

Year of the Swine

Converge

You carry the loyalty of dogs so you shall be led to the slaughter as swine.
It all seemed so real when you whispered,
adorned with rose petals and the best of intention.
Bleeding softly. I wonder if he ever felt as warm.
It's late and my ears can't listen and there is no one to life me to my feet.
But I still dream of you twisting and contorting beneath a garbage bag veil.
And this is how it ends. Pretty and black as the soul.
Just for one split instant I want to be the lucky one.
Not to have the pleasure of tasting the salt of my own tears when we kiss.
I've been saving my own soul for years
and every instant I have been slaughtered as swine.