

Transfiguration

State Faults

Blue burned the orange black
Push it down, hollowed out
I felt like a heart attack
Severing everything again
Sky above obsidian
Flowers where I lay my head to rest
Withering in spite of me
Safe beneath the olive tree

I feel it burning
Everything we bloomed now burns
The hands keep turning
The world spins madly on and on and on
I want to slow it down
Turn around but it's all blurring
I'm lost inside the sound
Of a universe slowly burning out

Now the flowers are gone
The ashes fall like snow
The soil choked on my blood
Now the garden won't grow