

## I'm From Barcelona

### "The Tongue Of Pain"

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The tongue of pain,  
A sip of blood,  
Delicious taste  
Of precious mud...  
The gold of sweet  
On gummy skulls,  
A smile of trash  
On lips of gulls.  
Your poisoned friends  
Are seeking sky.  
They flock and drug,  
They fuck and die.  
The Moon-face grins,  
It swallows tides.  
Its soul sleeps.  
In dreams it cries.  
A wave of fluke  
Will sink your hate.  
In sea of silt  
It can't but wait.  
It keeps a gun  
With sickly pills  
To cure earthquakes  
Or the thrills.  
Your being is fiction,  
Your dream is mire.  
You rave and rove  
And set on fire.  
Can't stop your race  
In bloody rain.  
A flash of dark  
Will full your pain.

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