

# Eden Maine, The Acidic Taste Of Betrayal

She lay in the air, abandoned from the neck down.  
Her flesh splintered across the disenchanted earth.  
And in the darkness of the hillside where her body hung cold,  
the decaying night air cast a shadow across her lifeless body.  
The neck stretched until the vertebra in her back snapped shut.  
The scars across her skin still weeping as her blood fell back into the earth.  
But there will be no resurrection tonight.  
Death as we know is final and the fantasy would end here.