Asphyxiate

Genitorturers

Dependance consumes. Controlled and distracted by a selfinflicted sickness.
With every breath of the poison the
habit intensifies and the attempt to stop weakens.
Filth smoulders in the ashtray as you draw the vileness into your lungs.
Killing yourself, subjecting others to the air that your smoke defiles.
Cashing in on a cash crop, cashing in on your slow
death for their financial gain.
They create then feed a carcinogenic addiction that leads to selfdestruction. Cancer ravages the throat and lungs. A diseased heart fails.
The pain was avoidable and yet this insanity is accepted as normal.
The first genuine moments of remorse may be the last seconds of life.
Coughing up blood, gasping for breath. Each one was a nail in
your coffin. Inhale. Asphyxiate.

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