

Heavens Die

Entombed

Death thrust this avalanche
the gnostic tears have failed
to recover me from Rimbaud
resurrected to get laid
emotionally disqualified
to kill the liquid sky
I'm on the path to clandestine (god make heavens die)

Inaugurations of my love
sanctify the few
the accursed will share
insects crawling over you
euthanasia can rise
time told by the sun
submit to leather menace
and turning of sands are done
Bury it in a nameless grave

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