

## In Sacrilege

Death in June

Solitude is not given  
It is earned  
In this conspiracy  
Of destiny

Empty vessels  
Of spermless love  
Made of mud and mist  
I was possessed

We develop  
We delight  
We define and  
We decay  
From within  
A sacred power  
Acting upon my shame

In pursuit of the impossible nothingness  
I found myself  
In sacrilege  
Shall we die a master-slave  
For this dog day age?  
Develop and delight and decay