

# Seraphim

## Bloodlet

I feel it enter my soul. Paranoid obsession won't let him leave home. 'Cause he's seen her face in the mirror, all tattered and torn. Glass bottom words won't leave her alone. 'Cause she's seen the angel that kills her. Can't see, don't know that the words are creation. Hell bent on destruction and lies. Fear's child sells him theory that hope is alive... This conflict lies in the back pocket of an unnamed angel. Still searching for the sign that completes the circle of it's life. Don't know what it finds will define it's life from the bottom of it's soul. Is your friend OK? Look like the lonely one who wants things to change. But things, they change to fast. Held in contempt of the righteous. He believes in serrated words. Left undisturbed will haunt him forever. Heaven sent, chosen few. Stealing the cracks below a screaming trumpet. Four heads on six wings that blow the four winds as the seventh trumpet sounds. I told that man what you had said and he looked at me and lied. Cried and closed his eyes, died and drew the line. Time goes as I go and I go high. His deed warms me. This darkness caresses me again. The sloppy image of painted truth rides through the heart of its maker. This man, his ability etched. Sports the hemorrhage from her dead socket. Now we can't wake him. Through holes in walls these angels walk. Hole in his soul this demon breathes. Knows in his heart, the seraphim will fall. When the winds die will the treason still bleed. Who's left holding the smoking gun... I am. Cold whispers help burn this sinners eyes. Pulls him back to birth. I witness the end. True beauty.

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