

The Furze

"The Deeds That Grasp To The Candle's Shade"

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Great Black Witch in Cruel
Yet in graveclothes
Gratitude
She decided to take contact -
With a twilight
Contract
I, I figured out I'd better not rest here -
She had faculty in all Candles inside
Advanced I railwayed this was a jesuit spirit
To crush
The deeds that grasp to the candle's
Wealth of time

Pulsating trees shiver at the trance
Necrotic orgies (in) cook(ing) the thin(ner) leaves
Pot swallows and beyond her; Shadow Room -
She extracts a new idea having another one
Can we feel we are born we feel the true already -
It's Here! - and for moments
When Woe is no longer the possession of The Reaper

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