

Ordo Draconis

"Neuron Gutter, Neutron Star"

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[Lucifer:]

See how, I to I, eye will meet my selves,
Heir to their chinese box under seal.
Once the toy's code is cracked,
The horn of lips unsealed births open season.

Wiretap the tight rei(g)n on which
Every eye does see X
Thru channel krosstalk
And teknikolour ghosting
"your hijack is your salvage" (signed the Pirate)

[You:]

But the urban heart gallops
Pumping through presage-riddled alleyz
And the traffic-jam
At the gastro-crossroadz
With panting pistons of sludgy...
F - e - a - r.

What if, between each coffin bone
You were free to flee
The chafe of post-fugal safety,
As petalz by lethean
Lanez can traffick
No quick fix against the Fickle Figment?

[Lucifer:]

The warren's flaring nares would
Draw in your acrid dew - only to puff
Out the sulphurous
Smoke on your nape,
Shepherd you into your blind bolt-hole.
In/out - again - in/out - again - in/out - again - in/out...

[Red War. Victims:]

Projectiles of diversions, safelight alarms,
Jitter everywhere; as
The bullet's image is imprinted in the eye;
The cartridge fuels up on a database
Of souls and ignorance
Making room with a view.

[White Pestilence. Eyewitness:]
But for wired life, the nucleus is empty,
In(ocul)ated against parousia
Our pilgrim rattletraps trailing our fears
Corrupted cargo? Any pathogen hitchhiker
To deadhead the (g)hostcars?

[3x]
The trojan horse stuttered... not so
The wildfire of chasseurs echoing from it's womb.

[Black Famine. The Equestrian:]
Like the eagle @ the liver,
This scrawny scout, this dark satanic mill,
Walks with never-healing hunger.
Scavenging the century's corpse
For your tablets against me,
You, marasmic and meagre, become it's daily bread;
Not the voiceless bodies of hollow men
But their disembodied voices.

[Lucifer:]
Voices of ether withal - serrated on the edge
Around the icy bower in Babylon's
Concrete covert of knowledge,
Where a paper plane of death statistics
Touches down in the dust bin;
The crew of fickle figments are go!
CNS News Listen! Silence!

"News anchor stands in, as former chair's sidelined
On wrong side of today's pranged bridge."

[Pro-guard:] Our tape binds the safeguard of our
liberty
[Anti-guard:]
They sex up the corpus
And through loopholes shoots subconscious sham
[Pro-g:] you pander to panic; why mask our seeing-eye
dog?
[Anti-g:] if you say eye for an eye, why must it shrug
off scrutiny?

"Pre-polls show pro-guard hit home at play-off talks."
"Vertigo beaten at ballot-box."

[Delegate:]
A patch in a changing world,
The star chamber's been installed.

I am Legion, organeyesensation
My stars will watch you flocks
My scourge will strike with furious anger
I am Legion, the view from your room.

[Lucifer:]

... punchdrunk in the gutter you see
The puffing chimney on the scarlet lab
In after-pangs, the labial scars
On the door, the brass placard:

"Here the B-st from the Sea
Sired the B-st from the Earth,"
Voice-over devouring lung (inside out)
Here also the B-st from the Sea
Begot the bastard son of dawn,
Undevoured in the stern chase

Of red dragon chasing mother chasing
Her elusive bait of twelve stars,
One-third unhinged, shooting stardust
Leaving the world, punchdrunk in the gutter,
A neutron star.

[You:]

We've become
T-cells tearing at the hand that feeds us.
Kamikaze anarchitects drawing the bottom skyline.
The Pirate's mutineers shaking the tower's wide
foundations
To feed the bloating crypts of babel.
Unto Earth-turned-Sea, drowning out History,
Golden bathtubs, boilers bleed and dissolve.
The sky's the limit tumbling over
The last vertigo a wagging tail.

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