

Distraction crossing my mind  
Words twisting outside themselves again  
Embedded and red  
Breath is fading out  
Consecration swallows all that I was  
Your touch opens the wound  
Agreement follows blistering pain  
Fever-touched flesh  
Wishing there was nothing left

Desperate for lies to unfold heaven  
Intolerant smiles  
Ever-watching seas of greed  
You want to take it away  
I can taste the blood on the back of my throat  
Nothing like your hatred to give me new hope  
I look out,  
I see all your gaping mouths, eyes burning  
Distractions hold somewhat true  
Mine is only half.  
Let me out.  
Isolate.