

Death In June, Only Europa Knows

Eyes like little dreams
Come true
We are all
Treading water
Especially in the new
Europa!
With all it's satellites
We'll see
The blossoming of the judas tree
And colour infidelity
That weeping wound
That's hard to see

From my circle I'll never stray
Or follow clay feet of yesterday
To broken circles
Well left behind
Those foreign hands
On foreign times
And in their wake
I'll disagree
To cast my own nativity

For misjudged moments
Of misjudged times
Are for misjudged lives
That misjudge mine
Our dreams
Our dreams they never go
To devils above
And grey rainbows
Spilt seed on stony ground
The only sperm
That ants surround
My hands
My wounds
And nothing else
I smell traitor
Time the divider