

Guillotine

The Funeral Portrait

Slide subtle, poetic words over the tongue and between your teeth,
distorting the meaning beyond all recognition
With our new blood, born again to sever all the ties, it doesn't
sting as bad to say goodbye
Crawl out from the sea, and feel the ground beneath webbed feet
The world is ending in a whisper and is reborn with a scream
Turn tired, placid eyes to the sky, where I can be seen honestly
with you once again
Forward, into the darkened sky, a light will shine for all of time
And all will know that they are golden
I am the contradicting truth
A heart entire, fueled by fire, with the others watching over you
Shadows move faster than beams of light
Why would any of us think that they were always right?
Between the thoughts of Earth and air, my phantom limbs reach out
to where that sense of purpose used to be
There's nothing here to see