

Dim Blood

I have no daughters

I have no sons

I live alone

I have no one

There is no more

These words

Those words

Are all

This action

That action

Is all

All that will live here

All that will die here

Tell my story

Or at least

Know my story

For

I have one

Yet

I have no daughters

I have no sons

The Day They Knew

They found it
In the garage
These boys
These boys
Who knew better
They took it by the tail
Tied it to a rock
Dropped it in the tank
Watched as it sank
Funny little prank

Circled round
They felt its breath
They felt it drown
They felt its death

Silence
After laughter
After slaughter
Is hauntingly still
Oh how we kill

They became aware
They were the boys
Who knew better
Who go to church
Who go to school
Who go to work
Who go do this
Who go do that
Forever knowing
They were the boys
Who killed a rat

This is the day
The day they knew
The torture you do
Is what tortures you

Dying Room

Did I ever think
For a moment
I'd be happy to die
I am
Happy to die
For
I am sick
Painfully sick

I've laid here
Every day
Rotting away
In this room
This dying room

Please
Bring me the cup
And I'll watch you cry
As you watch me die

I'll smile and say
Through one last breath
Thank you life
For giving me death