

Stretch your sunken eyes she said
forget yourself in the mush
sing so all but you can hear
and let the canvas wash you

Let it shrink to your features
Let your crooked nose bend
So your frail limbs snap
And pale flesh hangs in the wind

The meat will tear from your bones
Bloods dew will linger there
You will suffer let it happen
A warm mouth will drink your tears

When all your nails aim to god
And ice sheathes your remains
Try to listen to that song
That warm mouth will calm your pain

Do not let your eyes find mine
Forget why you came
Keep your nails aimed to god
And run from my ivory stain

By Russian Nick

