

Margin Of Error "Vital Signs"

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Absence, a synthesized emotion.
Invent, creations have become them.
Lay away, oxygen intake.
Crawling insects, mind in torment.
Kill them to get away.
There is only on way.
Thought derange, nothing remains.
Fear pours out in liquid capsules, retreating.
Retreat.
Will you weep for this?
Will they wait for this?
Absent these vital signs are you alive?
Sew this mind void.
Shut your eyes child.
It will all be over when the gun hits the ground.
Thought knives cut these veins of hope as faith spills
forth who noticed before?
Lie, lies living in bloodless sores as blame spills forth
who deserves to mourn?
Will you weep for this?
Will they wait for this?

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