

Sistine Chapel

Sadistik

You are art like Artemis
Flowing through my arteries
I was not the architect
But still you are a part of me
Apart from seeking out a seance
Saying I could part the seas
See I am your apostle
I won't jostle with apostasy
Poems fall from open lips
Rose petals from your fingertips
Stiletto punctures sink my ship
Ambrosia scents still lingering
When Everything I do
Is stained in blue I Vincent Van Gogh
All these memories of you
Paint my skull like Sistine Chapel

I swear to god I do
I see the god in you

I'm not art I'm garbage
I've been breathing in carcinogens
Maybe since my scar collection's
Growing on my carcass it just
Seems I am car-sick again
Coursing ahead curse in my head
Cursive my feelings to purge the dread
Or come to life dead occurs instead
I've burned alive arsoned the sinner
And since ascended too sick of winter
We left kissed the trigger from sips to benders
We spent December alone together
I'm only human you're only better
I'm soaked in fuel you float with feathers
A holy product I'm Onibaba
You're Sistine Chapel show me god