

Infection

The Contortionist

I have seen the sun rise and set,
Felt my blood drip from my mouth,
But nothing could have prepared me for what came next.

Is this just paranoia that has shaken me, shaken me right down
to my core?
Or is this just the beginning of worse things to come?

Have my eyes begun to deceive me again?
The reality of this wretched end will bring us to our knees.

We are all better off dead.

There is nothing we can do tonight,
But hope this all gets better with time and patience.
The falling days will consume us all and turn our bones to dust
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