

## 13 Years Of Carrion

Death in June

I found the grief  
Within my heart  
And, through that pain  
And, life in parts  
There's a wilderness I know  
In that wilderness I grow  
A found opportunity  
To hunt for time and bounty  
In this, my deep valley  
The blood seed  
Of our majesty  
With all four seasons  
And their marathon  
And, with dark carbonation  
I found my  
Thirteen years of carrion  
From golden locust  
To dignity  
I praise and burn  
To rescue me  
To be given opportunity  
To hunt for time and bounty  
In this, my deep valley  
The blood seed  
Of our majesty  
With all four seasons  
And their marathon  
And, with dark carbonation  
I found my  
Thirteen years of carrion