

## Corpse vomit "Host"

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Again and again  
It winds slick/lix-like to have a fire site  
Perilous thorn in my brain

Parasite nimble with convulsed streams of plasma  
Nestles, sure of entry, in my brain

It breeds  
It sweats  
It burns  
It lives

Piece by piece, it knows me, and I know it  
Just when it comes and when it goes  
It stays by me, in secret, all alone  
Whenever I do what it drives me to  
It takes a little piece of me and burns it  
As a tribute to its god

As its temple and its victim  
My blood runs on marble floors  
Just like some insane circulation  
Back into my corroded heart

By then I realize  
There's just one door  
One door, unlocked  
I open the door, and

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