

## A Pale Crescendo of Diamond Suns

Nightfall

Can't see the light of beauty  
I see a somber sun

I smell the flowers  
I smell the sun

My words sustain in silence  
My breath still talks to sirens

Upon a cross I see you, a diamond  
Sun upon you  
A pale crescendo beats you  
I love you flesh I need you...

The dawn, alone, thinking of the things remain undone  
A thought, grotesque, that is the name  
Of my only fearless god