

Caster of Worthless Spells

Parquet Courts

We measured the distance of the space between islands.
Gazing out into the river Styx she said "It's no river at all.
It's a tidal estuary," was her only line, she delivered it well.

Oh, you're just a caster of worthless spells.

Oh, you're just a caster of worthless spells. They called it the pyrex age, the glass dawn of our thought process.

Later to be chronicled in violent history books.

"You suffer" on karaoke, cause there was no English translation for hell.

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