

Flesh Field, Serene Image

They say you can be defined,
That the parts make up the sum.
You are not simply what you do.
I am not only what I've done.
We fell from grace only recently,
So I hid my face to keep my sanity.
This plague, it eats a little more of me away.
This rage, it will destroy what I've become someday.

The new year opens with tears.
No shield for this pain.
The sobs that burn my ears,
The sobs that pound like rain.

A deep seated hatred of our fellow man,
Contempt for all other life.
Not so unlike a swarm of flies.
Still we think we know what's right.
I stare back at my face.
My eyes must show no sign
Of all I've come to regret.
I'm all I've come to despise.