

Other Flesh

Amoral

Certain to die and become an image of those deeds
No phase of acridity shall be excused
Retribution not contented until the urge takes control
For schemes will leash the future to come

Outrage refines

Posioned sympathy trapped between eyes
Lying under torture you would not hold longer
Instead of one's strength it's the other's weakness
For that has become the trap of its bearer

Outrage refines
Cutting out all alike

Out of order
Facing the acts
A mind reveals
The past a collapse

Determinate fury feeding a falsehood
Falsehood that is supposed to comfort
Outlines of a figure emotionally cold
Will feel in the extreme to assign the rest

Do not ease