

## Mutations

### Salt The Wound

Let's pretend that in the end we wouldn't have fallen down.  
Instead we'll stand on our feet again, let's pretend.  
The day that the starving man never bit me.  
This blood drenched man, seemed to cry for help, as he Stared at me, his eyes were changing.  
Rising to his feet, incapacitated, puking violently, Charging straight for me.  
With his mouth opened wide drooling intensely, I leaped The fence and ran inside.  
In the house I hide, barricading everything, what would Come next?  
Terrified, running up the stairs, finally found the Shotgun kept under my bed.  
It's time to put an end to this nightmare; I'll end your Life as quickly as I chose to save it.  
Removing the Debris only to see, the starving man behind Me, as he pounced I never had a chance.  
He bit my hand, he fucking bit me, and it's over for you Swiftly placed the shotgun, to his head.  
I'll share the same fate soon.