Night In Gales, Blades To Laughter

if blades were laughter each nail a smile my scissorsmouth would spit the soil for words of napalm none below for hymenmurmur's poisonshow

if blades were laughter each knife ten teeth i'd dye the words i breathe all black

if blades were laughter each pile a grin my starscumwords would twist and spin the murmurfather's silverthroat that spat the soil for what i wrote