

Transcendence

Throes Of Dawn

Your warmth is false
Inside your hollow bosom
You'll hide the solitude
Of the distant stars

In your party none celebrates
Grey autumn transcendence
Minutes turn into oblivion
Our voices to mould

Your hangman smile
My soul in your hands
I drink from your breasts
Grey autumn solitude

And I can see through your eyes
It's time to go
And I can see through your smile
It's time to go

All those long dead hours
Frequent time stops
Minutes turn into oblivion
Our voices to mould
Drowned wasps floating
in the chalice of the sweet nectar
all those beautiful moths eaten by flies
in this bizarre carnival
of a life-lasting funeral

Grey autumn
Play your lyre
For one last time