Profane Martyr

Cliteater

Suppurated boils cover your face
Gushing down your chin, superabundant
Pus
Epileptic scraggly limbs leave a weightless impression
Nailed to a wooden cross
Like thumbtacks to a wallI made you a martyr
Like hundreds before
Picking you off the hazy streets
The missing of a crackhead junkieCrown of thorns placed on your head now
Piercing through your empty skull
Snorting up the stench of blood
Profane creation, added to my quantumI made you a martyr
Like hundreds before
I crack head vigilante
Exalted above all law

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