

Tongues

Dark Tranquillity

Tongues, lost in me
yours be the sharp and the vile
Glide neath my skin
storm trough my nerves

I bury the nomad years
hours in the earth
couldn't exorcise these searing,
peaking tongues
Immune you say
yet venom stakes in strangest guises
Tongue, throat, tongue
slayer of the word and stealer
of vision

A monumental reign of terrors
throats slit up to stain the target
We're food for the hounds of trauma,
prey to the crows of stress

No power left to retrieve my stolen
language
Filtered though the illiterate
fingers of death

Flies
let sickness be poured
from the cupped hands of bedlam

On account of their brightness
I made friends with the word and
the moon
went with the tide and left for
the sound
of dead instruments thrown out
of tune

The red square patterns, dragonrise
and evenclaw
decaying from pandemonia syfometry

Let ring
a disgonant note in the music of
the spheres
the streak of promise in the nuclear
sky
These whipping black tongues
aching to lick me back to life
to inject their truths within me