

Hine Rupert

"Eleven Faces"

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I feel the blood of a reptile run
Through the veins of a child
And should my eyes trick my memory
Will the beast shed his skin in the wild
The screen is lit
And there they stand
In single line
A column of figures
That totals something different - everytime
Perhaps his face was wiped away that night
To leave some other that I'll never recognise;
Do I remember how he held the woman down
His shadow made a pool so deep she had to drown
Eleven faces
Blank and taunting
Through the glass
A swarm of eyes
I didn't see before - now wait for me to pass
Perhaps his face was wiped away that night
To leave some other that I'll never recognise;
Do I remember how he held the woman down

His shadow made a pool so deep she had to drown

Ten faces melt away until there's only one

And someone murmurs now, you must decide

I feel the blood of a reptile run

Through the veins of a child

And should my eyes trick my memory

Will the beast shed his skin in the wild

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