

Swarm Of Vultures

Aura Noir

Come swarm with me, come grind the carver.
Come paw the skin, come slay the harvest.
Come lick the sky, come reach the heavens.
Each grain of flesh, each drop of pleasures.

The dustcloud of our lust,
Redeemed in hate.
Deodorize our claws of rot.
Wash them clean of taste.

...And we swarm towards the sun or the credence of it.
...And we whip the sky for blessings or for the joy of it.