

Unwitting Valentine

Pig Destroyer

the sunlight rips through the overcast skies of my concious. through the
crack in the closet door warming the claw marks inside my eyelids the puppet seems to
have walked in on his master untangling her strings but sometimes when i am
watching the silhoutte in her bedroom window i think of leaning over her while she
sleeps and licking the heroin off her lips.

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