Nowhere But Lost

Crisis

imagine to set one fire burn out the infection spread the ruin end the tyrrany
I saw you shut out the light tape the black fabric over your eyes
and this is the way you see there's a war going on insde me
let me go down...
your diseased hand touches my mouth
and the words and fingers rot and curl and wither
there's a hollowness that festers there let me go down...
I'm in the need to cut you to pieces.
twist the lids of your blinded vision.
I'm in the need to dismember the ruinous joints of you
I'm in the need for slaughter - I've got the taste of blood on my tongue...
picking at the skin offering no protection
I'm bared down to the wires
leave me this tarnished key to lock and silence
I need to be filled up with light
hope is sunken like my blackened eyes
I've lost this breath
withering solace
the ghost came to carry me home...

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