Radioactive

Septic Flesh

Would you like to become Dante's Companion in his grim cathode,
following our tunnels to our subterranean covert foundation?This concrete shelter is our nest now,
a beautiful vase without a flower.
We left above us a dark minefield,
seeded with the shattered limbs of yesterday.The electric fire is the breath of our god
and its murmuring sound, damnation.
We are hostages with no escaping pod to return to our home.RadioactivePretending there is nothing to regret,
no monster in the closet to haunt us for the errors of our fathers.We left above us a minefield,
seeded with the shattered limbs of yesterday.
It is our gift for the cockroaches,
an infrared place to lay their little eggs.Radioactive

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