

Kitchens Of Destinction, Blue Pedal

All that was gold has lost its shine.
All that was sure has become obscured.
Yes there was autumn,
burnished and sleek.
Fit for smiling, winged gliding.
And now it's tarnished silver,
fading metal rusting hearts.
Press the cooling pedal of blue freeze.
As she must sleep again,
she must sleep again.
Turn the collapsing wheel of green.
Between deaths we are butter,
soft believing melting butter,
well fed and well spread.
Good fed on these deaths of our kind,
of our kind.
Spiralling outer and outer beyond
what is there, behind the realm of senses.
Beyond love, beyond our hopeless
humanness lies the other side of
the bleeding rainbow where bones are collected
and we have come selected to recover
from this polluted mist.
Between births we're tearing,
hard gurgling, snarling, fear, lean and wary,
alert untrusty.
Still fed on these deaths of our kind
where bones are collected and we have
come selected to recover
from this polluted mist.
Outer and outer and outer and outer and outer.