

Hugh Brodie

"We Didn't Plan The Escape"

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A man strapped to a gurney,
intravenous cannulae inserted in both arms.

He gets a shot of sodium thiopental,
poison spreads like a plague through
his veins

He gets a shot of sodium thiopental,
the poison spreads like a plague through
his veins,
he get rendered unconscious, relieved from the pain.

He gets a shot of potassium chloride heart pounds
slower and it's time for him to die,
body goes into cardiac arrest hypoxia increases
he just took his last breath.

He gets a shot of potassium chloride heart pounds
slower and it's time for him to die.
No one will remember his soulless carcass.

Buried 12 feet under, maggots feasting on his flesh,
no cermonie,
no memorial, no flowers spread infront of the grave.

Reanimated by hate

A tight grip around her throat,
slowly feeling the larnyx getting crushed,
her eyes darkens as she gasps for her last breath,
it's getting dark and she's finally dead, dead.

I regret nothing!
I regret nothing!

She got away, far more lightly than the others

I'll fucking do it again!

