

Flames In "The Hive"

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April night-time

And we run like mussels through the stagnant nodes of
man

Blood-bridges lean towards the gaping synapses

to disarm the stars within us

Hornet Hive-dark

Severed wings in vainless beating

buzz out from an inferno of fangs

to disarm the stars within us

We should have been

so much more by now

Too dead inside

to even know the guilt

Waning Ring-deep

a halo of thorns

Sips now down in sheets of sharp silver

to disarm the strs within us

We should have been

so much more by now

Too dead inside

to even know the guilt

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