

Ouroboros

The Bright Light Social Hour

My brother walks on crushed glass
His fingers beaten like brass
Caressing the shame that slithers cross his brain
My brother walks on crushed glassMy sister bathes in black mass
Her love a strangled gasp
Milky the way, a womb hid from the day
My sister bathes in black massMy brothers walk on crushed glass
My sisters bathe in black mass
Oceans thirsty for cash
Bleeding still for the pastOur futures traded unseen
As everything eats everything
Take our tails from our mouths
Flood the roads in the South

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