

Furze

"A Life About My Sabbath"

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I gently whiztle the receipt of blood no-one knows
I reap a fiction of memories leaving cold brainmass
I chant a more direct transition of souls rather than one
every second
I conclude my corners of eternal time now and then
I lean towards the smell of rotten testicles whilst
balancing some 9 planets
I concrete a leather if I scythe any Gold here - beyond
I dish an ocean of blood beside the sun cooking it's
god's favorite pancake
I warn you about life and come back later
I behold to open (the most perfect result of your life's
ritual)

I / AM / THE / ONLY / ONE / WHO / KNOWS / THE / TRUTH

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