

Still alive  
all knowing eye  
beneath your stream of words  
your rapid stream of words  
Though none will  
ever live to share  
the radiant stream  
the promised eyes  
from which your picture fell

Re-seal the components from atom  
hearts  
Revert, non-owner of worlds

As uncommunication becomes the manifest  
our alien, architectural skeletons  
in unison collapse

Death rode these silent caravans  
and steered tem to the rim of the  
world.

Their diaries and withered letters  
all devoted to the art of dying

The enterprise, academy  
the crafts held in our hands  
all devoted to the art of dying

No room to arrange  
the final row of masks  
drenched in chameleon-ink  
for the grand charade  
The tongues that burn in you  
the slowly altered language  
that colonised your heartland  
advanced through broken doors  
And they still believe in you

They seem to see  
so many things  
hooked in your pestilent eye  
Your stale lids, your iris punctured  
by tongues licking a lie

The enterprise, wolvenlore  
the cursed seeds of man  
plunged through the tunnels of  
uncreation  
We reach out to move the landmark,  
hands seeping down from the chronicles  
of time  
The quill now blunt  
the scribe devoured