

Cliteater "Profane Martyr"

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Suppurated boils cover your face
Gushing down your chin, superabundant
Pus
Epileptic scraggly limbs leave a weightless impression
Nailed to a wooden cross
Like thumbtacks to a wall

I made you a martyr
Like hundreds before
Picking you off the hazy streets
The missing of a crackhead junkie

Crown of thorns placed on your head now
Piercing through your empty skull
Snorting up the stench of blood

Profane creation, added to my quantum

I made you a martyr
Like hundreds before
I crack head vigilante
Exalted above all law

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