The Hive

In Flames

April night-time

And we run like muscles through the stagnant nodes of man Blood-bridges lean towards the gaping synapses

To disarms the stars within usHornet Hive-dark

Severed wings in vainless beating

Buzz out from inferno of fangs

To disarms the stars within usWe should have been

So much more by now

Too dead inside

To even know the guiltWaning Ring-deep

A halo of thorns

Sips now down in the sheets of sharp silver

To disarm the star within us

Songwriters

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