Monuments of Its Own Magnificence

Nightfall

Those dying lips, approval of this miserable world
Those fleshy highfalutin' lines that sing for me
And the untouchable ones.
Send me in the globetrotter skies, don't hinder me
There shall I build my own dreams again.
Above clouded tombs and mourning ladies,
Above your poor world of dispare Ascent...
The hemlock turns to hemp
And my heartburn into hellish headwind
Yet, through my highness I try to hex
Thou, thou world, thou dreams, thou nest,
Thou clef before the keyhole to eternity...
..cloudburst our tears are as our mother's mitre dries under the
Indomitable sun.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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