

The Church

"Macabre Tavern"

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(Left Kilbey)

first night of summer the air comes rushing in across
the...

Bringing strange birds from beyond....

Deep in some...she's gone to another place. Far far
from here...

sand filled waves crash down and churn on a moonlit
beach, and
white...

(Middle Kilbey)

I will drink with you to forget, if you have a brain I will
eat with you, and in doing so...

since the beginning of time...

with purchases intended...

(Right Kilbey)

The future ingests us as the past spits us out...

lead to ridiculous one night schemes...

never do anything twice...

many dark nights and scramble for attention...

many a dream of open possibilities...with conscious
discontentment..

that's what they want, that's what they want to hear..

a miserable relic of ecstasy, a ruinous affair or an
unexplained

death. A kick in the head from a velvet boot of
tristesse, and a

cruel pinch of weary irony, misery monger, or
pleasureman, leaves

behind unsatisfied...

involving

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