

Surround By Disgust

Lividity

I don't care about the pain I have caused you
In my mind I am right for what I have done
Your thoughts bring you back to the suffering and the fear
Tearing your flesh was sweet to behold

You are so weak, pathetic, fragile
I wanted so much more misery
But you would not allow
You gave up too quickly

This wasn't precious for you
There was no fight in you
I gave you the chances to see if you'd take them
But feeble you lay crying instead

Worthless and a waste of my time
I am the artist, you are my tattered canvas
Not worth the paint that has spilled
I did enjoy your screams however

The others before you fought back
You could stand to learn from them
You will see them soon
Wherever they are, or have been

I think of them often
I will not waste thoughts on you

If s going away
Do you even realize
I have given you
The freedom you don't deserve