

Soilent Green

"Looking Through Nails"

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inquisitor of a blind way...
sitting on a thin line
leaning from side to side...
crawling into a mold
when good made evil...
thought that speaks of the future
a dream lodged in the present
this social obscurity...
this nature of seclusion
lying beneath mud
the contradictory thought...
a contradictory action
the words of ancient minds
a textbook left unopen... a story untold
about murders to unfold
run away from your dreams
give up this great ecstasy
this entire swarm of nothing
infect a breed of insects
to plague all of man
knife in hand... lambs await
the wolf in sheep's clothing

bound in primitive mating
this rabid lust for meat
the sky delays the light
face down in the dirt... only written in loss
the stinging of a cut
inside awaits the answer... the truth inside
sympathetic aggressor
ideas prone to your weak... fall to knees
made to think of murder
the blood every drop... on his hands
these fresh pages...
only to be dirtied by filthy writing
an injected pen to disease
its layers uprooted
to feed the minds of the past
these scars on his palms filled with dirt
a will of remorse for this unforgiven bliss
sentence of denial

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