

Whitney

Bloodlet

We that drift across the mind, with the grace of nightmare sickness. Live past three thoughts to the judgement. Sweet lady. I could have hurt. Deliver me, far, far, far away, from here. Let it go this is mine. Please forever. Blood surrounds the fury, and warms the face of the one you love. Separate two times. The secret voice I've got speaks the new word for slave. Some kinds keep, some don't. Some scream, some don't. Hit, kick, holler, hit. But all of 'em, all of 'em Bleed. Caress and command. All the scents they blur Substance Lustenance

Abscess

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