

# Debris The Magenta Harvest Liquid Flesh

...and Oceans

There lies a body: cold, bloated and empty  
Like all the other: victims together  
The happiness in silence: good without pretence  
And the last day: with a smile on the face

There lies a body: pretty soak in ebony  
Like all the worms: in their corridors  
Liquid flesh endowed: to impure the ground  
And the fallen souls: make the flowers grow

[Chorus:]

We float, drift and pass away  
For ever and a day

The debris of time falls into oblivion  
As heavens open its gates of lies  
Gone is the light of the sun  
And nigh is the final harvest of life