

Malice In Leatherland, Cherub In A Jar

Please rot in your delusions
I've feigned this tranquil bay
While tempests tend to rise
When my outlook's railed to rage

My breath fogs on ze glass
This heart sinks deep within
The lustre of the world
bequeaths the heaven-sent

On Earth we wander
writhing, reeling; stylish seethin'
this hunger stirs us all.
Whilst innards linger
searching fiending; for some reason,
Caged Cherubs in a jar...

Think you'll live forever?
>From Earth your being's been rent
Carcass becomes grave-soil
Don't you know that you're a tense?!?!

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