

Disgust for Your Kind

Oceano

I want to listen as you suffer, witness your lips beg for death
.
My desire is to revel in this torment, let your misfortune quench my thirst.
Restrained as I spit in your face, it disgusts me more than your insides.
I'm pleased to see you in pain.
You'll find it hard to speak with a broken jaw.
Whose name did you scream?
Scream as you are battered repeatedly, tortured beyond capability.
Plea to a God whom exists at your own convenience.
He won't respond.
No one shall heed your call.
You are subjected to my morbid imagery.
I envision every incision made.
Your open wounds shall remind you of me.
Whose name did you scream?
Beckon to me, you are defeated.
The irony is you've provoked these events.
Beg for death.