

Crawl and brood past. Pooled  
Out, I rest. Who are you to  
Judge and dissuade me?

My mirror is stained with bloody panes forged from your name.

You rake my dreams, strip  
And release, forget that I  
Made you. Condemn you?

I hate you. I've framed you in porcelain nightshade.

For once you feel my  
Bones against dirt. With my heart  
In the soil, I climb.

Against the wind, against the odds, killing roads before they're lost.

I can feel your fog  
Scratch my face. I can't seem to  
Recognise myself.

Your cracked odes sprawl on my floor. Shed my soul from any form.

You're decayed past a  
Source of adrenaline. You  
Have soured my mind.

Bleach my thorned roses, focus the stems. I have yet to resent the cradle.

Forget the outline  
Of my chest. It was never  
Yours to see. Leave me.

Wick to wick and rattle to rattle, I burn my candle alone, yet free.	Smog tumbles
alongside, following its haste.	Coupled with
the thorned coil, passing my mind,	Your only trail
I find your measures, proud and past,	
one lacking in desire, apt.	