

# Diary Of Dreams, Methusalem

(Anti Methusalem Syndrome)

I plastered all these walls with color  
I drank your tears watered with wine  
Contented with this taste of anger  
Regarding this was mine

I tested all in vague proportions  
I drank your tears like they were mine  
I dared to speak of new horizons  
and blinded both your eyes with mine

Can you feel it coming?  
Can you feel it go?  
Anti Methusalem Syndrome

Misled by an angel  
I thought I saw the sun bleed  
Up my throat they crawl  
To turn in little rumours

Infinite temptation  
Fateful, formless, rare  
Distant condulation  
I know whose words they are

How dare you speak, or even move  
Dimorphicly disabled gestures  
Prophylactic tendencies  
as bodies need their prostitution

My tongue was bent in all directions  
Circling motion in slight confusion  
E-dead spies return in failure  
prayer after prayer (just) in case it helps

It's in our kind  
It's on my mind  
It's pure and holy  
It's what I've done...,done to you

Can you see him running?  
Can you see his home?  
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