

Arkaik

"Skin Graft Hieroglyphics"

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Lost and wandering through a labyrinth of pyre
Unable to bathe in the slumber
Tricked by the torture tongues of liars
Staggering a gait
A jagged meander that rips like splinters
To a path of disenchantment
Crept away among comatose hallways of encampment
These hands mimic the grasp of claws
They ache in nail peeling murmurs
Stained red to the palms
From picking at the scabs on the face of reality
It stares unblinking, all fathoming
Peeking through
Swayed from the other side I see a light
Through slits beneath its eyelids
I can hear gasps from other eons
Deprived of the flicker
Granted by eyelid convulsions
He's been scratching the surface again
Like the breath of ages I've yet to seek
Solder the flesh to stop the leaks

I am the altar
Watch as I shine
Baptized incantations
The pyre my shrine
I am the altar
Ignite from inside
Skingraft hieroglyphics
Burn me alive

Arch of the back lays tallies from the scraping
He's been picking slowly at the walls that encompass
all
Carve the cuticle to the bone
The cornea branches red the lids that never fall
And still no progress these walls bellow deeper
The bricks still linger and scoff at his fingers
To be free, to seek the unsought
To grasp realities tongue and writhe into its throat
The night it swells a silent empire

Time calls for Cyrix to sing
Amongst a kerosine choir
Carve the words upon the flesh
A living canvas of script doused cryptic
A torso of sanskrit pivots
All shrouds shall be lifted vivid

I am the altar
Watch as I shine
Baptized incantations
The pyre my shrine
I am the altar
Ignite from inside
Skinraft hieroglyphics
Burn me alive...

I know that I must burn

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