

Recluse

A Lot Like Birds

Within the shadows of the ever-barren,
We decompose like decrepit particles,
Windows of your inner being.
Neglecting what is loved.
It's the absence of substance.
Struggling to exist in this hallowed yet hollow shell.
Hey you, your guard's up but the whole room can see straight through.
Your exoskeleton is plastic, melting 'round the edges and dripping down your spine.
You've got very little time. And most of it is mine anyways.
Oh no! Don't hesitate, they can sense it.
Within the shadows of the ever-barren, we decompose like decrepit particles.
Can you feel me crawling through your inner being?
You're a hollow shell that once existed.
Did you come into the sending?
So send me away.
We all just end up as dust.
Glorified ash.
Rust.
Welcome, my guest, to the attic!
Just shut the trap behind you, don't panic,
We don't mean to startle you.
If you could just remove all your clothes,
Shut your mouth and relax and we'll remove a part of you.
Wrap her up, wrap her up, wrap her up.
Struggle deep inside the cobweb,
We can feel the strands shake off.
Fill up my stomach with heartbeats!
Skitter backwards into cluttered recesses, your home is ours!
Everything you threw out, abandoned;
We took as our own, built it up in our own way.
Mansion of mess!
A legacy of refuse, eaten memories and scars.
Don't stay. I don't care, just let me be or make me whole.
Walk, crawl, run. As long as you don't forget this place, our faces, these old floors.
"Home is where the hearts are," said the hunger to the waiting predator.
Now I know where to go.
"Home is where the fun starts,"
Said the hunger to the waiting predator.
Yeah, I know where to go.
Go for the throat.