

Apokalips

M. Nasir

Apokalips, black finger tips
Slides in and out her mouth
The darkest thrill is quick instilled
Upon her waiting tongue
Yeah, yeah
Death's head in the afterglow
Smiling in the sun
A revolution
The thickest rain, a poison gray
Bullet on the way, thermal haze
Rain all day, blot out all the sun
She sees the world in all its pain
It's glittering demise

Apokalips, dementia kiss
Ultraviolet sky
Yeah, yeah
Death's head in the afterglow
Smiling in the sun
A revolution
Yeah, yeah
Death's head in the afterglow
Smiling in the sun
All I ever really loved
I got there in your hole
Yeah

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