

A Song to Ruin

Million Dead

a lone voice crying in the wilderness:
make the straight way for the coming of the?
a dry throat stutters on an empty vision
of milk and honey and desolate quiet.
a dry mouth falters on the opening blast of a song
to ruin what it left behind.
a bare sole longing for the feel of concrete,
and a lone voice crying in the wilderness.
i have these dreams when i'm feeling sick of unfinished patterns
that i can't collate at all,
of an inward breath in a land bereft of uncrippled figures,
of an exhalation, of the himavant, of a pulse

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>