

# Frankenbok, Cocooned

Sculpted my man and perfected to last  
But your fingers nurtured the eggs heavy handed  
Synthetic cocoon, auto claustrophobia  
Bones break, skin tears, I transform!  
Brutal and frozen, reptilian dying to evolve.  
Angry ants are swarming, large, now awakened and out of control  
Fueling this abominobal, chaotic form of a beast that reflects my own being  
Dreamt I was a man, was perfected to last but the image has gone, blood I will lust  
You have no idea what you had  
You do not know what you got till its gone