

Virus, Archives

The wounds are leaking equivocal fluids
Flowing through a pale existence
The atmosphere that holds the heart
Is the black dam that subdues the tongue
A downward slope to the archives

Within lies the story of our decay
Ripe and complete, so address it now
The speechless mouth, the withered tongue
The crests on the path to the archives

The scented words, sent across the distance
They pare the walls
Coating the perfume in between the bricks
There was no gold in the rivers

The cold vault
The sparkling red sun is trapped
In the quiet room, the sound of the nervous moons' pulse
The walls cave in
You coil yourself around the earth
A downward slope to the archives