Light This City
"Exile"

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When you gaze into your polished metal plates
You picture the face of a man who longs to see his soul
But claws are claws, whether sharpened or painted or blunted
From hours of bounding, one-track-minded, through the snow
I have arrived, an exile too inferior for your highness to fight
Armored, not humored, and prepared to seize your life
The prisoner I came to rescue sits down to watch the fight
With tears in her eyes,

Who knew a tongue could do so much harm
Lying in one's mouth?
Dancing to music that wasn't really there
Muttering about moments we never even shared
Your twisted jaw moves
But you've lost all sound
How soon till your breath runs out?

When the others gaze into your polished eyes
As glassy as the doll's you hold to represent your soul
They witness the face of an animal acting like a man
In their confusion, you dressed them in sashes and perfume,
But the stench seeps through
I long to scream, "My country,
This is not how we were supposed to live!"
And with each mortifying blow, I'm fading rapidly
"Get up!" I hear that faithful onlooker plead
She won't insult me by looking away
When I start to bleed

Who knew a tongue could do so much harm
Lying in one's mouth?
Dancing to music that wasn't really there
Muttering about moments we never even shared
Your twisted jaw moves
But you've lost all sound
How soon till your breath runs out?

One leap, one strike, and the metal snaps away from
your face
That chattering jaw comes unhinged
And your insincere tongue hangs down from your neck
I plunge through the ribs and grasp the steaming,
slippery heart
It slides down my throat and I am king again
"Tear down these garish walls and let the prisoners
free!
Throw their gaudy stones out to the sea!
Rip these dolls limb from limb, claws proudly
unsheathed!
Our souls were never meant to be seen.

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