

## Dead Channel

### Mourning Beloveth

The slow dark sludge melted down and solidified  
full of poison insanity and nightmares  
inside nothing outside emptiness  
it mothers demons that move  
the grace of addiction

with a head full of noise and pills waves of raw transference  
tuned to a dead channel in search of a new womb  
it is mere content deprived of form everything is waste  
nobody seems to notice the absence of a living substance  
there was something else in the silence that I heard  
like something hauled from dreams and abandoned

the mind drinks less and less  
people going nowhere somewhere following the moon tide like so  
many leaden idols  
leave them for the flies and the carcass of a dead world  
the universal rubble nothing left to rot  
abandoned and formless

there are no mountains to make them cower  
all we seem to live for is pleasure end it burn it the fire is  
clean  
putting out the stars and extinguish the sun you seem to come a  
way lost  
end it burn it nothing is clean  
no one seems to listen anymore a head full of noise and pills  
burn it end it it feeds on silence  
but there is something in the silence I heard it screams at me  
end it burn it if you let it burn it will burn our lifetimes ou  
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we have some leaks in the system where reality filters through  
a non linear flood of facts with each pulse of nothingness  
they show us trailers to make us hold onto nothingness  
splinters of a substance that pulsates like a former heart  
an anchor drawing us to oblivion and the bones  
the bare bones of existence an anchor to oblivion