

Breathing Process

"Dear Antigone"

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You watch me fall over and over again
You watch me burn alive at the stake, swaying
Wake so now I may kill you once more
Wake so now I may taste you once more
Wake now my love.
My dearest love of all that has become the obsession
of the obsessor preyed upon the obsession of the
obsessor.
My dearest apocalypse my dear obsession dear
Antigone.
My dear sweet agony.
Dear antigone you are culmination dear sweet lover
you are my death you are my damnation.
"I know that you would have rather laced the chords
around your neck then to watch me die."
This time I pray you choke on every breath of your
empathy. I only hope to see your flesh in the perdition.
I wish we had burned alive that night, so by shreds I'll
burn your lies.
You love your life your lies.

Follow me now with my hands dressed in wrath.

Thunder falls silent with guilt that the heart beats
louder my lovers guilt has eaten away her conscience
This time I pray you choke on every breath of your
empathy my only hope is to see your flesh burn.

Follow me with my hands dressed in wrath the earth
will be undone.

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