

21 Gun Salute Or Firing Squad

Abacabb

I want to shed my skin, to rip out of this paper thin jail cell
.
Metamorphosis.
Evolution.
Blood loss is only the riddance of filth.
Some call me manic, those who have not seen the vast expanse of
architecture inside me.
I am cancerous.
I am one big nerve center.
Infiltrate.
Replicate.
Detonate.
(Annihilate)
Look up for once, embrace me.
I am one big nerve center.
My heart will always beat no matter how far you try to take it
away from me.
I love the sound of ripping sinew