

Impending Doom

"Feeding The Decomposing"

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My sinister mind, a containment for evil.
It is my false identity, telling me to feed my rotting
flesh
My most sickest of desires.
Compromise, rationalize, questioning my joy in you.
Why do I surround myself with the seductions of this
place and expect my rewards?

I can see your blood on the floor taking my punishment.
Your grace and love is heaven sent.
My bodies the infested, the disease, rip me out of me,
dwell in me oh God.
Give me the faith and in my believing, your kingdom
will be revealed.

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