

Motelroom.Grandpiano

Fear Before The March Of Flames

I picked the most appetizing flowers from these gardens.
I know of virgin thighs.
Anointed in your sweat.
Sat them in a glass.
And took the bench between your hips.

These are beautiful wooden legs you have to stand on

Take me lying down
I played my heart out on your rib cage an you tried to sing along
But the keys I chose: sour notes
And your singing turned to moan

This is the sound of dying insides

Everyone was sleeping.
Slaves to a gutted imagination.
The light of the television sprayed us into the shadows on a wall.
We: new graceless mannequins.
We: new oil spills.
With no eyes how is it you cry.
With no smile how is it you laugh.
Closer now. Our shadows move like one.
Back and forth. Our machine lips.

We the machine would like to speak.
We razorblade chocolates.
We watch her in sleep.
We're here to pronounce your children blind.
Led them astray and toyed with their lives.
We taught them sex and muted their laughter