Clouds in My House

Voivod

Zoning in a hall of glass plasma flowing from a cask piercing overtones mainline into my back pack

it's full of clouds in my house

a grey hive, humming white souls

frenzy reviving the room energized by many flumes drip-drop, on my head wakes me from a thousand moons

circle dance inside the cave all movement brings a message larvae, in their holes waiting for a summer daze