

# December Flower

## In Flames

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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