

## Thy Art Is Murder

### "Neath Waters"

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And as the spirit's grained to sack  
Of shining flesh by mills of time  
And as the flaming's drowned to mud  
All whisper me mortality...

By window slumbering deeply  
Soulsilence, rainpainting of thee  
Ships of time sail me home this night  
Let the sea wash my hair weak white

Glasshearted clouds above diving  
Veering and falling and rising  
Nightfall room, winter shade these days  
I close my eyes when I am awake

Beneath an evening garden  
Glowing the loneliness  
These are the shades of passing  
To paint incandescence

The machines of changing  
Revolving, rotating  
Ships of time sail me home this night

Neath waters slumbering  
Neath gardens still glowing  
Let the sea wash my hair weak white

When you wake up, you close your eyes  
Wake up, close your tiny eyes  
When you wake up, you close your eyes  
Wake up, you close your tiny eyes...

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