

The False and the Cinematic

Marmaduke Duke

When the razors break in us it's time to give in
With a feast of wood and dust, a diet of glass, contort, distort

Why am I so attracted to the dangerous relationships so false and cinematic?

For I belong it seems nowhere, slowly imploding, so delicate, with all the answers inside out

My time at war with myself

I wish I could touch my skin with my knees

I don't have any joints in my legs, my fingernails start at my ankles and wrists

How could you recognise me wounded, I thought I had covered it up

Di, dice, die, dice