

Love Lies Bleeding "EndoLapsus"

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Within the boundless void of the I
Through the filters of endless writings
I slide, oppressively drifting yet alone
I feel divided
Incurable...
This pulse...

Is this the blood of a tyrant?
Or maybe a prophet's?
Is this vital poison the lymph of a worm?
The fathomless crappy hole of consciousness, I design
Like anal introspection, falling inwards.
A regression to existence's upheaved, I cut
The slices of dereliction, tumbling backwards

Lost?
Within myself?

This is an actor's debt to reality
Offering promises of heaven
While hell's rotten tongues are still licking my mask
Falling inside, in vain, seeking with fear
The warm empty darkness of eternal slumber.

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