

Clouds in My House

Voivod

Zoning in a hall of glass
plasma flowing from a cask
piercing overtones
mainline into my back pack

it's full of clouds in my house

a grey hive, humming white souls

frenzy reviving the room
energized by many flumes
drip-drop, on my head
wakes me from a thousand moons

circle dance inside the cave
all movement brings a message
larvae, in their holes
waiting for a summer daze