

Bloodlet "Whitney"

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We that drift across the mind, with the grace of
nightmare sickness. Live past three thoughts to the
judgement. Sweet lady. I could have hurt. Deliver me,
far, far, far away, from here. Let it go this is mine.
Please forever. Blood surrounds the fury, and warms
the face of the one you love. Separate two times. The
secret voice I've got speaks the new word for slave.
Some kinds keep, some don't. Some scream, some
don't. Hit, kick, holler, hit. But all of 'em, all of 'em
Bleed. Caress and command. All the scents they blur
Substance Lustenance Abscess

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