

## **Bloodlet "Brainchild"**

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Persecution of compassion  
cold sabbath  
a dying man in a dying room  
alone with a demon  
the souls of your indiscretions  
hold your rage  
he is  
the key that  
set them free  
cold in his hell  
fear of failure  
so you were forged  
from the hammers of gods  
underhand glance reeks of vengeance  
insignificant  
alone in his hell  
I can hear him thinking  
but i can't  
listen  
Brainchild of humanity  
suffering through his intellect  
mental scarification  
treasonous thoughts  
and his demons shriek  
never to be thought of again  
until  
the next time  
I taste it bitter and bland  
as watered betrayl sifts across my mind  
sifts  
sifts across  
sifts across my mind  
doors in the heavens  
lead to tunnels in the mind  
where brainchild wades  
through the pissfountain  
searching  
for his lost  
loves  
black shape of the nexus  
controlling force  
face of stone

face of stone  
unflinching  
unheard  
unloved  
whore

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