

Cenotaph "Revenge"

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In my dreams, no my nightmares; in the sea hate with
the absence of fate.
Blind eyes crying with blood, like a vomit extinguishing
my flammy
Repulsion. Hold the broken flask filled with a sexual
organ's liquid,
Boiling tender, arises hunger, reminds my
temper. Then submerged fantasies
Unheard come close to my mind; undoubted sophism
but real necrophylism. An
Ache begins inside, spreads through all veins caused
by the zephyr of
Damantion, yielding a substantial anger, makes me
loose my will then o
Visual dream appears, a pretty child is smiling to
me. Being defeated in
These meaningless morbid dimensions, vaccinating
blood, bestial bellow,

Mouldy saw. Realization of what; the inflammation inside
gets bigger with an
Increasing acceleration which is a voracious manner of
torture. Displeased
Demands of a morbid mind are never satisfied with an
unsaturated solition of
A child's cerebraliquid and his foetusfull urine. Turn the
skin inside out,
Lick the vein veiled with blood. Button up his torn body
with a rusty
Needle, vibarate the slender body, attach the penis
inside the diseased
Porsions then lick again not only the secretions but
lemphic as well. Make it
Pour, taste it's sour...

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