

Residents

"Blue Tongues"

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I love you and 'cause I do
My skies have changed
From gray to blue
But blue's not just
A color of the rainbow

It's shade, is not a hazy hue
But pure and hard
My blue sky blue
It's like a Roman candle
Coming rosebuds

My words are empty, hollow, bleating
Of a mental crutch
They're open, festered, indigestion
With a velvet touch

A coma with a sweet aroma
Is my only dream
Malignant with the misconception
That a grunt can gleam

My lichen covered corpuscles
Are filthy as a fist
Infection is my finest flower
Mildewed in the mist

Infection is my finest flower
Mildewed in the mist
Infection, infection
Infection, infection

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