

Miguel Migs

"A Skeptic Between Lovers"

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Gathered around me like thousands of flickering
candles
Stars were exploding as I approached the pantheon
I could feel the tunnel narrowing in my descent
Claustrophobia supreme

Head first, frozen flesh and cells deteriorating before
us,
We are estranged, but this grip is not
Long after these ties of veins and sacrifice have frozen
Their pulse defies death, post-asphyxiation...

The pain will only make the voices linger
I can feel the tunnel narrowing in my descent
Beg for my life
Shallow ground materializes below me
My wings ignite and flail, disintegrating
Where no prayer can shatter the glass beneath
As long as blood promises remain firm

And slavery goes justified
I asked you not to follow me
And you did because you were a part of my veins
I will eviscerate us together
Agony, like it's meant to be
Then, the silence of an abused and empty paradise

Unfit for all but those that sacrificed their wings
In their descent

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