

Trance To The Sun, Reach For The Throat

Our mary is veiled in blue
Slitting her throat with a crude razor
I'm watching her sick for days in the twilight sleep
They're feeding me cobwebs
They're keeping me silent
I'm in a black mood
I'm in a very black mood
And I've watched Mary for days
Running through fields
Fields of black ashes
She's in white and always in shadow
The skies fill with locusts from blue mountains
They're in my throat
Michael is in the corner talking to rabbits that don't exist
(which can be very tiresome)
It puts me in a black mood
We're mad as hell hounds
Laughing like jackals chasing after cars
I keep my books in cages because they will bite me if I let them out
And Michael looks at me
His eyes all white
The cuts on my arms open like tiny mouths
Vomit blood
And he stares
But what do you expect from a boy who talks to rabbits that don't even exist?
I could lie here for days watching Mary
(but I would get so bored)
She stamped Evidence in red all over everything I do