

# Cliteater, Profane Martyr

Suppurated boils cover your face  
Gushing down your chin, superabundant  
Pus  
Epileptic scraggly limbs leave a weightless impression  
Nailed to a wooden cross  
Like thumbtacks to a wall

I made you a martyr  
Like hundreds before  
Picking you off the hazy streets  
The missing of a crackhead junkie

Crown of thorns placed on your head now  
Piercing through your empty skull  
Snorting up the stench of blood  
Profane creation, added to my quantum

I made you a martyr  
Like hundreds before  
I crack head vigilante  
Exalted above all law