

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