

Isidro Agot

"False Light"

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Come down on me, my sweet angel
Poison milk from that withering breast
Come down on me, my sweet angel
Poison milk from that withering breast
Your mask is drifting
See what writhes beneath

Porcelain grin is cracking, incest to uncoil
Your laugh spreads yawning, black hole formation

Drown and the first real breath takes hold
Washed in a chill so peaceful, sink further

Hold his hand and crush it

The depth of the chasm is infinite
Discover bliss and serenity in drowning

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