

Patricide

Eighteen Visions

Innocence. guilt.
Look into a cold dark stare.
My eyes will tear you apart.
Can't look away.
Your fate has been decided.
Blood freezing.
Body gone numb.
Unaccepting of pain, but willing to assert it.
You've given in to my stare.
Can't take the pain.
Can't accept the truth.
Only fifteen hundred miles separate me from witnessing your demise.
Blood freezing.
Body gone numb.
Slit throat.
Icepick.
A carving tool.
Cut yourself and choke on your blood mother fucker.
Strangled with stone cold hands.
Your taste of blood is sour.
Look into my frozen stare one more time as your mutilated body shatters.