

Animus

Christ.

Somewhere, through the frozen fields,
Somewhere, beneath your pale and tender skin,
Lies a house, absorbing fear and pain -
Solar, Red, Contained -
And feeding on my dreams.
Somewhere cold, inside the optic wire,
Down where fingers and semen crack and bleed -
There I will be, with my arms spread out and broken,
Waiting for your breath, to animate my veins.
We're not alone: All our thoughts are numbered -
Malignant and cold, animal and hungry.
But I will contain all that ever was or will be,
Then I'll watch my skin erupt, in a symphony of flames -
Screaming out your name, screaming out your name...
Why can't I hide inside your halleable, electric face?
You'd suck away the pain, and swallow down my sickest dreams.
Now my body feels like snow, spilling out the shattered screen -
Where will we be then, when all the fear and blood are gone,
Drained into one hundred million open children's mouths -
Screaming out your name,
Screaming out your name...

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