

Substantial Guilt Vs. The Irony Of Enjoying

Ion Dissonance

And I lay numb, waiting for
Something worse to happen. s
Sweet innocence, it happened
So suddenly. She crossed my path

on the way to nothingness, I knew
That I was encountering an angel
Of purity and in the process
I've quickly understood that I don't

deserve her, none of us, humans, do. beholding such a fatality
leave you empty with bitter grief. life seems
To be tarnished and sour, raped

in its very essence, but sorrow is rapidly replaced by frustrat
ion,
Envy & despair. dressed in white,
A child alone, so fragile and beautiful

has dawn, to hold her close was exhilarating in a most vicious
way.

I felt so weak, yet empowered somehow. one thing leading to

another, I knew then, that if I could not experience nor posses
s purity,
I would at least try to grasp it and choke the life out of it.
and I did,

oh why, I don't know but I did... violently, I've pummeled her
face

With my bare fists till she became awfully deformed, bleeding a
nd dying,

all twisted in terror... I, I, I have forcefully replaced every
missing
Teeth in her mouth by razor sharp shards of glass, slowly inser
ting every

piece of glass in the little one's gum. why was I laughing?
I guess that is my art, to inflict upon purity the only thing I
can give, and unfortunately it's

not love. I should've feel guilty, I know, but it simply didn't
occur.

(As I am unable to put the knife through my own flesh anymore..
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