

Negativland

"Ephemeral"

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Earth... Another perfect form
The spiral satellite of the sun
Consciousness forlorn
Upon it's face-
Race, divinities perverse
With lancet which's my eyes to incise
In dance post-mortem rise!
Chanted once affairs of my kind
Pouring torrent
Filtering though the rpizm-perception of
Planet torment
Knowledge, experience redeemed...
? Dream ?
Deep in it's dreams embers we are
Sparks, extinguished on blowing ear
Food for the lowest sinister art
Mere mortal and ephemeral
Beasts... Thus primal passions guide
Downfall to ferity; never more
Innocent my pride

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