

My Black Diary

Death in June

We slip as stones across this sea,
to dreams we've lived and dreams we'll see,
with emptiness, a faded hue.
In lost moments in vortex with you

Left behind to wallow,
a wild admission.
Waste and cruelty combine.
A chain of suffering taken from behind

In shadows we circle,
and in shadows we'll blend.
Transcience and its resonance.
No lifeless echo but a lifeless end.

We slip as stones across this sea,
to dreams we've lived and dreams we'll see,
with emptiness, a faded hue.
In lost moments in vortex with you.

Left behind to wallow,
a wild admission.
Waste and cruelty combine.
A chain of suffering taken from behind.

In shadows we circle,
and in shadows we'll blend.
Transcience and its resonance.
No lifeless echo but a lifeless end.

We slip as stones across this sea,
to dreams we've lived and dreams we'll see,
with emptiness, a faded hue.
In lost moments in vortex with you

Left behind to wallow,
a wild admission.
Waste and cruelty combine.
A chain of suffering taken from behind

In shadows we circle,
and in shadows we'll blend.
Transcience and its resonance.
No lifeless echo but a lifeless end.