

Eighteen Visions, Of Pain

i stare down your blood coated throat glancing back into what was daylight.
it shines on your dismembered body as vengeance drips from my hand.
paint your walls with dead flesh.
watch it rot. let it stain.
a whore to your project, they suffer in shackles of human exploitation.
chain of blood see it sleep.
rusty knife to apparatus.
sweat glazed palms.
eyes glisten with fear.
bleed these scars you bear and let me piss on your open wounds.
slip struggle to your feet.
choke on the wretched stench of a whorehouse and let the innocent cry.
no more excuses now its your time to die