

Legions of Ruination

Rose Funeral

Rot through the skin.
Deep within is where they cut and scythe.
Bleed them out.
They spill about.
One by one they end a life.
Hacking, they butchered them malevolently.
Extirpate.
Annihilate.
Bring forth unholy

Amputation is done by singularity.
The fixation on the cold body enlightens me
Draining blood,
I cut, I slice, I slash, I dice the skin
Untouched,
they pray I stop,
but I start to begin.