

These twisted shards
Tinkered with yet once again
Shine brightly
My masochistic playpen
The cold steel
Sends shivers down my spine
I yearn for its touch
This malefaction divine

A few more screws and a couple of springs
Will help make it more efficient
As long as the experience is painful
Wouldn't that just be magnificent

My pain has built this shrine
The wounds from last night now have started to heal
The urge to pick at them is real

The lubricant has been replaced
I sharpen the edges to ensure efficiency
Again

As darkness descends
I strap myself in
I shake with excitement
As the maliciousness
Begins to slice

The pain is exhilarating and keeps me awake
I once went too far and that was a mistake

You see the blood spilled out far too thick
I could not enjoy it
But somehow miraculously I reacted quick

I think tomorrow it will be perfected
Timeline is set and finale projected
The flaps of skin pulse as I fade away
I grasp onto reality as darkness turns into day

I needed this experience for crying out loud
Tomorrow will be better I scream and shout
This sadistic ritual that I found
Has me living the dream soaring amongst the clouds

The vileness embraces me as I blackout finally
As I slowly fade away

Is listening