

Circle Of Dead Children, 10 Fingers (My Last Ten

Spit slides like sludge from the lips
Mumbling the lost words of a Fall grievance
I can barely speak to you with purple lips and a cracked smile
Ripped apart in unequalled confusion
Always sewing my stability back together with the thinnest of twine
Rip and sew
Rip and sew
Rip and sew
Put me back together
Rip and sew
Rip and sew
Rip and sew
Put me back together
Split apart at all the vital seams
And the tears that seep from my eyes drip and mix with blood and ink
Blood, tears, and ink in a pirouette of mayhem and tranquillity
It's a whitewash of emotion
Sweat kisses my tongue and I know that I'm still real
I know that I'm still alive with myself
I yell out your name and choke frothing deprivation
The nourishment of loss
Asleep with asleep
Creeping, inching, crawling across the floor toward the gate
cause that's where the flowers bloom and wilt
Roses laced with blood and drool
Watching the pigment drain away from petals clung to my body
Angelic and sweet
I'm losing feeling
Raking open my chest with thorns
Shed back the skin
Exposed to the elements
Frigid cold violent dedication
A human desecration