Neurosis, Fear And Sickness

In the thoughts of time we are of sand
With aphasic songs the ratios are blind
A lucid air deletes the sound
The water slows to receive you
The lantern guides to the evil
As a weapon forms of the dawn
The air reeks of foul play
Inscribe your fears in the soil
The sea is foul
Like worms in your heart
Consume an age old
Of forgery and deceit
At the center we will find you
Falling prey to its lustre