

Sonny Moore "Copaface"

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I'm quick learning lessons from the devil
But can't decide whether I arrived or was contrived

I view so many faces from a tower
Up above
Neglected inner wants and hungers for what I love

Cluttered bunched black eyed and voiceless
I fill up the sugar cup to stay
Up at night in my black upabove

Where my face is a moon full of craters
With crummy eyes and cyst-thighs
A perfect beacon for the fictionettes
Who spread their legs wide open on the plasma
Embodiments of everything I hide about my self today

Hips rashed
Elastic
Crowded
Barely wrenched into my upmost ambition for
attraction
So I nurse fellow wilted and the withered
Shallow love
Smut love
Our love in my black upabove

My face is a room full of mirrors
With crummy eyes and blistered thighs
A bent brain full of lies
A beacon for the fiction body voodoo
Embodiments in morbid tense
Misplace your grace to chase your copaface

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