

# And Oceans, Aphid: Devil Flower: Fruits Of Lunacy

Aphid: Devil Flower: Fruits Of Lunacy

As flowers on the grave of earth inferno

We are all good people

Dressed not in white we are

Ascendants of heaven

In a symbolic imaginative essence

Descending angels we are

Falling as rain to impure the ground

And to flourish as flowers

Before we wither

With a scent of heavenly dew

As time that gnaws on the bones of life

We are the floating liquid flesh

The crawling sinners we are

Melting the heavens

As death silences all sweet voices

Renders of the clouds we are

Swarming as sinners to the universal presence of the fall

And to taste the fruits of lunacy

Before we fall

Into a devilish exercise