

# 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.

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