

# Terminal Bloom

Light This City

The year has come full circle and now we're standing here again  
Your existence makes me pick at my skin  
My existence makes you want more and more...

You are rotting, but it's feeding the spores  
I am retching, but it's feeding the spores

Tomorrow is a new day with new light and new life  
But right now we're in the blackest depths of night  
Winter bones emerging from a history of gore

You're still rotting, but it's feeding the spores  
I am retching, but it's feeding the spores

A touch can contaminate enough to grow a killer  
A bloom in its freshest peak won't take long to wither

An inviting scent can trigger a grotesque memory  
But from the rot, new life  
From the spores, we rise