

Draconic

"Murder The Distance"

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For every lesion that decorates
For every cut on the tongue
For every tooth spit in silencing
Regret the choice, of two lives to dissolve the one
We are the products of our mistakes
Severed umbilical cord
The final fall is ours to take
Face down, begging for more

Observe the rust
Decisions inducing repeated disgust

This is the end of all my patience
Swallowing razors for fun
Drink from my cyanide liquid creation
The murderous time has begun
A penny for your broken wishes
A rope towards the light
Standing in puddles of sickness
Murdering distance and time

He worked his bones to the marrow it seemed
He fed his kids to the wolves when in need
Sharpening teeth
Born with the sentient guilt of a malformed belief
The shadow cast from his banal existence
He bit the thorns off her side once again
Curdled like blood growing old with persistence
He'd scrape the blame off his conscience again

But not this time
The lusting for anguish is far too sublime

Ritual
Hot coals in your mouth
Now open up
Wrap your arms around a daydream in vain
Gone are the same ones that promised the most
Next time you see her extract her heart
And keep it under your pillow

