

Ruiner Of Life

Pg.99

When hands meet here, skin forms. from tube through skin
and from my mouth. you're all painted and dressed up for
confusion this in all ends. meet complications to devices
I bow my head, just to pretend to know a thing or two
about a prayer. in horrible deaths we lay, just to lay
for peace, and just to say goodnight, and then we finally
sleep. but how can I sleep with the sound of hooves
coming up the stairs.