

Angels

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High in the architecture
Something's moving
Unrecognisable spirit
Dislocated

It's the wrong climate
No humidity
Humming humidity

Its fate belongs to another time
Another place

Projections on fallen masonry
Ghosts of a once pagan place
Standing empty
I stand empty

Dead echoes don't come back
His stopped cut out
Fuck you

Nothing ever happens
Unbelieving no one's receiving
A vessel filled
Held and spilled
Nothing

A trace from another time
Another place

It's simple
You don't exist
You can't possess me
You lose on a technicality

High in the architecture
Something's moving

Nothing