**Carbon 13**

Leaving silvery trails in whorled shells  
The snails heavy with possession  
A slow march in labored procession  
Fat snakes coiled and green  
Glistening upon the path  
Strike first and listen last  
The sharp smell of smoke in watered eyes and rasping throat  
The world lies curled under its own shell  
Which way will the black plume curl and blow?  
Our bones burn in the heat  
We are brothers  
We breathe fire over a golden horde  
Heavy with possession, a slow march in labored procession  
Which way will the black smoke curl and blow?  
Which way will we blow?  
  
Words by Lynnette Shelley  
Album: Fossil Eyes (2008)