

I close the door,  
shouldn't burn yet,  
the wires get hotter  
palms are glowing  
this is hot meat  
metallic blood  
this is open sweat.

show you with my fingers  
draw with the eye  
with your own breath  
i tear your lungs

out this side of the blackest meadows  
i make my winterdwelling  
and crash my bones.

i'll sail out the window  
i'll walk down the hedge  
i will not finish  
'till i'm fully satisfied.