Venomspitter

And Hell Followed With

My sense, how their impairment embitters me. With each rise and fall of my chest do I breathe such failure. Painting this caricature of decomposition, I have stained the sheets of so fair a berth. I've wept for aeons in the maelstrom of vile addiction. The hounds, their symphony accompanies no more; the ties of depravity, my heart now ensnared. How I have hung my head in regards to such shame, morals conflicting my disposition. The discoloring of my will, afflicting the neurotransmitters now prevalent in my despair. With Id-like intent am I enclosed within such parameters. Though mortified, I am not bewildered. Colossal defeat, I shall ascend your cliffs again. I have not yet rested in my grave. This will not be my undoing. Thine ashes emcompass me, countess of all repulsions. In ruin have I fashioned such wounds to forever reconcile these memories. I will kneel no more. Oh darkest of venoms, I draw thee out.

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