

Pointed Sticks

"A Filthy Addiction"

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"I burned in the Garden of Paradise."
A lifetime of disbelief is now shackled by it's throat.
For he never turned unto the gates but burned it down
with earth.
He ingests his wealth, contemplates the drain, his
emerald soul.
His grave will sleep warm of opulent eyeballs.
And at the summoning grounds is the reunion where
abundance is abound.
Broken teeth are found in the bones and backs beyond
the flesh of animals.
And so began:
A filthy addiction.
The price on life had begun to substitute.
Thus he verbalized for every sad inhuman worth.
Broken teeth are found in the bones and backs beyond
the flesh of animals.
And so began:
A filthy addiction.
The price on life had begun to substitute.
And so commenced the sick unholy glowing green
addiction.
Thy thirst to strip the forest keeps the world in cold
affliction.
Sunk it's leaves of sustenance, drilling holes in all his
teeth.
Locked the spoils in their place,
"Carry your grin between your greed"
Infinitely basking, is his chest displaced with gold?
The mountains have not piled yet, must he slit a robins
throat?
The years will multiply and yet he never feels content
with himself and now he turns to burn the garden of
paradise.
Nothing saves.
Behold there is no gold that saves your soul.
To quantify salvation is to be unborn.
There is no price on life to be paid.
Every man is his own savior.
His basking is now met with an unfortunate realization.
Of his heart solid gold failed on the stretchers

congression.
And so it had ended.
Echoed forever, a filthy addiction.

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