

Luddite Clone, Arthropod

Isn't this enough to feed your lust does the blood not
satisfy your tongue it used to kill the cravings it used to soothe the beast
I used to chant the
suicide mantra and it was all that I could hear and you waited for the end
so you could be
the vulture so you could feast away but now you grow impatient and the hymn
is not enough
you're begging for the symphony and calling for the maestro to strike up the
band and cut my
feeble throat isn't this enough isn't this your ride playing with the
handgun painting with my
blood and constructing ugly portraits to make me burn the brushes