

Luxt, Locust

Closed your eyes. Shut your mouth.
Bound your wrists. Spine pulled out.
Full of you so you have
become my shedding doubt.

I suck life from your weakened little hole.
I feel lust, and control your little worthless,
every little splinter, every little shiver, know.
Your apathetic flesh is more alluring than your soul.

Frail legs crawling slow, under translucent glow.
Some things are better left undead and so it goes.
Come falling from the wind, to bring the jittered end,
to strip the world of all it's leading to temptations tin

So lick the plate clean child, and dry your wettend smile.
It's an acquired taste, the souls slide down better, after a while.
In dark the locusts breed, just live to fuck and feed.
Such little creatures, we can't help but suck you of your needs.

So swarming covers you, oh, but you thought you knew.,
Tthe warning heeded not unfolds, beneath an acid dew.
This ticking in your brain, hard strikes the writhing rain.
You feel a million sets of reaping 'cisors clamp and chew.

A drain of heads and tails, drown out in buzz your wails.
Not even marrow left to tell the living of your lies.
And as the harvest fast, becomes the then, the past,
the tiny eyes that smiled your passing seek the next blood from the skies