

It Dies Today "Bridges Left Burning"

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Though your presence is nonexistent.
Your vile stench still looms in my every memory.
You have planted a seed.
That has sprouted.
Into an undying enmity.
That shall rear it's putrid face
And micturate upon the apologies that you have
delivered far too late.
And the heavens collapsed to hell,
Creating a mestophilean being.
That possessed you with a sense of depraved
indifference.
I wish I could have absolved you of the succubus.
The one with fiery skin.
And the unbecoming nature in which it elenched your
mind.
Was it i who thrust the blade through your back.

Rethink this question.
For it was you who let your perceptions distort.
The most perplexing of those cirulent amends.
Now I'd like to rip your still beating heart from it's
blackened cavity.
I hope her mournful tears singe your gaping flesh
wound
And your black heart will be pounded to dust
And whisked away in the wind.
However I will always hold a place in mine for you
And all the DETESTATION your name brings.
You set your bridges ablaze.
And left them burning

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