

## The Furze

### "A Life About My Sabbath"

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I gently whiztle the receipt of blood no-one knows  
I reap a fiction of memories leaving cold brainmass  
I chant a more direct transition of souls rather than one  
every second  
I conclude my corners of eternal time now and then  
I lean towards the smell of rotten testicles whilst  
balancing some 9 planets  
I concrete a leather if I scythe any Gold here - beyond  
I dish an ocean of blood beside the sun cooking it's  
god's favorite pancake  
I warn you about life and come back later  
I behold to open (the most perfect result of your life's  
ritual)

I / AM / THE / ONLY / ONE / WHO / KNOWS / THE / TRUTH

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