

For to End Yet Again

Arcturus

Full of frequency
An unintelligible roar
Of everything ever lived
Or altogether avoided life

A storm of voices
And backward thoughts
Through deserts of sand
Through gutters of shite

Drums and flames
Our bodies in ruins
And I say my name
Without my voice

Speed increases
Fucking all up
In a whirling wind
Tearing all order apart
In order to rebuild order

Police, police, police
Please stop the Euro
From binar bin Laden
Io paramount Pan
Io Paradox Pan

Don't fight it, you'll only
Whirl up all mass hysteria
In your thousandfold self

We lost eachother
We slide unnoticeably
In hallucinatory orbit
Around the sun
The black sun
Oh black sun