

## Aphid Devil Flower Fruits Of Lunacy

...and Oceans

As flowers on the grave of earth inferno  
We are all good people  
Dressed not in white we are  
Ascendants of heaven  
In a symbolic imaginative essence  
Descending angels we are  
Falling as rain to impure the ground  
And to flourish as flowers  
Before we wither  
With a scent of heavenly dew

As time that gnaws on the bones of life  
We are the floating liquid flesh  
The crawling sinners we are  
Melting the heavens  
As death silences all sweet voices  
Renders of the clouds we are  
Swarming as sinners to the universal presence of the fall  
And to taste the fruits of lunacy  
Before we fall  
Into a devilish exercise