

13 Years Of Carrion

Death in June

I found the grief
Within my heart
And, through that pain
And, life in parts
There's a wilderness I know
In that wilderness I grow
A found opportunity
To hunt for time and bounty
In this, my deep valley
The blood seed
Of our majesty
With all four seasons
And their marathon
And, with dark carbonation
I found my
Thirteen years of carrion
From golden locust
To dignity
I praise and burn
To rescue me
To be given opportunity
To hunt for time and bounty
In this, my deep valley
The blood seed
Of our majesty
With all four seasons
And their marathon
And, with dark carbonation
I found my
Thirteen years of carrion