

Kill

This Beautiful Mess

if i could get you into a frame.
if i could figure you out.
how truly would i really be.
if my image of you was complete.
i've been trying to fill the void.
to reach out and touch your face.
but i molded you after my taste.
and created another cliché.
with a human concept of what is fitting.
i cannot get you into my frame.
now i see but a poor reflection.
then i'll see face to face.
kill all my idols till thy kingdom come.
kill all my idols and come quickly come

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