

21 Gun Salute Or Firing Squad

Abacabb

I want to shed my skin, to rip out of this paper thin jail cell

.

Metamorphosis.

Evolution.

Blood loss is only the riddance of filth.

Some call me manic, those who have not seen the vast expanse of
architecture inside me.

I am cancerous.

I am one big nerve center.

Infiltrate.

Replicate.

Detonate.

(Annihilate)

Look up for once, embrace me.

I am one big nerve center.

My heart will always beat no matter how far you try to take it
away from me.

I love the sound of ripping sinew