

Circle Of Dead Children

"Bury The Ill Flock"

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Absolutely vanished.
The entire world dematerialized under a black wind's
final faded stripe through the atmosphere.
Vanished before the last ripples of hydrogen gave up
on
finding oxygen.
Astral clapped into darkness as light bent perfectly.
Consciousness shifted with ninety degrees of
separation
and truth has been relocated in sacred knowledge
nicked
away between the pyramids and stars.
Grid to grid burying the ill flock.
Time moves at strange angles.
Upward then ninety degrees to rightward as if we have
freed ourselves from the time and movement.
So fluent so opportune to bury the ill flock.
Goodbye to everyday.

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