

Luxuria, Rubbish

Oh I leave to you
the rubbish of my love
oh my sunken love

I leave to you
the rubbish of my love
my nyktomorphic love

Today I bury my love alive
today I bury my love alive

I bury my love alive
under the rubble of my estate
I bury my love alive
under the rubble of my estate

And she gained on me
as I gave up
in the distance
out of sight
down a valley
where mist was hanging
in a pink and a golden light

In a pink and golden light
I bury my love alive
under the rubble of my estate

She said
"We could try getting lonely
on an altogether higher spiritual plane"
I said
"If it's all the same to you
I can't be bothered with that again"

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