

AF1

"No Poetic Device"

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I've been dreaming. i was lucid. i was dreaming blood
was seeping from my pores. who'd believe that it was
all my own decision? cracked faces and medicated
smiles. set fire to my home before i turned and walked
back in. for every needle open my chest and insert ten
pins. i just anticipate what awaits when i
awake....break... i die in my daydreams. the gardens
have all been overgrown. i pushed my hand through
the thorns just to crush the final rose. a deadly secret
only i suffer to know, i can't eradicate what awaits when
i awake...break. i die in my daydreams.

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