

Little Blue Butterfly

Death in June

black sun dying
black sun rising
is this impure
is this impure?

shadow of locust
this is beast
shadow of locust
this is at least
the slow descent of autumn
into the butcher garden

black sun dying
black sun rising
is this impure
is this impure?

children, it's midnight
it's time, we've come
hand in hand
on earth, in hell
sick or well
we're bleeding - all over - the world
you and me
on land and sea
in life, in dreams
or, so it seems
new beginnings
new ends
it's obvious
it's him
the deafening
beautiful
silence...
of sin!