

The Bled, John Wayne Newton

Shine on spotlight cadaver.
What have you become?
Come get your glamour fix.
Pushed into vein.
Shine on sweet medicated kisses.
I wont watch you die.
Your surrogate funeral eyes like blackened pillows.
Your victim's mask is slipping away.
Malfunction slow collapse.
One more fix to get you through.
A soft syringe to lick your wounds.
When you look into the mirror
Are you afraid of what you see
Through yellow caution tape.
Will you come to me for love?
I will not bleed for you this time.