

Candiria, Signs Of Discontent

CHAPTER ONE

coloring
blistering
peeling the shell of the mask I'm in
do you speak in tongues that haunt the mind?
to feed and deprive
dry
blood
rain
they shatter to pieces
once again
in the midst of wolves
devoured to pieces

CHAPTER TWO

grasping the air to breathe
in three combine the tragedies
the agony of the gardens ingesting
persisting world of fleas
streams of resolution
no longer issued worthwhile
comprehending the absurd
no time for restitution
innocent blood stains dry
open the sores that rape the eyes
ashamed and fully naked
repeat the process to defile the body?
turn away
sacrifice the unclean
cut your flesh from your mind
devils in disguise
reprise
burned
swollen

CHAPTER THREE

this life of mind but a vapor
specks of dust on a journey
blown by winds
deceived by laws
the
beautiful
things
cling to the ropes
do you have eyes?
eyes set on the things that will curdle
spoiled verbal
trophies that will desert in full
your hope a dying gasp
peasant, your lips are filled with the poison
of the asps