

Touch Defiles

Death in June

But, we Desecrate at a touch!
And, Touch Defiles
Afloat on the evening tide
Its light and its sadness
Growing fainter and fainter
Growing fainter and fainter

This War of Emotion
The Fate of our Age
It rains slashed and sweaty
To the brow of our Death
Cut off from the World
By our own Despair
Burning with Desire
The True Deceit

With Dedication
With Will
So purged of Purity
Perished in the Night
Where every Dream
With every Hope
In someone else
Has been betrayed

The Passion
The Devotion
The Knowing
The Nothing
The Echoes
The Names
The Sadness
The Blame.