

# Destinations

## Gesaffelstein

It's just a temporary slide back in the abyss  
I should've seen it coming from miles away.  
They've been armed in a sacred cult structure  
shielding me of my oblescent dagger There was a purpose upon the horizon  
a destination  
tangible and fragrant. And I march to ban you  
& I march to ban you  
& I march to ban you  
And I march with a thousand  
It's not surprising I should find myself flailing  
having across a bridge of certainty  
Back behind enemy lines with no work till Tuesday  
I didn't even fuck with the temptation.  
Got down, with little to do,  
I welcomed old habits like a long lost friend  
To Spite You Ashore 'bout a week in Venice  
giving themselves up to the strengths of the menacing darkness  
The shrieking howls, light or grey and feeble  
The sulky trees sad, dropping their knees in defeat  
The temperature falls  
There's a big light switch on.  
And from time to time  
Pharos from the cats

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>