

## Hemlock Like This

Arsonists Get All The Girls

I'm dry mouthed and wide eyed  
My liver starts to pulsate  
It feels like blades have internal reckoning  
A mass confusion of sorts springs  
From whence it came gurgling  
I have been taken for a fool for the,  
The last time  
I need oxygen my limbs feel as if  
They're icing over  
My pulse quickens and is constricting  
Every reason holds temporary thoughts of it  
What I've begun to feel  
But my tainted mind has different plans for me  
In decision takes seconds off my time  
Vision turns to red  
I stand lurched to one side with  
Odds against me contemplating  
I'm fading faster after every thought  
Is registered  
I've never choked on a scream  
Or ever thought I would  
Hands cool to the touch  
Clamber for a respective positive  
If they'll ever take me alive  
That moment lies in wake  
I'd give anything for that moment  
It's like waiting for incoming tide  
Burn me alive  
Anything but this mutagen  
Death from inside  
I can feel everything inside me wither,  
Wither and die  
A certain gravity is holding onto my skin tight  
Coherence left it's imprint  
The round around me softens  
I can still feel a will to live, will to live  
But my eyes will not grant the access  
It's colder that before  
It comes to shape, comes to shape  
I tried to get out alive with out variable  
But that seemed so song ago  
It seems years ago