Bled Dry

BoySetsFire

Hate is a strong word,
But not strong enough
For a vision so bereft of life.

Pseudo intellect,
Stuck in the artifacts
Of distant glories passing you on by.
Run, scramble for the taste.
Just one more chance in case.
You can suck the life from the inside.

Straight from the backs of others.
Straight dropped and hacked from others,
Bled from the backs of those that built your throne.
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Straight dropped and hacked from others,
Bled from the backs of those that built your throne.

Bled dry.

There's nothing left to bite.
Simplified archetypes,
Enarmored visions of rot you crave.
Rising up to the surface,
Goading your petty servants
To drive your ego on and on.
Made up celebrity,
Vomit our tragedy.
Cut out the heart of what you'll never see.

Straight from their backs.
Straight dropped and hacked.
Bled from the backs that built your throne.

Bled dry.
Bled dry.

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