

## **The Seventh Gate**

### **"To Bloodlet: The Cleansing Urge"**

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start by etching dark secrets into your arm with glass  
and inject the filth of your sin and depression  
beneath your foul, dying flesh  
taste the stench, the decrepid aroma of a dying world  
virgin lips smeared with semen  
choke on my love  
i'm roadkill on god's highway  
we're all roadkill tonight anyway  
vulgar demonstration of lust  
romantic obsession  
run away from your halo  
sexual infatuation  
asphyxiate  
angels whisper sweet nothings  
hymns of homicide  
ordained clowns touch the clouds  
scarring the tranquil sky  
i've bathing for days  
but still i can't be clean  
something is better than nothing  
but i have this urge to kill  
my  
self

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