

Circle Of Dead Children, Calm

I hide inside watching from the stained glass eyes
500 shades of red dance with 500 shades of gray
The last festival of humility
With just enough room for a baby's first breath
Mama, Papa don't come home
Arch my recollection in two
Bent over at war with pink porcelain greeting card of the viewing that you see now
Please sign in so it's known who's laughing
Strings from the hair of the eleventh prophet stretched and strung across the smile
Fingering sorrow's harp
My fingers now cracked and blistered
Call the pain master and I'll bow at request
Silver stares back before it browns and crusts
Silver still reflects the spillage
The calm
How many times will I circle this room and yet never move once
Tranquillity of the flesh, water, and tile
Flesh, water, and tile
Flesh, water, and tile
You would think it could get no worse. It will