

Am I Blood, Stains

Ceiling swings over noexistent
Skin becomes inflamed
Shortcut narrows a distance stays
Absence from this meaning
Seems to suck out the liquid thoughts
Rain irrigates the words
Hollow ground my escape and safe
Must be disagreeable

How low they could flow
One deeper level on an unspoiled hole
Face behind the attack
Of isolated, selfish and me

Looking still into sentenced mind
Does it know how to care
Guest of honour has a slave's disgrace
Captivity of fame

Tears fall from their eyes
Ordinary things are superficial fakes
Celebrating above my talent
Was it good enough to be my tale

Stains of my grave
Still remain
I'm the one
In this room

Sinking breath totally gone low
Disconnected dawn
Pretending they were insane with dreams
Only lies were in time

How low they could flow
One deeper level on an unspoiled hole
Face behind the attack
Of isolated, selfish and me

Stains of my grave
Still remain
I'm the one
In this room
To give my
Approval of
Indifference
I gave you something real

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