Artrosis, The Poisoned

Sewn with thin thread words - wind round the shape of stone mouth Abandoned gestures
You come first then me
Deafened with the song of senses you steal something I do not want to give Fortunes told by cards
You come first then me
A dream faded away
You and me
Two sides of a mirror
Two different ways
Two different words

Somewhere there - another me Poisoned, forgotten Starving for memories Affected - me