

Cobalt

"A Starved Horror"

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God saved the races Who bowed.
Lets aim our arrows at the new sun,
We'll eat some poison with our bread.
I am the way to the city of woe.
Walk in silence down to the sea,
Our clothes smell like fire.
The way to the forsaken people.
Tusks growing out of our faces,
Humans dry humping races,
And land's sugar is all over our teeth.

Tonight we'll drink purple wine and climb,
To the mountains uncrowned by stars,
We'll kiss women whose breath tastes like blood,
Reaching deep to feel the faces below the rocks.

Faithless priests old before their time,
Pull cold fish from the shady sea,
At night they drink their cloudy wine,
And quietly float back to sleep.

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