

Misery Inc.

"My Untold Apocalypse"

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Out of the past, fall the bodies that have come before me, following your path their just slaves in need of life. No ending in sight, the rape of another lover, satisfies the thirst until you find another high. Branded and exiled, the silence as you dive headfirst into this wasteland, this coffin, so warm and waiting. Boxed up, and nailed down, you suffocate on words unspoken. Shut down, and choked up, your mind so brilliant - and so broken. Demand your life ...and (I'll) fucking take it back! Arms stretched, your clutching handfuls of air as you go falling back to your abyss, you'll never drag me down there with you.

Foucault is laughing, this tragedy that you created so young, yet rotting, your beauty burned, your body wasted. Hours too late, as the sands tick away upon us, guts half-strewn across the floor of my life. No project of fate, all bonds cut and abolished carry your disease like the other parasites.

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