

Distorted Cymbals

Mount Eerie

Lying on the ground
With your wind knocked out
The sky is vast and growing
And there is no sound
And no music
But distorted cymbals rise
The sky is yawning side force
The sky is all
Distorted and blinding

Lying on the ground
Looking through a mouth yawning
Yawning and roaring
Gasping and clutching
Who could stay like this fallen
Under a tearing off ceiling
What white light is still swelling
Consuming concealing
The sound of distortion
The waves through the trees
Watching a wall get vast

Distorted cymbals rise
In silence simplified
Lying on the ground
Looking up
Overwhelmed by sky