

Discount

"A Burial At Ornans"

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You, wander through the fields, your, sorrow, as I
advocate the
Depression, stumble into the
Hardened earth and become engulfed by the seeds of
plague, the sky
Submits to the colour
Purple, descending from
Above, the holy ghost, does their saviour seem holy? a
black spectre is
Sent downwards
Instead, lowered downwards
Into damned soil, peasants mourn their own plagued
death, the shephard
[sic] of the unwanted
Valley, turning black
And purple, his spirit blows down, dark waters
streaming down a
Precipice, among the sheep
Mist arises slowly, the
Land is burned by the beggars, Ornans - a place of fear
and disease,
Burial - no requiem
Shall take place, eclipse of
The sky as impurity casts, no requiem, no return,
peasants mourn their
Own plagued death

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