

# Death In June, In Sacrilege

Solitude is not given  
It is Earned  
In this Conspiracy  
Of Destiny

Empty Vessels  
Of Spermless Love  
Made of Mud and Mist  
I was Possessed

We Develop,  
We Delight,  
We Define and  
We Decay  
From within  
A sacred Power  
Acting upon my Shame

In Pursuit of the Impossible Nothingness  
I found myself  
In Sacrilege  
Shall we die a Master-Slave  
For this Dog Day Age?  
Develop and Delight and Decay