

# The Hive

## Melt-Banana

April night-tyme 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

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