

# Stain of Steel

## Inior

Pressure on the bones  
Frame loads you down and squeals  
- The air flickers, thickens, moves piecemeal, becomes barrier -  
    Metal clings are snakes kissing your neck,  
    Canvas the wall, paintbrush your back.  
    - the deepest shadow draws the scene,  
Paints it black and keeps it perfectly intactThe whole infection never fades  
    Starts to reveal its black embrace to you.  
    There is no red claw  
    Tearing up from pupils cobwebs  
    Rising from the gloom.  
Life is steel - not bending at your whim-.  
    Floating on a sinless hex broth  
Rising from the gloom.That day was dumb  
    It caught my calm when  
    I felt all thoughts  
    Turned into stone when  
I stared at my nightly monsters  
    Slightly growing out of me.  
    I blinded myself to believe  
There were still hideouts to reach.  
I found a thread, it was a false guide  
Tying down to insanity.Let the structure flow,  
    Calm down your chest and slide  
    See the dreadful step  
    Degrading your disease  
(Oh God, I fear he cannot hear at all...)

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