

# Inward Bound

## Virus

Dread swims through the bloodstreams  
Floating back into the past  
On the drift, voices wailing  
A tone-deaf choir praising  
It rotates inside the tomb  
Coiled around a broken ladder  
Infants swirl inside the womb  
Retracting to their dense rooms  
The taste of old words  
The heart recoils and repents  
Infected water spoils the well  
A telescope through to hell  
Inside my spacious cellar  
I do not shine right  
The blue light's smooth  
But it's a dense void  
Beneath my tongue, raw screams  
I swim behind the lies and moan  
The blue light's smooth  
But it won't shine right  
The stained internal sculpture  
The holy infant inside the sun  
A dead flower blooming  
Listening out for the end  
Inside my spacious cellar  
I do not shine right  
The blue light's smooth  
But it's a dense void  
Beneath my tongue, raw screams  
The crude voice of the soul  
Underneath my hunger  
My hermetic fowl interior land

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>