

Nightfall, A Pale Crescendo Of Diamond Suns

Can't see the light of beauty
I see a somber sun

I smell the flowers
I smell the sun

My words sustain in silence
My breath still talks to sirens

Upon a cross I see you, a diamond
Sun upon you
A pale crescendo beats you
I love you flesh I need you...

The dawn, alone, thinking of the things remain undone
A thought, grotesque, that is the name
Of my only fearless god