

The Hive

In Flames

April night-time
And we run like muscles through the stagnant nodes of man
Blood-bridges lean towards the gaping synapses
to disarms the stars within us

Hornet hive-dark
Severed wings in vainless beating
buzz out from inferno of fangs
to disarms the stars within us

We should have been
so much more by now
Too dead inside
to even know the guilt

Waning ring-deep
a halo of thorns
Sips now down in the sheets of sharp silver
to disarm the star within us