

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 loating
Thrashing without you
To the church of tomorrow
Death Is The Martyr Of Beauty
Look, here is our runic wreath
Look here!