

# Circle Of Dead Children, 10 Fingers (My Last Ten

Spit slides like sludge from the lips  
Mumbling the lost words of a Fall grievance  
I can barely speak to you with purple lips and a cracked smile  
Ripped apart in unequalled confusion  
Always sewing my stability back together with the thinnest of twine  
Rip and sew  
Rip and sew  
Rip and sew  
Put me back together  
Rip and sew  
Rip and sew  
Rip and sew  
Put me back together  
Split apart at all the vital seams  
And the tears that seep from my eyes drip and mix with blood and ink  
Blood, tears, and ink in a pirouette of mayhem and tranquillity  
It's a whitewash of emotion  
Sweat kisses my tongue and I know that I'm still real  
I know that I'm still alive with myself  
I yell out your name and choke frothing deprivation  
The nourishment of loss  
Asleep with asleep  
Creeping, inching, crawling across the floor toward the gate  
cause that's where the flowers bloom and wilt  
Roses laced with blood and drool  
Watching the pigment drain away from petals clung to my body  
Angelic and sweet  
I'm losing feeling  
Raking open my chest with thorns  
Shed back the skin  
Exposed to the elements  
Frigid cold violent dedication  
A human desecration