

Tricky "Rebirth"

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Each wall a space for a future corpse
Between finger and thumb My gun rests like a pen
With it I write I construct sick fantasy
Ignoring thoughts of an ever thinning conscience
Never lead to uncertainty
With open eyes a need for this With open eyes a need
for me
To kill the infection infatuation my infection
The rebirth a need to rest sleep takes hold on me
Like a death grip through my mind
I will never sleep till their death
Till their death leaves my mind never to wake up
To wake and not divide the dreams from life
A disbelief in self no longer dormant kept
Realized potential in me a disbelief in self
No longer dormant kept a desperation to fulfill

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