

Virus, Inward Bound

Dread swims through the bloodstreams
Floating back into the past
On the drift, voices wailing
A tone-deaf choir praising

It rotates inside the tomb
Coiled around a broken ladder
Infants swirl inside the womb
Retracting to their dense rooms

The taste of old words
The heart recoils and repents
Infected water spoils the well
A telescope through to hell

Inside my spacious cellar
I do not shine right
The blue light's smooth
But it's a dense void
Beneath my tongue, raw screams
I swim behind the lies and moan
The blue light's smooth
But it won't shine right

The stained internal sculpture
The holy infant inside the sun
A dead flower blooming
Listening out for the end

Inside my spacious cellar
I do not shine right
The blue light's smooth
But it's a dense void
Beneath my tongue, raw screams
The crude voice of the soul
Underneath my hunger
My hermetic fowl interior land