

# The Parasite in Winter

## Pyrrhon

The cold darts in like a scalpel  
And cuts away the scraps of sleep  
It exploits my weaknesses  
'Til cracks creak wide in my old skin  
Shivers flow down my body  
The muscles jerk and snap  
Livid flags in February wind  
The lightbulbs gutter as I roam  
These frigid, bloodless halls  
Where the enzymes drip down slow  
And despairing villi beg for my warm breath  
Silence rests a velvet hand  
On all the starved pests and empty beds  
And the time draws near for me  
To leave this place behind  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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