

## Cathedral

### "Picture Of Beauty & Innocence / Comiserati"

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Our pleasures be joyless doleful experiences.  
We seek not life's beauty but cherish its funeral  
aspects.  
We crave the (mis)fortunes rich in their non entity  
rejoice  
in celebrating less severe tragedies.  
In the toil to exist we excrete individuality  
whilst captivating internment in cloned identity.  
Real is The oration of stone possessed emotion.  
I yearn isolation from this realisation.  
Reject the elation of blissful tranquility,  
obsessions they lay with the bleak and sinister.  
A wealth of treasures be ours to take possession  
yet we break bones and gruel to savour simulations.  
Disciples of the drabness devotees of worthlessness  
consent to endure the anguish and form only ashes.  
Real is the oration [etc].  
Oh yeah let me go.  
Let me wander through buildings  
immense in their desolation.  
At peace from your catastrophe  
here with gargoyles as my friends.

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