

## Metamorph

### Blood Has Been Shed

dark clouds line the sky and descend  
to the shallow heart of the man  
enraptured by the burning flames of animosity

the hammer falls and penetrates  
and preys on my demons darkest desires  
my soul is now a womb

you are flesh of my flesh  
forever we embrace

I see my reflection on the bloodstained floor  
a clenched fist that holds no compassion

tranquility an escape  
I will never know  
conception - the breeding  
labor - the pain I bear  
birth - of scorn reproduction