

Pale Saints, Two Sick Sisters

pouring through the years
with(?) invisibility
jackals cower with their light
rotting down ??? sight
golden moments all to rare
lose their feeling and their faith
turning courage into fear
decomposing as you stare
spin around there's no one there

???ing into dust
pulling me under-
ground into a place
where there is no air to breathe
pressing down (deep?) into the mire
and it's suffocating thought

gaining ground
towering over
chasing me
through my mind
drowning me
again