

Dead Channel

Mourning Beloveth

The slow dark sludge melted down and solidified
full of poison insanity and nightmares
inside nothing outside emptiness
it mothers demons that move
the grace of addiction

with a head full of noise and pills waves of raw transference
tuned to a dead channel in search of a new womb
it is mere content deprived of form everything is waste
nobody seems to notice the absence of a living substance
there was something else in the silence that I heard
like something hauled from dreams and abandoned

the mind drinks less and less
people going nowhere somewhere following the moon tide like so
many leaden idols
leave them for the flies and the carcass of a dead world
the universal rubble nothing left to rot
abandoned and formless

there are no mountains to make them cower
all we seem to live for is pleasure end it burn it the fire is
clean
putting out the stars and extinguish the sun you seem to come a
way lost
end it burn it nothing is clean
no one seems to listen anymore a head full of noise and pills
burn it end it it feeds on silence
but there is something in the silence I heard it screams at me
end it burn it if you let it burn it will burn our lifetimes ou
t

we have some leaks in the system where reality filters through
a non linear flood of facts with each pulse of nothingness
they show us trailers to make us hold onto nothingness
splinters of a substance that pulsates like a former heart
an anchor drawing us to oblivion and the bones
the bare bones of existence an anchor to oblivion