

Damaged "Internal Dismemberment Conflicts"

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underestimated, spreading out
contagious oversaturations
strengthened apparitions beat away
aggressions altered state pretention,
crunch in anesthesia, conscious anesthesia,
huh

weave the worm thru/ bound to bein
the bait that I am spilling ominous trails
of blood from rejection, an' as foul as
it all is of an autocoid stench numb
from holding it in for too long
forgotten, and even if it's true whats
been said never mind 'bout not having
to flinch being one step ahead of
yourself made anagrams of your stealth
attitudes insignificant

lost in ever / lasting sickness / writhe in
instinct / anachronistic

brick by brick shutting out all
reflections of size letting it go
backwards fall then materialize, in
remorse, incomplete killed inspite of
defeat as conclusive accomplishments
cannibalize

more lies, as wise as you are, regrets
designed the scars that marks the rest
of your sheltered, life logistics.

soaked in rapture, clean clots, unebbed
dead?
to cull the rumor going round, that
re occurring fucking sound
emptiness / denial / thoughtlessness

sadistic ties surmise, fantasize, to make
that vertigo away and make forever
everyday.
not even itself is theself right, it's taken as

nothing necessity just to keep
giving something it's selfish.
lazyness, desire, sacrifice, a dream.
the spawn of hypocrisy's birthed
opportunity
offering reasons, soul, waste of time.

Not even explained, maybe forthright,
there could be a purpose I think destiny
told me so, last nights intro, in utero
i've carried spawn for hates, cut the
guiding apostle taking dues from
underneath, footing swept from
beneath, the realm of a place I'll never
go

brick by brick retention, altered shape
rejection chameleons mould to the
outcome distorting the mirrors
reflecting the view.
bait that I am.

grinding paranoia calculating from a
distance, between the difference, different
sides collide an unmissing stride
running on agony racing to answers
thats finding out something thats
stapled itself necessary

not to b true

life's to simple?
democratic?
tantamount in impotence.

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