

## Floodgate

# "Running With Sodden Legs"

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Moaning in a nightmare  
Pain like a shattered tooth  
Born of viral tendency, can't hear the storming boom of  
a fired gun  
Smack-dab in the middle of shit  
Bathing in the bowels of hell  
Slipping in between the sheets with a happy, headed  
for a rush of orgasmic greed

Hardly in control  
Reeling  
Hot and cold  
Viral tendency  
Infectious memory

Falling in a cold mire  
Living in a world unknown  
Feral lies pawn the sins of even-trival, pain becomes  
your home

Writhing  
Soaking head  
Visions of the dead  
Try to shake it off  
Like there waiting for the sun

Rabid  
Running with sodden legs  
Wild, poisonous suffering  
Contagion; die alone  
Lover becomes a bone  
Realize consciously oncoming insanity  
Strumpet comes again and again  
Synthetic copulation ends

Bringer of a gold mine  
Bringer of a pile of dung  
Every mind a bringer of an aberration of someone  
else's thought  
Nightmares disappear in the dark by the light of day  
Spirit of a shallow soul is reconnected with a confused,  
exhausted shell

Reminded of

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