

Last House On The Left

"In My Skin"

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With a blast of shivering cold
I realize that my window is cracked, splitting
Power multiplied by force
Added to root strength
I shut the window
Allowing the glass to split from the panes

Hands having no time to react
They slide down the edge
Opening the pink outer layer of the flesh

Deeply driving on to the top of the bone
The bleached inside fills with red fluid

And spill so beautifully from the slits

Red fingerprints are etched onto the broken shards
My veins begin to sting
Strongly sticking it's way through my blood
Stabbing it's way out my eye
Sliding down my face
Carving my flesh as the path continues

Crimson fills my eyes as I fall to my knees
Spiraling in red I scream

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