

Statues are so beautiful  
Age shall not wither them  
Photos frame milliseconds  
So the years can't condemn  
Lamentably  
We will grow old  
And relentlessly  
We will grow cold  
But in my dream of Dorian Gray  
I staple blossom onto trees  
Carve my image deep in rock  
And drink from virgin arteries  
Born a perfect specimen  
Purity is only loaned  
Curse chromosomes as slowly flesh

Learns to drip down from bone  
So inevitably  
We will grow old  
And regrettably  
We will grow cold  
But in my dream of Dorian Gray  
I staple blossom onto trees  
Carve my image deep in rock  
And drink from virgin arteries  
Glowing youth slows to dulled age  
And liver spotted atrophy  
Degraded and decrepit  
Salad days grind to senility  
But in my dream of Dorian Gray  
I staple blossom onto trees  
Carve my image deep in rock  
And drink from virgin arteries