

Death, Bite The Pain

Look down at the body
You may see no trace of wounds
But in the eye
The eye of the beholder
One cannot assume

Not a drop of blood is drawn
But you know how it bleeds
Beware of the sharp edged weapon
Called human being

It is a shield of passion
And strong will
From this I am the victor
Instead of the kill

I will not feed your hunger, Instead
I bite the pain
Looking not back, But forward
I bite down hard
Try to cover up the trail of deceit
And daggers spawned from your soul

Acid, the tears of remorse
Flow in vain, Too late for regrets
Save it
For the next ill fated game