

# Stars Are Exploding

J Church

Early tomorrow I am disgusting,  
Phantoms and subways,  
Clustered hallucinations

The sky is spitting thunderbolts at random intervals,  
The wind breaks its course like a blinded feral dog,  
Our guardian angels turn their backs with shame, not disgust,  
Although I am afraid, I will stay,  
The mountains turn to beachfront and the beach does wash away

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The clouds conceal an evil plot we only contemplate,  
The golden hair of angels spindles plastic and disease,  
Although I am afraid, I will stay

Synthetic valleys,  
Synthetic mountains,  
We walk together through horror and sickness

The sky is spitting thunderbolts at random intervals,  
The wind breaks its course like a blinded feral dog,  
Our guardian angels turn their backs with shame, not disgust,  
Although I am afraid, I will stay,  
The mountains turn to beachfront and the beach does wash away

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The clouds conceal an evil plot we only contemplate,  
The golden hair of angels spindles plastic and disease,  
Although I am afraid, I will stay

Plastic virtues around every corner,  
Stars are exploding, but in exploding, they die