

## A Flock Of Seagulls

### "Summertime's Approach"

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As water rushes, as sewer grates over-faced.  
All bloated corpse, all ever-was.  
As love becomes hated, as light shades to grey.  
Swelled to envelop all ever-nothing.  
All stagnation becomes all too apparent.  
As horizon forced below.  
While smiling frown, while laughing weep.  
As mould grows thickly, silently all around.  
As scream becomes whimper, under weight of shroud  
befouled.  
All clamour now silence  
Nature leagues below.  
Let's see you fight with lungs full of stone!  
Hope all forgotten, beauty as beast.  
All breath to fire  
All sustenance to filth,  
All flesh to rot  
All temples to rubble,  
All toil turns to trouble  
All to nothing,  
ALL HORROR!  
ALL HORROR!  
Faceless, mindless, souls sold all the way out.  
Heartless, hopeless, ensnared in useless sorrows...  
What's the use of all light shining with idiot eyes  
screwed tight shut?  
Profane it all, just tell me, what's the use?  
If you're going to use those stupid hands to build an  
ugly pyre,  
And truss me up there by mob-hoofed force,  
I'll be wanting more than just a penny.  
More than just a miserable fucking penny...  
... A miserable pox-ridden penny for the guy.  
I could hurl a thousand curses, and not one could gift  
you fair judgement.  
So crack out those ten-a-penny lighters, and spark up  
your miserable flames...

