

Skinny Puppy, Amnesia

for reasons untold born a body mass no excuse for intolerable kick set in glass grasp a moment shattered a lock on the door scraping demon trapped resides starving for freedom all my strength to keep inside tear it down if i could move heaven or hell i would to summon heads rush all perception void and meaningless anti fathoms life in spite of it negate all feeling fractured mocked deplore naming reverse remote viewing empathic lesion surrounding the guilt cannot deny tear it down a process to describe whatever truth means nothing when adding no results times a shallow digging through the mud thrown out so expectable intentions not up front and the shit that never faced reflects the sliver looped a flaw rotates forever unresolved tear it down