

Task Master

Pig Destroyer

Skies precious horns, ordinary chainsaws
I am left with horses revolting in the normalcy
Shipwrecked by a face all sweet and empty
Like a hollow candy or an ice cream smile

Licked down to a cigarette I promptly extinguished
In a dead infection a desk drawer full of blurry sunflowers
Under your bare feet are only symptomatic
Of the monster I have become

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