

Flames In "Gyroscope"

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Geology is digging through my brain

a manta engulfing the world

to throw it up once again

to a guild of lifted daggers

Neo-wolf, but older again

than the Lupus itself

linked its fur to the gyroscope of time

a collection of failures

A diabolical sequence of stabs

written in cunning stones

from the fossilised den of thieves

our lives die

Neo-wolf, but older again

than the Lupus itself

linked its fur to the gyroscope of time

a collection of failures

I see the nursing all-mother

spitting out a trail of termites

in the mouth of her first-born hope

breasts ripe with smog-filled rebellion

Apathy dressed in violence

white insectoid legs

curse her lips and the mouth

receptive only to pain

Neo-wolf, but older again

than the Lupus itself

linked its fur to the gyroscope of time

a collection of failures

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