The Trauma Coil

Faith and the Muse

Another night down on the catherine wheel
Drawn into a corner
A symphony of resounding shrieks in my head
I court a sure, sudden death
But give no quarter
A paper soul tears the heart from the mind
Searing is the morning, a tenement of lights
Lost inside the attic
On the floor again with a head full of rain
Wander with the shadows of shelter and smiles
Bleeding in a stairwell
Fever-staggered steps and a mouth so dry
Three liquid words collapse
Blind and chasing sirens
Five years of night time and a heart made of tin
Allow your sympathies the length of a table
I recognize no brother
Lash out at their smiles and walk in through their eyes
As my knowledge, does the knowing
Split my being from past days
In decision, in departing
In the severance of old ways
With precision, in my silence
I perceive the bitter still
Imposition, these young calling
Withered kisses, or the kill?
Together we stand
We stand so still
Indifference, hollow laughter
Bathes the walls of this lost home
So futile, all attempts
Affectations, long to roam
Ever spinning, vile actress
Answered blindly to the call
The price, child yet again we sit
And watch our private rome fall
I am not well
No, not well at all

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