

Malice In Leatherland, Bobbing For Leeches

I AM BECOME DEATH DEATH

How can I escape,
the tyranny of the past?
the sweat I've toiled in this,
made muck sure mire fast,
cheated of feature from dissembling nature,
I'll sink but I'll drown these rats.
But with each tendon clenched,
I'm going under fast.

Could I live off of the fumes,
of your second hand content?

"Why do I feel so unequiped to live on Earth?"
these are the words that had passed from her lips,
once the spit from her kiss, lay dry on my chest..
is there more to life?

I AM BECOME DEATH DEATH

And so I stormed my way,
through swamps of tears and sleet.
Warn God this wolve's unchained,
by twilight your idols bleed.
Put faith in my Arm Leg Leg Arm Head,
I Self Lord and Master,
hear snarls and gasps all night,
rattling out of your lady's chamber.

Could I live off of the fumes,
of your second hand content?

"Why do I feel so unequiped to live on Earth?"
these are the words that had passed from her lips,
once the spit from her kiss, lay dry on my neck..
Why deny the scythe?