

Deconstruction XXXIX

six devils buried under a burning
flag running from a slow heatwave
circles burned into their wrists

like stillborn suicides guilty & paranoid
blood in their eyes six liars making

empty promises with all the confidence
of wolves an old story of good deeds
gone to hell in the company of thieves

staring down the grave from behind
their pulpits mannequins laid in chalk lines

before the courthouse with teeth still stuck
in their necks six days left to drown in a river
of hollow bones oil & red sand

[NOTE: all words used in this poem taken from lyrics to the album Two by Cursed]

Deconstruction VIII

Searched for meaning in the ordinary
 & found nothing – just a burned out star
shining down on the devils, a trophy

 of vultures fighting for their crown.
All the flocks haunted by the dying sheep,
 all the eagles fearless & drunk on blood.

[NOTE: all words used in this poem taken from the album You Fail Me by Converge]

Deconstruction XXIV

My bones are tired & unclean Broken
 pieces of tin spitting from my lips
like a poisoned hum & my teeth are all rotting
 from my mouth Doves & bluebirds
drop from the sky they scratch my chest
 with needles & pins So what
if my blood is not shiny copper but rusted
 iron If pale lace & wild flowers come
crashing from my throat in place of a song
 The sun smiles brighter than all
the diamonds in the ground The clouds
 like sleeping guardians leave
such sweet fingerprints on my neck I can
 hold tiny oceans in my trembling
hands lick salt from the leaves of skyscrapers
 Dive my way to glory through the glass
windows hiding in the trees

[NOTE: all words used in this poem taken from lyrics to the album A Day Of Nights by Battle Of Mice]

Deconstruction XXI

so we harnessed the power
of baptism, domesticated all
the faithful as livestock – set free
the weary believers from their
bastard ideologies, left them rudderless
& feral in the soil. this circuitry
auction. this offering of plagues.
an imperial benediction in abstract.
and we hung fragility from all the flag-
posts like a new born cross, bore down
the hammer of holy law
on the clockmaker's neck.

[NOTE: all words used in this poem taken from lyrics to the album Chronoclast by Buried Inside]

Deconstruction XXXI

& you will know the wolves are hungry
by the way their lips are covered

in blood Scratching at the bone
Looking for meat, though they find

only a dusty skeleton buried in the dirt
The tree of life, turned to kindling

& you will know you are damned
by the burning numbness in your throat

The blades at your wrist, as the queen
tears at your veins with her teeth

Such warmth in her eyes,
but so much fire in her voice

She breathes in the silence,
awash in a sickly blue light Her hands

over your eyelids Her white hair
wrapped like a noose around your neck

[NOTE: all words used in this poem taken from lyrics to the album Daughters by Daughters]