

The Other Flesh

SHADOW PROJECT

All the disease and lonely remorse
What treasures in solitude
With which we caress
Eyes straining to see through the
blackness
Through the still, damp air
All day long I stare
A child alternately sobbing or asleep
The whole world is broken
In new life and motion
And I know I can never go back
In sinister beauty
Above my empty grave
An anticipation of disaster
Brings forth collective nightmares
And in silence, behind them
Come the twisted bodies of the dead
(Bodies in balance, bodies in peace)
Some enjoy the miracle of loving,
The mirage of caring,
The confusion of innocence -
In the other flesh
- Rozz Williams / Paris

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