

Pig Destroyer, Rejection Fetish

A pair of cracked snowflakes bleed behind a veil of crimson butterflies
Her face is a heaven littered with dead angels i bathed in their blood
Slept upon their severed wings imagining a place called innocence
I see flashes of pale skin writhing in bruised ecstasy
I am the immortal disciple of a dying god
Each time she forgives me it becomes easier
Her smile has gone and in the bedroom
There is only the hollow scraping of skeletal lovers dreaming of skin