

Limbs of a Stare

Agathodaimon

A garden of seeds lost, ashen spirits embrace me in pain
Like scars that shed the plague of flames, my thirst awakes
Aceless to my feelings, inimical to my pulse, like
disease
Sand in my eyes, I am hiding from pleasure, yearning for breeze
Draw my bare tears from this melody now that I can't flee
Take refuge in me or vanish, my beauty, bring or tear the silk
To weave the drops of passion or strike the winds
of misfortune
Mourning I stand, my senses in abyss, under skies of torture
Devour my womb, these obscure roots
Release my dying touch, unchain me from my doom
I am crawling to feel desire
To shape your truth and fire
Crawling towards you, with the limbs of a stare
To dream a leaf without its tree, to follow its silence
I hear no sense, but a scream of lips and sighs in vastness
A thirteenth shadow in my nightmare you become
And it's you in every rain, in every ballet and sun
Within my nest I bleed the coming of eves, hollow heart
Slave to this blessed state which sends my dreams afar
Bear witness to my memories of flesh that will never rise
The dice of desperation reveals a black rose lays on my mind
Devour my womb, these obscure roots
Release my dying touch, unchain me from my doom
I am prowling to feel desire
To yield to bounds and pyres
Crawling towards you, with the limbs of a stare...
A thirteenth shadow in my nightmare you become
And it's you in every rain, in every ballet and sun
Within my nest I bleed the coming of eves, hollow heart
Slave to this blessed state which sends my dreams afar

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