The Hive

In Flames

April night-time
And we run like muscles through the stagnant nodes of man
Blood-bridges lean towards the gaping synapses
to disarms the stars within us

Hornet hive-dark Severed wings in vainless beating buzz out from inferno of fangs to disarms the stars within us

We should have been so much more by now Too dead inside to even know the guilt

Waning ring-deep a halo of thorns Sips now down in the sheets of sharp silver to disarm the star within us