

# Virus, Strange Calm

Under the lip of land  
Underground tongues lie for you  
From its arid breath  
The fetid air seals the doors behind  
The lamp swallowed the dark  
The shadows' mutiny  
Now swaying by the signs on the roadside

See through the fibres  
The dance of love and fear entwined  
On the face of the veil  
And the emptiness beyond  
Among the proud ruins  
Spreading out their limbs  
Grass growing from the inbred gardens' grin