

Force Fed Trauma

Through the Eyes of the Dead

Like a thousand plagues over my soul and the smell coming from
behind the trees makes me sick it bring sflash backs from the p
ast haunting me reddish gold and silver a hint of rust and bloo
d my eyes they burn from the dying embers once known as me they
suffocate the dying embers once known as me I can't make out t
he names on the wall they're rusted and covered with blood take
my hands force feed me trauma take my hands and nail them toge
ther take all that I see and force feed me trauma as the candle
light fades my hands are nailed together my eyes burn one last
kiss from my sweet sarin force fed trauma