

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