

Consonant Hemispheres

Textures

The rain has come
He surrenders to his fate
It is hiding him
From the sounds of his mental state

...And the rain falls
...And the rain pours down

It is fair to say
That he drifted
On the salt of the open sea
And the words that bleed in his mouth
Carry him, drag him to the deep

Heave your own arms
Caught adrift
Embrace the shade

The drama is torn asunder
Thus I fall inside my fate
Waiting for the fever
And I will sing to my crusade

Between the barren and fruitful
I got lost in the daily grind
There is no way that supports my
Dark conceptions to unwind

I am the art for the people
The apple of their crying eyes
Missioner for the seeking
Chewing their lives with contempt

Like a storm front that he precedes
It is the sound of the dreamer that screams
Bashing clocks he had always wondered
But never spoke of
It is the strength, the weakness
And the perfect in between

Facing everything that he walked upon
The eye had hurried by
Compromising the smallest
Fractions of a particle