

The Flayed Ones

Fleshless

Frenzied yells of those
Once sacrificed
Echoing here
From the past
When the blade draws
A line

The blood runs at last
Next turn is mine
Skin or clothes?
Row of flayed ones

Showtime in the motion
What the other wants
Models unveiled, shivering, shy
Leaving wet tracks
On the floor
Fatless or fat-full

A living sculpture
Of quiet pain
Flesh-full or fleshless
My body in other's skin
A bizzare game.

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