

Luxt

"Suck It Down"

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You put your mouth round, suck it down -
Do it again.

The hunger, gnaws.
The minutes, crawl.
Each ventricle stalls.
And calls you to fill.

It's driest of voids.
Clean, chasmic annoy-
ance pulling and culling
Your senses are drilled.

Black marrow, trips.
You're nothing but twitch.
And wish you could stitch
Yourself into stone.

Surrounded and tucked.
Your soul stripped and sucked.
This shit out of luck -
Overcrowded, alone.

Suck it down -
Swallow...

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