

# Death In June, Death Is The Martyr Of Beauty

Drink with the nectar  
Of submission  
I feel nothing more  
Than existence  
A loneliness  
That will not  
Come off  
In the narcissism  
Of the harbour  
We are lost  
Vaster than night  
My pride  
My Threat  
My thrust  
This is beyond very fond  
All this is beyond  
Is this the final exorcism?  
Of an obsession  
In the obsession?  
Swept clean of the past  
And its errors  
Shall we take new roads  
We shall take new roads  
Look. Lost.  
Vast night  
Tearing and looting  
Thrashing without you  
To the church of tomorrow  
Death Is The Martyr Of Beauty  
Look, here is our runic wreath  
Look here!