down,
an elegant affair.

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Pleasant patina pulls apart
a holy copper shrine
Like gently creeping mossy claws,
scarring all divine. All the things
you think you value,
including the gift of life
Will slowly, gently fall apart,
'til the world is right.

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