

Humming Miter

Full of Hell

Force fed bodies into empty rooms
Long burnt plastic waxing moon
Ebbing ember wanes and shrivels
Flows weakly as ceaseless rivers

Bellowing hoarse, into the wall
Sea of dead eyes, waking rolling
Carapace drags, on and on
Shell of a shell, on and on
Folds of money pass through my hands
Just as quickly to another's
Don't question your own self worth
Accept that you are fucking worthless
Crushed worm under the foot of terra
And here I am, lacking desire
Bellowing hoarse, into the wall
Bellowing hoarse, at you