

Veil

Watching promised dreams
Dark moon eyes and hot coal hearts
Hurt
Empty spaces touch
Stars drawn down and drawn in scars
Skin atom thin, holding out
A world drowned in words
A pool of oil
The spirit of infection,
The rage of hunger marking beasts
Splitting cells and breathing
Bleeding, fucking
Veils torn, one by one by one
And out slips the same old devil
A sound out of nothing
Cameras flash
Over the broken backs of bridges
The world smashed
And reduced by spirits
To a fantasy of control
An incandescent halo
Upon the headless legless corpses
The phosphorescent triumph
Of the base and the bloated
Who feed upon the pain

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