

Suffer These Wounds

Revocation

I am imperfect for this world
And caught up in a fruitless game
That..s all less than what I believed.
In stinging submission acknowledge deceit.
What will I be?
I cannot see.
Will I find peace?

A world built on lies
And careless ambiguity.
Now gone inside
Content now with no security.

Surging with stinging sensation,
Saturate weakness in inebriation.
Adrenalin shakes,
Blistered, bled, battered, bruised,
Do you have what it takes
To suffer these wounds?