

## Still Moving Sinews

Dark Tranquillity

No-one survives such an attack  
and we all stood like monuments  
baring the nails in her back  
Still moving sinews  
in a graceful impression of life  
shyly the arms, shyly the breasts  
fold fear die

Ten fingers driven  
through the heart, through the  
core  
as I stare into those strange,  
magnetic eyes  
and wonder: (for you/me)  
are there demons there?

I knew it all the time. The misanthropes  
were right to crucify themselves  
in the  
need of a saviour. Still moving  
sinews  
struggle fearsome with a lifeline  
forlorn,  
caught in the nest of the impending  
dark fate.

Semi-worlds, lifetight lodges  
where faces stiffen,  
plagued with the frost of disease  
Our capsules barely meet

The worms of disorder  
like living black numbers  
that drip from her parchment skin  
Joined in sweet fury  
to anoint the decay  
fragile and reddened in lifelost  
array