

I plastered all these walls with color
I drank your tears watered with wine
Contented with this taste of anger
Regarding this was mine

I tested all in vague proportions
I drank your tears like they were mine
I dared to speak of new horizons
and blinded both your eyes with mine

Can you feel it coming?
Can you feel it go?
Anti Methusalem Syndrome

Misled by an angel
I thought I saw the sun bleed
Up my throat they crawl
To turn in little rumours

Infinite temptation
Fateful, formless, rare
Distant condulation
I know whose words they are

How dare you speak, or even move
Dimorphically disabled gestures
Prophylactic tendencies
as bodies need their prostitution

My tongue was bent in all directions
Circling motion in slight confusion
E-dead spies return in failure
prayer after prayer (just) in case it helps

It's in our kind
It's on my mind
It's pure and holy
It's what I've done..., done to you

Can you see him running?
Can you see his home?
Anti Methusalem Syndrome