

Lamb

"Suffering Bastard"

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Shorn of apocryphal pride, the locks falls predicting
strife. Cranium
Exposed, denial of aesthetic. Push it a little farther. All
of this burnt to
Ashes, all of this torn to rags. I don't know what the
fuck have I become?
Synapses snapping mortality decimated. Breakdown
whiskey shifts hate into
Overdrive. Realizing it's murder of the self so clean.
Hand reaches out
Desecrates impunity. Ripping away foundation's
identity replacing with
Shame. Transgression mythologized, indiscretions
immortalized. Anger
Inflamed with dry rot, pushing towards severance.
What a bloody mess.
Visiting dark sites unknown, grief lands like a ton of
bricks. All of this
Burnt to ashes, all of this torn to rags...

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