

Word As A Virus, The Reconciliation Of Ascension

healing stitches when i just want to lay in my bed
and be comforted by the delicate touch of insomnia
conjoined with this cancer
we are one
i beg the son to ease this
i bear the scars of this
but i will suffer this. to be closer to you
this test
artificial lights shine on me
before i breathe anesthesia
in my room, the lady in the radiator sings me songs
i ask her, if you sing to me, will you become human
answers escape through your fingertips
as you shut the door behind you
now we can live