

Bled Out in Black and White

It Dies Today

Disconcerting feeling has opened my eyes for the very last time
This faith stirs an echo
I hear amongst the safe and perfect waste

A slow fear still creeping in
Invasive and persuasive like a whisper softly convincing me to
move on
Lay waste to all the tangible explanations
Nothing's as it seems

Spit out the words to this question
The validity of my future faults

Carving my intentions with this blade of distinction
Digging deeper still in my skin
Twisting slowly, opening the wound

Spit out the words to this question
The validity of my future faults
Spit out the words to this question
Where do I begin?

This line scored from ear to ear
Telling a tale of exsanguination

These (immanent?) fingers pressed against my neck
Bleeding out the destruction I command

This calm stirs an echo
I hear amongst the sacred perfect waste
A slow fear still creeping in
Invasive and persuasive like secrets quietly convincing,
And missing the moral in these eyes