

Ordo Rosarius Equilibrio

"Apocalypse Kisses, Commemorating My Summer..."

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The crescent was red and transition was dying
For an instant forgotten and my moon would be gone
The night was resplendent and today was incessant
I closed my eyes and my crescent was gone
Who is he, who extinguishes fire?
It is I, It is me
Who is she, who resolves in devotion?
It is you, It is me
History's ever and the patterns are ceaseless
Recurrence's my sentence and failure's my crop
I vanquish myself with a sword of abortion
Thence torpid I rest in miscarriage alone
Who is he who ruins desire?
It is I, It is me
Who is she who awakens the fire?
It is you, It is me

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