

Don't Touch Me

Ceremony

Wretched feeling and feeling spilt
Gone into and around the back
I don't have any feelings, only some of servitude
Cringing, crying, awake
Don't look at me or anything

Volatile, simple minded, only sinking and deprived

You know you're a mistake
All of you feeling nothing but to take
Braking fingers, needing splints
All of you, I don't like you, I don't need
Don't touch me you're sickening