

Circle Of Dead Children, My Supernatural (Bells Ring Slowly)

This wound cannot be patched
as my blood runs gelatinous, sweet and black
Only to be tasted by the chafed lips of the inflictor, a mirror
The heavy-handed swift punishing judge
whose sentence is lifelong and indifferent
as puddles of stagnant water
You cannot stop the bleeding with patches alone,
as saturation will reject all but infliction
Reparations all slide off into oblivion
The hunter and the hunted have become one
I was borne for self-destruction
Borne to bleed and freeze
Tears used to jimmy dried scabs of blood from these sheets
Pills to control, to redirect, to attempt to unlearn
Unsatisfied with what this world has had to offer
Satisfaction when the heart stiffens and succumbs
to the hunter's hands, gelatinous, sweet and black
No more pills, no more adjournment
The higher the walls around
the more I will jerk them down upon me
It has become easier to bury the bodies
than to bury the memories and impulsive thoughts
that serve only to confuse and burden
One hand on the shovel, the other around my throat
Borne to bleed and freeze
I have broken all the warm hands that heal
Bones snap and shatter
Muscle tissue around the eyes stretch
and quiver like a fish skinned alive
The only honest satisfaction
Cold and weak, I hope none remember
I will be happy to forget