

# Death In June, Little Blue Butterfly

black sun dying  
black sun rising  
is this impure  
is this impure?

shadow of locust  
this is beast  
shadow of locust  
this is at least  
the slow descent of autumn  
into the butcher garden

black sun dying  
black sun rising  
is this impure  
is this impure?

children, it's midnight  
it's time, we've come  
hand in hand  
on earth, in hell  
sick or well  
we're bleeding - all over - the world  
you and me  
on land and sea  
in life, in dreams  
or, so it seems  
new beginnings  
new ends  
it's obvious  
it's him  
the deafening  
beautiful  
silence...  
of sin!