

Burn The Priest, Bloodletting

Archaic methods transfer through
well in the face of mass denial.
Bitterness fuels the mode
for the escape of mediocrity.
Stepping the grate,
shattered nerves ground down
to a glass edge carrying me away.
Bloodletting a favorite game of solitaire.
A suicide mission destined to fail,
a moving ladder to climb taking me away.
I wouldn't have it any other way.