

## 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.