

Arrows To Our Hearts

Old Man Gloom

We came, drawing up tar from our heels
Tying rope around heathen necks
Blow bitter winds

Hearts of iron
Moldy eyes
Hearts of iron
Eyes of agony
When they did not bow, we made them
Spoiled meat, yellowed teeth
Eyes bulging from their sockets

Oh, what have we wrought?
The fruit is rotting on the vine
Spoiled meat, yellow teeth
Eyes bulging from their sockets

THIS IS OUR PLACE
WE WILL DIE UPON IT LIKE FLIES
FEASTING ON FECAL MOUNDS
WE CHOKE ON IT
CHOKE ON IT

CHOKE
CHOKE
CHOKE