Locust

Psychotic Waltz

when the mist of the morning falls
a silence calls from the faith
baying at the window of my wondering
everything is faded, growing near to the ground
hiding in a corner of the doorway
the light is the fear of the shadownear the leaves where the locust leaps
the spider's under the streets
in her catacomb museum
her lovers' mausoleum
with the kiss of the killing doors
the darkness creeps down the stairs of my vision and I feel the walls inside
I feel someone inside me noweverything is faded, growing near to the ground
hiding in a corner of the doorway
shadow of the world
a field of locust swarming down again
a field of locust swarming downnow the jackals of the nightmare
lay at the feet of the lunatics
hands through the dark are crawling over me
shadow of the world
a field of locust swarming down again
a field of locust swarming down
a field of locust swarming down again
a field of locust swarming down

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