

## Kinghorse

### "Clayfist"

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Your mind's a blur, it never calms.  
You search in vain for the eye of the storm.  
Ears strain for each word you say.  
You never know in the dark where the words form.  
Can you feel me pounding on your heart?  
Fists of clay are of little use but my words will do  
Their part.  
The insects crawled across your heart so very long  
ago.  
No one recalls the day it snapped, nobody seems to  
know.  
Something inside your chest grew hard and worked to  
stop  
The flow.  
If thy hand offend thee, make a fist, but you treasure it  
In vain.  
If thy eye offend thee - better still, you'll always look  
Again.  
Just don't pretend the pain you feel will ever come to an  
End.  
Can you feel me pounding on your heart?  
Words may be of little use, but my hands will do their  
Part.

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