

Catalepsy

The Red Chord

Over and over constantly, I see the face smiling at me.
It is a mere reflection of human wretchedness.
Our sins bleed a smile upon the face.
Corpse fucked knows what lies on the other side.
To bask and burn in the deeds of the guilty and the wretches.
Our skin peels and burns reflecting off the glimmering white
over and over and over inside my mind.
Over and over constantly, I see the face smiling at me.
It is a reminder of our own insecurities.
Guilty remain melted together, our turn to hate all that remain
s.
Today's a day like any other day.
You just can't escape the pain and the tragedy or help wondering,
"Why this man smiles?"
The young get old and the old get older
and they are all soon melted together.
The tragedy and wondering "why is this man smiling?"