

Incube

Uneven Structure

Hiss then a cluster of tones slurring through haze, luring me to
go forth
To bring them back to the place where they belong
Close to the eight sisters in a dire need of their messenger
I can hear the reveling scent one can only trail

I open my eyes to the rippling skies, overtaking

As you strive to fix your faults, a deaf menace pours black water
down my ears
Enjoy your blood thick as lead
Your fingers better dead than numb
Surrender to the pressure filling out your lungs

Let me get to the end of this road with you
Up until their concerns dissipates
Then I'll let yourself be the judge
As bitterness becomes our distant ghost
Exhale and let go

Sprayed out through this dense stream made of pearls
I'm gazing around, becoming familiar with its dance

A wry vow inking its way
Over pelt and skin, this iodine swell

The tune, stronger as I come closer
Emerges me, leaving me with a cryptical sheet

You promise me some rest
Nothing close to this mess