

## **Year Of Our Lord "Porcelain"**

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Turn to me, see my tears,  
this season falls dark again,  
your rubine eyes cut through me,  
i feel your sulfuric breath.  
Live with this sickness for a lifetime.  
Wake from your bed of broken glass.  
Kill your grace for just one moment.  
Pray that this plague will go away.  
Tear into me with talons soaked in rain.  
These deep winter scars seal my veins.  
Sift through the pieces in hellenistic severance.  
Devotions design fosters rabid consequence.  
A xerox of the years gone by.  
And notes from centuries past.  
Scrape the serum from my tongue, a crime, in the  
name of all.  
Warm your hand on what runs from my veins,  
my hands they1ve not moved a single inch today,  
I've failed, I just move on.

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