

Lamb Of God, Pariah

The sore on the edge of your mouth
it mirrors the ones on your arm of black tar
you've known the ripping.

And I've seen you pissing your condition into the dirt.

I know you don't want to live in the dirt you want to know nothing but dirt you know you can't
beat weakness.

Kill the flux. Stretched to breaking an obscene canvas on a stretcher of parasitism.

You piece of shit I won't say your name but I will say this- Fuck off and die (sooner the better).

You've shot out your eyes but I'm seeing that you cannot feel anything of worth.

Know that you've pissed life away, lost in your narcotic dreams.

Heart pumping futile shit through your veins.

Why does it bother? I want to punch in your sunken face and see your dusty blood smear through
the air in a polluted crimson arc,

splattering in a useless pattern on the concrete. Moribund.