

And Oceans, Of Devlish Tongues

Of Devlish Tongues

Night swells to distant spheres

Silent throat of unholy times

The withering wind deep down here

Flesh of the gods bleeding as light

Here in the environs of heaven

The am sun am outshined one

The idea of beauty is ebony

The last am on my balcony

Forever people suffer in silence

Always and forever drifting to dark waters

The sand of time, still ominous

As sculptured cherubs of the ether

The idea of beauty is ebony

The last am on my balcony

"The am sun, my ebony sun"

Erratic firmament and the perishing clouds

Descending angels, formless divine

To inherit light and silence, so profound

The devlish eyes of the reptile

Here in the environs of heaven

The am sun am outshined one

The idea of beauty is ebony

The last am on my balcony