

Death In June, In Sacrilege

Solitude is not given
It is Earned
In this Conspiracy
Of Destiny

Empty Vessels
Of Spermless Love
Made of Mud and Mist
I was Possessed

We Develop,
We Delight,
We Define and
We Decay
From within
A sacred Power
Acting upon my Shame

In Pursuit of the Impossible Nothingness
I found myself
In Sacrilege
Shall we die a Master-Slave
For this Dog Day Age?
Develop and Delight and Decay