Something Wicked

Bloodlet

My eyes sewn shut collaboration in the shadows armed with forked tongues damn your sinless grins and your hallowed existence I witnessed the charred remains of moralities grip propaganda has no emotion chaotic voices beckon from a burning pedestal perception dulls to apathy as you sleep my eyes are bleeding but my grin is stained as I ready myself for the killing time where you see beauty I see decay your virgin my slut the freaks is my reflection lesions leak scream you can't hear dripping thoughts and soul fuel the righteous stained skin scars of fervor bitter bile contempt blistering in envy grief of opinion a twisting reality exempt void of concept futility infected moral hate breeds
the need to inflict suckle my faith strike with fluid precision twine to wrap life all militia prophesized inside the voice bellowed your screams are not but whispers outside your eyes attempt to break the tower trying to move the sun now bask in your glory so profound it no longer warms me there is no fault here there is no shame nursing the burns laughing as I bleed long cast from your cult waning memories of your love I found myself in your conviction there is pain in your insecurity my eyes sewn shut all scriptures are written in the blood of the defeated damn your sinless grins and your hallowed existence propaganda has no emotion

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