

Through Stained Touch Of My Nemesis

Bethlehem

Possibly, unexpected
Allowing a Scorpion that
Of what we still don't know
And let it fall in sculptured blood
By the Swing of his scrotum

The Putatives Grade your pre-judging swoon
Overflowing bashfully to the view of a Shaved God
in the brutal Darkness of an abandoned Horse eye

A second Scissor obtains admission
over fivefolds of sorrow
and it wasn't just the Chaos
knitted like clothes
Then when a flaming creature did it
in the self-chosen dances of death
And the Darker ones lead
The Seraphs who hurriedly chase the sounds
To Keep back the thoughts of Bursting
A pissed Eel,
Whose effigy steps over the edge of the Abyss

No Flames reach me
and no one is already there
Where my death Discords with
an Enslaved toy base

No Nail Shadows tears through the stillness
Of my submissive return home
Yet, only to Directly sit itself on a shorter sword
belt
Over the consumed shame of my darken ardor

Death Believes negligence instigates with vehemence
across the pale ashes that broods a ready to fry Love
and the once straight beam is now bent
and strapped to the wick no more.