

Dear Antigone

The Breathing Process

You watch me fall over and over again

You watch me burn alive at the stake, swaying

Wake so now I may kill you once more

Wake so now I may taste you once more

Wake now my love.

My dearest love of all that has become the obsession of the obsessor preyed upon the obsession of the obsessor.

My dearest apocalypse my dear obsession dear Antigone.

My dear sweet agony.

Dear antigone you are culmination dear sweet lover you are my death you are my damnation.

"I know that you would have rather laced the chords around your neck then to watch me die."

This time I pray you choke on every breath of your empathy. I only hope to see your flesh in the perdition.

I wish we had burned alive that night, so by shreds I'll burn your lies.

You love your life your lies.

Follow me now with my hands dressed in wrath.

Thunder falls silent with guilt that the heart beats louder my lovers guilt has eaten away her conscience

This time I pray you choke on every breath of your empathy my only hope is to see your flesh burn.

Follow me with my hands dressed in wrath the earth will be undone.