

Virus, The Black Flux

Beneath the seas
The roaring core of the will
And the cliffs have gone under

An array of thoughts
A veil of contempt
Vivid and fluent

The inner traveller
Sneaking away on the
sinking ocean trawler

Erase horizon
The toxic birds fly
All silent and hostile

This is a seething sea
Under an erupting dawn
A dawn of disdain

The mirrors of the will
Dormant as withering trees
That quiver and breathe
My self-loathing overflows
The watercourse