

Wreckery

"Until Your Heart Stops"

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A parasite that lost it's appetite with what he calls his
own being yours to clean for.
Walk with a weapon and fight just to see what draws
the line between the now and yesterday.
Scenes from the past being premonitions all to real.
We dwell like antique paintings older every day,
Until a thief steals you from the wall in the shadows of
creative eclipses.
I've noticed your handwriting improve over the years,
Though someimtes i still smell shit in the ink.
I can't clean this stain of a little boy, and sadly i am
trapped in here for good.
Locked my door and read these cryptic pieces a
hundred-thousand times more.
For every sundown taht crutches the awake,
Simmering the need of peave and lightly seasoning
our bodies back to bed.
Aimless is the mind on porcelain piloows.
And we dwell like antique paintings, older every day.

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