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