

Muscle Memory

Fleshless

Remember that pain
It was me, stretched and torn
Raped and maimed
Remember that pain
It was me, stretched and torn

See, I am like a tree
Lines of ages are written in flesh
Dead but still not free

To my pieces
Please give some order, lavage me
I am still your spieces.
To my pieces
Please give some order, lavage me

Those fingers touched you
Now mortified, cold in solitude
And split in two

Rigid and gorgeously clean
Muscles recollection time, a short flash
It was me, meant to mean

No drige for a moan
Memory is my own manifestation
Made of ash, I am gone

To my pieces
Please give some order, lavage me
I am still your spieces.
Those fingers touched you
Now mortified, cold in solitude
And split in two