

## 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