

Hemlock Like This

Arsonists Get All The Girls

I'm dry mouthed and wide eyed
My liver starts to pulsate
It feels like blades have internal reckoning
A mass confusion of sorts springs
From whence it came gurgling
I have been taken for a fool for the,
The last time
I need oxygen my limbs feel as if
They're icing over
My pulse quickens and is constricting
Every reason holds temporary thoughts of it
What I've begun to feel
But my tainted mind has different plans for me
In decision takes seconds off my time
Vision turns to red
I stand lurched to one side with
Odds against me contemplating
I'm fading faster after every thought
Is registered
I've never choked on a scream
Or ever thought I would
Hands cool to the touch
Clamber for a respective positive
If they'll ever take me alive
That moment lies in wake
I'd give anything for that moment
It's like waiting for incoming tide
Burn me alive
Anything but this mutagen
Death from inside
I can feel everything inside me wither,
Wither and die
A certain gravity is holding onto my skin tight
Coherence left it's imprint
The round around me softens
I can still feel a will to live, will to live
But my eyes will not grant the access
It's colder than before
It comes to shape, comes to shape
I tried to get out alive with out variable
But that seemed so long ago
It seems years ago