The Fall, Mark'll Sink Us

The ward was arraigned with spats of blood. The victim, castigate, and yet, part of us. The thoughts in eyes as seen under a hood Burned in my own eyes and in my blood! Mark'll sink us.

A message mesmerized, on all English breath, the crux pretty grasped, but mostly misunderstood. Mark'll sink us.

I am desolate. I live the black and blue of the night. Friend depression comes now and again once in a blue moon. It points backwards thus: Mark'll sink us.