

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