

Ayin Aleph

"The Purchase Of The Cathedral"

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1/

Eyes of Wolf nicely licking me,
Dresses of my castle drown themselves.
All that is for Love in a Holm Tree.
Green blood transitions forward dusty Death with
hands of Softness.
Spring blackens me.

Chorus

Stars positioned in your black heart founder.
Sounds of the sexual water thunder.
Bewitched blood of my eyes served in a denudating
sky for you.
And I buy a cathedral.

2/

Crystals of my bold frozen hands
Snatch teeth to the Ghost of the Wind.
I dye in the Beauty.
Its a glass full of wines loyalty.
The Mass soliloquizes with royal drowned cathedrals.
I buy your last existence.

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