

December Wolves, Sharing Needles

Induced psychosis lies dormant for today, but you know you'll get sick again.

So what's wrong with this picture but bones in the beak of the Erudite who talks to himself.

Cut yourself, hang yourself...The human instinct presides when mind and body consequentially divide. Emerge from cold tile.

Not to be reborn...Rather, to suck the breast of scorn.

Breathe in...Breathe out. The drugs begin to take and what used to be a deadly secret, now is the utmost rapport.

As far as I can tell, I am more addicted to a wealth of being possessed. Make room, deep inside, for malevolent thoughts in your mind. It's a conflict of interest, but it makes the truth easy to find. When the walls are hammering down your curse and the prophecies stand aside...Time flying by like you wish you were dead...So hide as well as you can. You'll never be free.

How does it feel? You've got no fuckin' chance.

All done...This is it...You're gonna burn in fuckin' Hell until you die. Sickened by relation...You're diseased.

Sharing needles!