

Aphid Devil Flower Fruits Of Lunacy

...and Oceans

As flowers on the grave of earth inferno
We are all good people
Dressed not in white we are
Ascendants of heaven
In a symbolic imaginative essence
Descending angels we are
Falling as rain to impure the ground
And to flourish as flowers
Before we wither
With a scent of heavenly dew

As time that gnaws on the bones of life
We are the floating liquid flesh
The crawling sinners we are
Melting the heavens
As death silences all sweet voices
Renders of the clouds we are
Swarming as sinners to the universal presence of the fall
And to taste the fruits of lunacy
Before we fall
Into a devilish exercise