

Grown in a ultra clarity of the
Slipped off kiss, the sensations
Worn to hyper saturation of sense.
And we see it gasp grinning
The synthetic theism masked
In grimmy ceramic wainscot,
Intangile and unceasingly begging
For our flesh once the last
Trace soul is gone.

Your darkness lasts as long as the
Recognition of a new name when meeting
A new group of people, those people
That enter in and are gone so
Fast, but the picture stays
With you your lifetime,
Remains like the red and black
In the war flags remains
Unwanted in the blue sky,
Remains like the ghost of a
Lamp turned off in a darkroom,
Remains in your personal place
Of solace, remains in your
Heart like the blood of a young
Widow full of desperate sorrow.

If killing the monster in the