Bacchanalia

Down

Wringing of bodies, rang of lurid...
Glade of swamp extent vast and degraded here...
Worshiper's mass motion, left to right...
Deeper fleur-de-lys-soaked institution...
Unfamiliar...
Chill the listener; drain the blister...
A vacated Hypnos...
Endless bacchanalia...
Creeping older fetishism laggard...
Of New Orleans horde de rigueur for mention...
Monday's repetition of Sunday's...
Is more easily planned than it is performed...
Born familiar...
Chilled distiller...
Follow it wrecked en masse...
Passing the glass, slaking the mass...
A vacated Hypnos...
Endless bacchanalia...
Falling ruin zenith poison...
Stooping at each doorway's quasi-customs...
Knocked-off feet cult-mull degenerate...
Dread the needed gloom under one domed-roof...
Unfamiliar...
Chill the blister...
Drain the listener...
Born familiar...
Chilled distiller...
Passing the glass, slaking the mass...
A vacated Hypnos...
Endless bacchanalia...There is an ocean waiting...
Amber wind blows...
And the wind blows...
Cry me a grave...

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