

It's approaching
600 pounds gas and flesh
Robes in tatters
It's approaching
Lips and tongue abhorrent
Flickering lexicon
Or a stray dog pack leader

Hide hide, all good people hang out for a result
Hide dive hide, reasonable people in silence do exult
Realm of dusk

The Northerns
Look at the North ones
Their brains are unhinged by the sun

Rare stone
Our [faecesfaces] are rare stone
It comes to take them
Move out the armies