Twelve Tribes, As Ghosts Are Given To Me

psychotic whispering take me i'm yours once of a madman's last dance in her scent in the smell of neurotic ghouls she's panting to the gods that kill her tossing turning my my so calm though the sky is falling living in the morning's dawn while dying when the evening's gone and drool apologies as we fuck goodbye i apologize under plummeting skies such insecurity is pleasing to me while dying and wishing this away stomach's pulled tighter lay strangled in this skin of ours unlock the killer unto beautiful pain beauty in pains simplicity give into me giving to me these fifteen secrets kept beneath your fingertips and pleasure and flight deep bleeding yet willing to dress my blood in a demon's soft verse my lips filtering her fears such a sweet hallucinogen* i shut my eyes and your somehow closer to me the sky is falling but i'm still here she couldn't speak let alone breathe have you ever.. oh but at the same time who showed you this eidolon this blaspheme of an arcane ego i know you i am swallowing your pain i have licked your sweat and i am living again one last thing the beginning of a delusion grows thicker and more hateful and the further it goes it becomes harder then pounding and the pain it shows beneath the burns and the bruises and even below the passion and the heartbeats they crash louder and it echoes into the oceans of insides carved helpless and hollow and it came to her in a dream and she's hit by the sky as ghosts are given to me