

Ashengrace, The Beach

This fear descends on me
Believer torn in disguise
beyond memory, I understand where we will go from here...
she's taking me down, we're going down into the believer's doorway
staring down we begin again, and, we begin again
and we fall like circles in the night,
and desert waters reach
and I feel myself devoured by the beach...
I'm in the throes of your sandstorm of wind and worm and high.
This single windowed promise speak I,
endless angel wings are nigh...

A dream of dune and serpent,
a tree of life masks splinters here...
where I've tasted this heart before,
and women walk like insects here...

And we fall like circles in the night,
and desert waters reach
and I feel myself devoured by the beach...
and I will sleep no more...

And this beach is poison like the wail of men in Sodom's breast.
I've put my angels to the test in this fabled belt of piety burn.
Of noble born in this windswept gill,
upon my sweating lips turned up into the sky, in hades
I will wait and weep for your return.

And we fall like circles in the night,
and desert waters reach
and no one opens up my eyes

and I feel myself devoured by the beach...
in the throes of your sad sandstorm...
your sandstorm...