

The Feeble Mind

Psyclon Nine

Your flesh, a shrine to my soul
Torn from bone, dripping crimson red
Your time is now
I dream of death on ready wings with nothing left
Light floods your eyes as you struggle, bound in terror
Enveloped in the stench of morality
Tattered dolls found wrapped in plastic
Tortured souls freed from humanity
The feeble mind will pray to God
The feeble mind will fall