

Am I Blood, Emotions

Organic plastic as a smooth solid food
Fascinating form a low divided voice
The fantasy of body-talk a limit for flesh
Nitrate ass not a god's meal, creation
So it takes a rest on that bed
Quickly reach to another extent
Could be colors from TV-friends
Knuckle-duster breaks holy breath
Forget to give the sign, unspiritual
The bluster of angel's smile, silence alone
Motor deep in head running red
Greasy hand feeding sugar drops
Broken glass between her legs
Really need an exit to set
Killers payment, tomorrows dream
Demonstration, a low place's hole
Disordered picture, permanence
Questions to my answers
Pistol's pipe moving in a holster
Mirror on the ceiling turns black
Corps selling tickets at the first floor
Emotions of doomed