

# Arcturus, For To End Yet Again

Full of frequency  
an unintelligible roar  
of everything ever lived  
or altogether avoided life

A storm of voices  
and backward thoughts  
through deserts of sand  
through gutters of shite

Drums and flames  
our bodies in ruins  
and I say my name  
without my voice

Speed increases  
fucking all up  
in a whirling wind  
tearing all order apart  
in order to rebuild order

Police, police, police  
please stop the Euro  
from binar bin Laden  
lo paramount Pan  
lo Paradox Pan

Don't fight it, you'll only  
whirl up all mass hysteria  
in your thousandfold self

We lost eachother  
we slide unnoticeably  
in hallucinatory orbit  
around the sun  
the black sun  
oh black sun