

## Tongues

Dark Tranquillity

Tongues, lost in me  
yours be the sharp and the vile  
Glide neath my skin  
storm trough my nerves

I bury the nomad years  
hours in the earth  
couldn't exorcise these searing,  
peaking tongues  
Immune you say  
yet venom stakes in strangest guises  
Tongue, throat, tongue  
slayer of the word and stealer  
of vision

A monumental reign of terrors  
throats slit up to stain the target  
We're food for the hounds of trauma,  
prey to the crows of stress

No power left to retrieve my stolen  
language  
Filtered though the illiterate  
fingers of death

Flies  
let sickness be poured  
from the cupped hands of bedlam

On account of their brightness  
I made friends with the word and  
the moon  
went with the tide and left for  
the sound  
of dead instruments thrown out  
of tune

The red square patterns, dragonrise  
and evenclaw  
decaying from pandemonia syfometry

Let ring  
a disgonant note in the music of  
the spheres  
the streak of promise in the nuclear  
sky  
These whipping black tongues  
aching to lick me back to life  
to inject their truths within me