

Undertake

Lash Out

One thousand ploughs my heart
Grind on my spine
Fields of flowers sun embraced
Broken by the driven massSmiling faces, laughing child
No suffering from your infection
Fir eyour arms from point blank range
The circle is now completeThe things done with eyes of one
Speak of those with forked tongue
Catch the words with molten ears
Let them flee rearrangedSwallow your seeds in trust of you
Ripped by the thorns of the growing flower
You build your throne on tiny straws
Straws you took from other nests

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