Brainchild

Bloodlet

Persecution of compassion
cold sabbath
a dying man in a dying room
alone with a demon
the souls of your indiscretions
hold your rage
he is
the key that
set them free
cold in his hell
fear of failure
so you were forged
from the hammers of gods
underhand glance reeks of vengenance
insignificant
alone in his hell
I can hear him thinking
but i can't
listen
Brainchild of humanity
suffering through his intellect
mental scarification
treasonous thoughts
and his demons shriek
never to be thought of agian
until
the next time
I taste it bitter and bland
as watered betrayl sifts across my mind
sifts
sifts across
sifts across my mind
doors in the heavens
lead to tunnels in the mind
where brainchild wades
through the pissfountain
searching
for his lost
loves

black shape of the nexus
controlling force
face of stone
face of stone
unflinching
unheard
unloved
whore

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