

## Isyss

### "Bled Out In Black And White"

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Disconcerting feeling has opened my eyes for the very  
last time

This faith stirs an echo

I hear amongst the safe and perfect waste

A slow fear still creeping in

Invasive and persuasive like a whisper softly

convincing me to move on

Lay waste to all the tangible explanations

Nothing's as it seems

Spit out the words to this question

The validity of my future faults

Carving my intentions with this blade of distinction

Digging deeper still in my skin

Twisting slowly, opening the wound

Spit out the words to this question

The validity of my future faults

Spit out the words to this question

Where do I begin?

This line scored from ear to ear

Telling a tale of exsanguination

These (immanent?) fingers pressed against my neck

Bleeding out the destruction I command

This calm stirs an echo

I hear amongst the sacred perfect waste

A slow fear still creeping in

Invasive and persuasive like secrets quietly convincing,

And missing the moral in these eyes

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