

Poets Of Dirt

Dew-Scented

The gone staying by me
Feeling disease, crying sun

Soil adorning me, preparing to grow
Fever, disgust, dear sigh

Bewatching the truth, morals to break
Catch soon the breeze, immortals

And if my tears were only joyful
I would better rest in silence
Instead of writing down my claims
To pleasure such a lonely road
A sombre tangle to disclose

The damned poets of dirt

Lake fulfilled with sand, prayers of lies
Wishing disease, unholy blue
Is covering meand our sins
Forever gone, trapped in life