

A Murmur in Decrepit Wits

Aborted

Murmur - whisper to me
Slithering fantasies of cleaning bones, lucid dreams
Yearning to become real
The luscious slitting of throats, what fantasy?

These fictions so corporal so obtuse
Restricting me, frustrating me
The fictions so morbid seem foretold
Digging in the psyche

No theory, no medication, no session
Can shed light upon the monster I am told to become
No theory, no medication, obsession
The smell of blood, the soothing of the pain mine
A medical condition? No, merely purpose
Decrepit wits in a mind mine

These fictions so corporal so obtuse
Restricting me, frustrating me
The fictions so morbid seem foretold
Release the rage in me

Set in motion the first kill
Adrenaline, rushing me
The fictions so morbid fulfilled
Release the real in me

Swing the axe, hang the rope
The tales of my coming painted in a spree of gore
Do say your prayers, they shall be answered
By the cutting of blades as your insides are drained

No longer murmurs - in thy decrepit wits
A spree of murder - unleash my insanity
Meticulous plan, the fruition of years of mental disorder
A spree of terror, the canvas of decay
Left behind for them to find, in perspicuity

Murmurs - whisper to me
Slithering fantasies of cleaning bones, lucid dreams
Yearning to become real
The luscious slitting of throats, what fantasy?