

J Church "Stars Are Exploding"

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Early tomorrow I am disgusting,
Phantoms and subways,
Clustered hallucinations

The sky is spitting thunderbolts at random intervals,
The wind breaks it's course like a blinded feral dog,
Our guardian angels turn their backs with shame, not
disgust,
Although I am afraid, I will stay,
The mountains turn to beachfront and the beach does
wash away,
The clouds conceal an evil plot we only contemplate,
The golden hair of angels spindles plastic and disease,
Although I am afraid, I will stay

Synthetic valleys,
Synthetic mountains,
We walk together through horror and sickness

The sky is spitting thunderbolts at random intervals,
The wind breaks it's course like a blinded feral dog,
Our guardian angels turn their backs with shame, not
disgust,
Although I am afraid, I will stay,
The mountains turn to beachfront and the beach does
wash away,
The clouds conceal an evil plot we only contemplate,
The golden hair of angels spindles plastic and disease,
Although I am afraid, I will stay

Plastic virtues around every corner,
Stars are exploding, but in exploding, they die

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