

# Pallid Hands

## In Solitude

I saw a lover in those shadows  
a fusion in the wake of death  
    that took its rear  
    in tracks of sanctity  
    like bodies crushed  
in piercing lightFor we are theirs, and in its distance  
    there is a concord that demands  
    even the slightest of all ventures  
    to shed the world  
    and go along  
    Four pallid hands  
    on a wounded back  
    Your shrines are open eyes  
    Formed in the junction of disruption  
    In trembling archs of bleeding doves  
    By pallid hands of inner murder  
        caressing my cheek,  
    with profound smilesFour pallid hands  
        on a wounded back  
    Your shrines are open eyes  
    in an empty roomWhen the chord of wound resounds  
        in everything  
        and the corpses turn inside  
        I know who comes  
        For a wounded back  
        Take the pallid hand  
    We are destroyedFour pallid hands  
        on a wounded back  
    Your shrines are our open eyes  
    in an empty roomWhen the chord of wound resounds  
        in everything  
        and the corpses turn inside  
        I know that he comes

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.