

Of Devilish Tongues

...and Oceans

Night swells to distant spheres
Silent throat of unholy times
The withering wind deep down here
Flesh of the gods bleeding as light
Here in the environs of heaven
The am sun am out-shined one
The idea of beauty is ebony
The last am on my balcony
Forever people suffer in silence
Always and forever drifting to dark waters
The sand of time, still ominous
As sculptured cherubs of the ether
The idea of beauty is ebony
The last am on my balcony
"The am sun, my ebony sun"
Erratic firmament and the perishing clouds
Descending angels, formless divine
To inherit light and silence, so profound
The devilish eyes of the reptile
Here in the environs of heaven
The am sun am out-shined one
The idea of beauty is ebony
The last am on my balcony

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