

Circle Of Dead Children

"Host"

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Swell and swallow
Licked by gray tongues of insatiable and greedy
wolves
There is no famine, no drought, nor dearth
Many lifetimes away from sincerity,
from commitment, from honesty
And yet the wolves still feed and fatten us for
abolishment
Covet the seeping fumes as all skull content ferments
Look yourself in the eye and suck it in
Suck it in, suck it in
Spit it out into the green grasses
while they still remain that way
Bloodied blemishes in the comatose
Earth where your cancer abandoned its host
Rest and ferment, Three degrees from a zombie
A trillion thoughts from a solution
All I can seem to do is sleep and
dream of a world in technicolor-green
No better than a limbless blind man
More useless than a ball-gagged scream
Indefinite journeys toward a revolution
that will char the soils back to tranquility
Until then its hosts will be held hostage

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