

Downpour Of Emptiness

Machinemade God

Chasing the sunset, while my hand rotates to the left
carving canyons into my wrist
Sometimes the screaming silence creates the back-drop
for the next blood stained, painful kiss
Four-thirty after midnight. The hours passed by in silence
these moments I ache for to pass,
creeping in black air upon the white walls as purple sheets enc
ase our restless forms.
Dark red rivers run deep, flooding mountain walls with this blo
od
Black clouds come up slowly as they cover me in whispers