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Lyric Exploited (Anonymous)

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Lyric exploited

Almost everything I do is blue, coloring the lines in your face.

Let us be holy. Let us be not afraid; pause in the suffocated folding of our hands.

Try to breathe. Greet us as you should with lungs: vibrato, an ancient welcome.

Sing a scar above the world. Flame should not enter where beryl masks officiate and breath freezes into a lyric. Cold on lips, the color you know until it licks your tongue and spills from broken eyes.

Find an untouched field and defile it, cut away; deep night, thick bristles accompany your destruction of light. The slow decay of life brands itself on the world. Swift, the wind traps pollen, sight. We are lost, or rather, we forget the stars, their breath, their flight.

Anonymous