

Fear Before The March Of Flames, Motelroom.Gr

I picked the most appetizing flowers from these gardens.
I know of virgin thighs.
Anointed in your sweat.
Sat them in a glass.
And took the bench between your hips.

These are beautiful wooden legs you have to stand on.

Take me lying down.
I played my heart out on your rib cage and
you tried to sing along.
But the keys I chose: sour notes.
And your singing turned to moan.

This is the sound of dying insides.

Everyone was sleeping.
Slaves to a gutted imagination.
The light of the television sprayed us into the shadows on a wall.
We: new gaceless mannequins.
We: new oil spills.
With no eyes how is it you cry.
With no smile how is it you laugh.
Closer now.
Our shadows move like one.
Back and forth.
Our machiine lips.

We the machine would like to speak.
We razorblade shoelaces.
We watch her in sleep.
We're here to pronounce your children blind.
Lead them astray and toyed with their lives.
We taught them sex and muted their laughter.