

# Cinema Strange, Lindsay's Trachea

Dr. Lindsay:

"Oh, isn't it nice, falling and hating me!  
Here, breathing the air through Lindsay's trachea!  
Oh, rendered and torn, spilling my glass to the floor...  
hands in my hair, pulling and patiently dying...  
'Why are you here?' were my words and I screamed them.  
'Could you destroy a man in midday?'

Arkham Deadfly:

"Dreaming and evening, so are we twins!  
Listen, I whisper, your lips, how they twitch!  
The doorway is swarming with larva today,  
squirming and screaming as friendly men play!  
Thou art the empty, I am the thin!  
We are the bending blade stuck in your ribs!  
Thou art the tempest, I am the wind!  
We are the fallen man, tortured and skinned!

"I've run this way twice before,  
and always the rats wading through dust.  
Doctor, silent and still, were you calling to me?  
The skies overhead have been crowded with wings,  
and hear the flies, how they sing!  
I've inched my way through mist before,  
and always the bugs leading my lungs!  
Doctor, silent and still, were you calling to me?  
The skies overhead have been crowded with wings,  
but hear the flies, how they sing!