

Neptune Is Dead

Altar of Plagues

Cloak me, surround me, I envision my own death

 The path has reached it's end

 And streams of gold promise nothing.

 This is not time.

This is not time. Birds know nothing of this, it is our vanity.

 We create this death, we create this entity.

We have created death, Neptune is dead. Come here, find me and be where you once belong.

 No light, no dawn, always darkness.

 Who will find me now that my soul has gone?

No light, no dawn, forever darkness. The mammal meets the steel and litters this plastic ground,

 The blue in the burst reminds me of something true.

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