

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