

Five Minutes Left "Desolate Wormland"

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Once upon a time in a foreign landan island in the sea
of a sea of sandinhale repulsive odours, an
undeterminable scentis floating in the air in desolate
wormland

The landscape inimical, rocks in shape of a gunplants
as lush and vivid as a raisin in the sunno voices in this
desert, no squeal, no wail, no gruna ghastly
devastation a war would not have done

A ditch with lethal liquid of agonizing forceone drop of
such a fluid inflicts mortal soresa handful of this liquor
could kill eight feeding whoresfor most it means
destruction, for one soul kind of source

Spiritualize this lurid atmosphereforget about all other
things you used to dread and fearsense that certain
menace impending here and thereif somehow knew
the reason, no doubt, would cause great scare

Fare thee well, and if foreverthen forever, fare thee
well

Hell paved with good intentions and all the rest is
silencethough this sounds like madness, yet there's
method in itcaught in a vicious circle for time got out of
jointwhirling once for ever around galactic central point
Fare thee well, and if foreverthen forever, fare thee
well

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