

Old Rope

Mourning Beloveth

This place is for people who like the way down

we are the hollow men leaning together
old men wringing our minds of thought

the world never had so many moving parts
that sought form
there is something about this place
it seduces me

sagged in ruin a rope around my neck
around my feet like concrete it drains away
that drug that final moment like concrete
the skeleton of life that drug like concrete

we have been sucking up the vapours for aeons
the universal decay that contaminant destroys us all
trying to find a voice for the agony the corrosion
what is this new terror? it will make corpses of us all
rub your hands not in fear but in the knowledge that...
many are the hands that dig my grave tonight