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 lightHere in the environs of heaven
The am sun am out-shined one
The idea of beauty is ebony
The last am on my balconyForever 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 reptileHere 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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