

Rejection Fetish

Pig Destroyer

A pair of cracked snowflakes bleed behind a veil of crimson but
terflies her face is a heaven littered with dead angels I bathe
d in their blood slept upon their severed wings imagining a pla
ce called innocence I see flashes of pale skin writhing in brui
sed ecstasy I am the immortal disciple of a dying god each time
she forgives me it becomes easier her smile has gone and in th
e bedroom there is only the hollow scraping of skeletal lovers
dreaming of skin