

Break Me

Funeral

Tis Blood thou seeketh?
Thou canst hurt me if thou want it.
Burn and break me,
Run your nails clean through me,
For not even the pity of vultures am i worthy.

White skin stings the eyes,
But the soft, red, brush loves soothing ache.
With cold, steel, serrated lips
I kiss myself... So hard.
In long arching motions.

And the picture painted is one of death.
Skin-like canvas
Yearns and. beckons
Screaming for repentance.

The feeling when flesh parts.
Gaping wounds speaking its beauty in riddles,
A mute crescendo of spewing blood.
Unveiling the- true self,
Streaming from the heart.

Drenched in surreal pain,
And dancing in a liquid veil,
A constant spray of fading life.

Led by angels dressed as demons.
Sweet are their arms to die in.
But they carry thorns
Thorns that rapture and release.

Behold my art,
The flesh takes form
With killing detail
And suicidal precision.