

## Furze

# "The Deeds That Grasp To The Candle's Shade"

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Great Black Witch in Cruel  
Yet in graveclothes  
Gratitude  
She decided to take contact -  
With a twilight  
Contract  
I, I figured out I'd better not rest here -  
She had faculty in all Candles inside

Advanced I railwayed this was a jesuit spirit  
To crush  
The deeds that grasp to the candle's  
Wealth of time

Pulsating trees shiver at the trance  
Necrotic orgies (in) cook(ing) the thin(ner) leaves  
Pot swallows and beyond her; Shadow Room -  
She extracts a new idea having another one  
Can we feel we are born we feel the true already -  
It's Here! - and for moments  
When Woe is no longer the possession of The Reaper

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