

...and Oceans

"Debris: The Magenta Harvest: Liquid Flesh"

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There lies a body: cold, bloated and empty
Like all the other: victims together
The happiness in silence: good without pretence
And the last day: with a smile on the face

There lies a body: pretty soak in ebony
Like all the worms: in their corridors
Liquid flesh endowed: to impure the ground

And the fallen souls: make the flowers grow

[Chorus:]
We float, drift and pass away
For ever and a day

The debris of time falls into oblivion
As heavens open its gates of lies
Gone is the light of the sun
And nigh is the final harvest of life

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