## **Platonic Sleepover Massacre**

## The Bled

you tried to cover your tracks but I caught on to you they foun d your ear in a jar, your bones in a bag, in the back of the ro om when they pulled the snakes off your flesh, they were hungry for more.

you have had your last, all your sins are cleansed, no reason f or you to go on.

I put you to rest