Aborted "Inertia"

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Watch it scream
Eyelids scrutinize in this portrait of idolatry and rot
Her body so fragile
Now in post-mortal hands
I am retouching the essence of feminine refinement

All soothing scalpel guideth me to my vision The era of the vane killed the beauty of creation

Motionless
Paralyzed with awe
Your face
A canvas
Untouched

Blooming like a cancer Narcissistic nightmare Maleficient and repulsed at your own sight

Eyelids scrutinize in this portrait of idolatry and rot Her body so fragile Now broken by my hands I am retouching to the essence of repulsion

What is vanity but a shell yearning to be cracked A shattered dream chased by the misfortuned

Aging atrociously
Accelerated by a vision of skin consumed

The era of the vane killed the beauty of creation Blatant display of plasticine horror

And the big mass is impressed You are so beautiful Crafted by the finest hands Torn apart by the finest tools Put back together like a menstrual soup

You are so beautiful Lit disgust to my eyes at dusk Your are so pitiful Your face tainted and deformed

Eyelids scrutinize
In this portrait of idolatry and rot
Her body so fragile
Now broken by my hands
I am retouching in a tell-tale of drama caught

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