December Flower

The Neologist

Towards the rich archaic heavens
Towards the lack diorama
You are the artist and the texture
That plays, with mantle, of the earth
When the bleakest of powders
Lie rooted, into the darkness hours
And the root that feed the peaking trees
Embrace the sleeping stones
Archaic pearls of sleep and death
The voice of December, losing its breath
And the flower yard of white and gray is haunted, is haunted
White as the down of a flaking snow
The heroic emblems of life
The green is the color of my death
As the winter, guides I swoop towards the ground
Green is the landscape
Of my sorrow filled passing
Archaic pearls of sleep and death
Voice of December, losing its breath
And the flower yard of white and gray is haunted, is haunted
White as the down of a flaking snow
The heroic emblems of life
Yea
We are in flames
Towards the dead archaic heavens
We are the artist and the texture
The altars, the mantle, of the earth
Archaic pearls of sleep and death
The voice of December, losing its breath
And the flower yard of white and gray is haunted, is haunted
White as the down of the flaking snow
The heroic emblems of life

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