

Comecon, The Dog Days

hooray-let's go
all gods of iron must suffer corrosion
there is but one truth so no pairs can thrive
fear of damnation - preserve what is pure
mom & dad: implosion
they are a couple so which one must die?

under his eyes, under the
shadow of the gods of reason
under his wings, he looks all
flowers but he's reared by owls

my hands; can't say
which is the owl and which is of god
black wings: red-lead
paint my arm; they must know there's but one

formaldehyde bath
all gods of flesh do smell in the dogdays
their flesh is one; I can't meet their eyes
fear of damnation preserves the deformed
breaks; don't move
- we hunt like rats but we die as mice

under his eyes, under the
shadow of the gods of reason
under his wings, he looks all
flowers but he's reared by owls

close eye
paint it black, they must know there's but one
don't sleep
when darkness comes he splits them and hunt

under his eyes, under the
shadow of the gods of reason
under his wings, he looks all
flowers but he's reared by owls

and in my ears the consonants of
death crushing all objections
and in my claws the lost faith
coming home