

# 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