

## Poets Of Dirt

Dew-Scented

The gone staying by me  
Feeling disease, crying sun

Soil adorning me, preparing to grow  
Fever, disgust, dear sigh

Bewatching the truth, morals to break  
Catch soon the breeze, immortals

And if my tears were only joyful  
I would better rest in silence  
Instead of writing down my claims  
To pleasure such a lonely road  
A sombre tangle to disclose

The damned poets of dirt

Lake fulfilled with sand, prayers of lies  
Wishing disease, unholy blue  
Is covering meand our sins  
Forever gone, trapped in life