

Frankenbok, Celibacy

To them I feel like steel, pulp, salt and peel
Nothing is real and nothing is not a thing
Reminder pinch and sink one more inch and synchronise
with it's terms. Decline, it's in here you will find
Splintered times and sling blade kinds that are going to
Cut you down blind. Suspend and mend your kind how?
It's the prevention of the mind fuck. I've just gone and
Reinvented my fuck!

I don't bleed for the things that sink and scathe
I don't need those things with tits and arse
I don't think I think there is anything true
A lover scathed harps in vain that harboured paint to
Celibacy

I heal like feel like what? That I'm not complete
Without it whatever it me be not passed down onto me
Down through the family tree and so where the thing that
you don't want to be
I am not your sun why I'm no ones
Is because I don't make excuses
for what I am not like yourself

A hurter and stealth
You've taken my heart now my dick and go fuck yourself
I have tried to lick and cleanse the purpose in the hope
To adhere one train of thought in you
I have stooped and lessened myself for
I predict and hypothesise that these
Outcomes and they are always so precise
I predicted this outcome although I am not blinded
By the lover of lies
All through the lust not the
eye not to be mistaken again
Fuck you! You'll never hurt or
understand for it never was in you
I don't bleed for things that sink or scathe
Thank you, fuck you, there! Do I think there is anything
true? Love it scathes, discovers pain
Face it although I don't
My bliss in denial
Fuse it to bind you refuse it to remind you
Conclusive I bind to celibacy
I don't bleed for things
That sink and scathe
Blissed by myself