

Image like fast spliced line
Covered by the rough knots just like the bark covered
by the brown knags.

In the middle of the dead world left ship stands
With dropped sails without the crew.

In the middle of the sea of dry sand stands
Stands without a soul.
It ran away takin' hope
And ship is buried forever
In it's solitude.

Someone pulled its boards down
Sun dried the planks
Parched as the lips of passionate lovers.

Silence surrounds it with its arms
Bits of stone snatch by a blast
Are strikin' on its empty interior.

Temple of the god
Temple of the dog.

Despair shroud of mourning
Sad irritatin' the throuth tightenin' up so the voice
Cannot pass through.

Pain which is burnin' inside
When a longin' comes
After the last kiss
After the last gaze.