

Diseased, the inner sanctum dies
Rhapsodized, before your sightless eyes
Demise, tartarus in disguise
Your words, all but stigmatized

Like a body without a soul
And a sacrifice of faith
The desire to be flesh
Yet forced to abdicate

Pain
Myopic empire

Shelter to a venal mind
Subsistence within your own decline

You betrayed me to my face
Though professing to seek the truth
Nowhere near a fleshless decay
Your relinquished purity of youth

And in all incessant bitterness
A lack of comprehension
Intoxicated by my suffering
Thou shall suffer too