

Abacabb

"21 Gun Salute Or Firing Squad"

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I want to she'd my skin, to rip out of this paper thin jail
cell.
Metamorphosis.
Evolution.
Blood loss is only the riddance of filth.
Some call me manic, those who have not seen the vast
expanse of architecture inside me.
I am cancerous.
I am one big nerve center.
Infiltrate.
Replicate.
Detonate.
(Annihilate)
Look up for once, embrace me.
I am one big nerve center.
My heart will always beat no matter how far you try
to take it away from me.
I love the sound of ripping sinew

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