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Kiss of Death

By: J. W. E. J.

Shackles on my feet, and I'm dragged thru the mud,
chains on my wrists, my sweat has turned into blood.
The veins in my arms, are exposed in every fight,
heart jumps out of my chest, revealing skin in the moonlight.
A wolf in sheep clothing, leaves the mark of the beast,
as he howls at the moon, preparing for a feast.
The devil is leaving, the kiss of death upon my cheek,
trying to buy my soul, and bury it beneath the concrete.
Jumping thru loops, baptized by fire,
saying that he can give me, my whole heart's desire.
Playin nothing but games, showing nothing but slickness,
say he got what I need, and can relieve all my sickness.
This gotta be a dream, nothing but pain's infliction,
Devil taking over, and way out of his jurisdiction.
All I have are addictions, have me wavin a flag,
got me suicidal, cut wrists, and thrown in a body bag.
Devil on my shoulder, but he smiles with a smirk.
all up in my ear, whispering evil like clockwork.
Trying to stay in prayer, telling it all like a confession,
the kiss of the devil, definitely leaves me with oppression.
I'm trying to hold on, gasping for my last breath,
I feel defeated because, I've been marked by the kiss of death.