

Drill 187

"Circular"

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Poison, she will willingly
Collide, in through beneath her
Use and situate me, blending
All the colors here, all around me

As I wipe this stain up from my hands
I realize it's all I have that's sacred from you now

Here is where your honesty lies
And it's digging in to feed here
Soul succumbing to be the beginning
Of this empty shell here cracked and bleeding

A painful truth becomes a searing needlepoint
Beyond the pain, behind a wall, into the womb

You circumcise a painful point to cut around
The fact that I'm the only one who won't abandon you

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