

Ad Mortem

The Famine

To stop
A setting sun
Whose time has come
On the day of a lifetime.
A crime
You didn't try
To emphasize
The struggle to get there.

Face it, this is a war that you are losing
A scarlet letter etched upon your trembling chest.
So scratch your skin to feel alive,
An amateur surgery.
Don't pluck the splinter from your eye,
The joys of life are gory.
Bend back the finger until it snaps
To splintered bone and crushed veins.
Scream out until both lungs collapse,
"All hail the dark new campaign!"

There is a special place in hell for people like you.

A life
Immortalized
By serpent eyes
And a beautiful forked tongue
To beg
For some restraint
It sounds the same
As the day that we first met.

So now,
Drown it out in holy water,
Vicodin and dollar bills.
Your dirty hands
Can thread the needle through your skin
But they can't wash away your guilt.

There is a special place in hell for people like you.