

In Sacrilege

Death in June

Solitude is not given
It is earned
In this conspiracy
Of destiny

Empty vessels
Of spermless love
Made of mud and mist
I was possessed

We develop
We delight
We define and
We decay
From within
A sacred power
Acting upon my shame

In pursuit of the impossible nothingness
I found myself
In sacrilege
Shall we die a master-slave
For this dog day age?
Develop and delight and decay