

# 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