

Dark Tranquillity "Tongues"

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Tongues, lost in me
Yours be the sharp and the vile
Glide neath my skin
Storm through my nerves
I bury the nomad years
Hours in the earth
Couldn't exorcise these searing, pecking tongues
Immune you say
Yet venom strikes in strangest guises
As the viper in our eyes
Tongue, throat, tongue
Slayer of the word and stealer of wisdom
A monumental reign of terrors
Throats slit up to stain the target
We're food for the hounds of trauma,
Prey to the crows of stress
No power left to retrieve my stolen language
Filtered through the illiterate fingers of death
Flies
Let sickness be poured
From the cupped hands of bedlam
On account of their brightness
I made friends with the word and the moon
Went with the tide and left for the sound
Of dead instruments thrown out of tune
The red square patterns, dragonrise and
Evenclaw
Decoying from pandemonic symmetry
Let ring
A dissonant note in the music of the spheres
The streak of promise in the nuclear sky
These whipping black tongues
Aching to lick me back to life
To inject their truths within me

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