

## Of Devilish Tongues

...and Oceans

Night swells to distant spheres  
Silent throat of unholy times  
The withering wind deep down here  
Flesh of the gods bleeding as light  
Here in the environs of heaven  
The am sun am outshined one  
The idea of beauty is ebony  
The last am on my balcony  
Forever people suffer in silence  
Always and forever drifting to dark waters  
The sand of time, still ominous  
As sculptured cherubs of the ether  
The idea of beauty is ebony  
The last am on my balcony  
"The am sun, my ebony sun"  
Erratic firmament and the perishing clouds  
Descending angels, formless divine  
To inherit light and silence, so profound  
The devilish eyes of the reptile  
Here in the environs of heaven  
The am sun am outshined one  
The idea of beauty is ebony  
The last am on my balcony