

Bloodlet

"Something wicked"

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My eyes sewn shut collaboration in the shadows armed
with forked tongues damn your sinless grins and your
hallowed existence I witnessed the charred remains of
moralities grip propaganda has no emotion chaotic
voices beckon from a burning pedestal perception
dulls to apathy as you sleep my eyes are bleeding but
my grin is stained as I ready myself for the killing time
where you see beauty I see decay your virgin my slut
the freaks is my reflection lesions leak scream you
can't hear dripping thoughts and soul fuel the
righteous stained skin scars of fervor bitter bile
contempt blistering in envy grief of opinion a twisting
reality exempt void of concept futility infected moral
hate breeds

the need to inflict suckle my faith strike with fluid
precision twine to wrap life all militia prophesized
inside the voice bellowed your screams are not but
whispers outside your eyes attempt to break the tower
trying to move the sun now bask in your glory so
profound it no longer warms me there is no fault here
there is no shame nursing the burns laughing as I
bleed long cast from your cult waning memories of
your love I found myself in your conviction there is pain
in your insecurity my eyes sewn shut all scriptures are
written in the blood of the defeated damn your sinless
grins and your hallowed existence propaganda has no
emotion

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