

So relentless in spite of the turns and the breath and
the vomit
Carve out the pit of my stomach.
This is the world that we have painted and shunned.
As worms breed they succeed to do the things that I
couldn't.
Reach all the maggots that nested inside her
touch all the nerves so that you can feel something
I am sick, sick of severed roots and disconnect from this
planet
She is sick, sick in the head with a disease unwritten
For the things you have done, you will never be forgiven.
Because I know that for your actions you feel nothing
She was just another cold broken body, another note.
May the same mercy be given when the blood runs down your
throat.