

ERRONEOUS

I WAITED FOR JUSTICE...
FOR THE MOMENT THAT I WOULD FLY FREE,
WHEN NOT THE BRIM BUT THE COBBLE WOULD CARRY MY TREAD.
I WAS WRONG.

FOR I AM NOW HERE WHERE I HAVE BEEN FOR SOME TIME AND
NOW MY SACRIFICE MAY FAIL TO THE AKE.

IN A SYSTEM WHERE EACH LIMB CRIES OUT FOR DEATH,
WHERE THE REEING CARRION IS NOT ENOUGH FOR THEM TO SLEEP UPON...
...SO THEY MURDER.

THE ROADS THEY TRAVEL HAVE DEMONS BENEATH THEM
SOLICITING MAP REFERENCES FOR HELL.

PROFESSING FROM MY COEN AS I WASTE AWAY WHEN I AM
NOT EVEN SEEN.

I AM CAPTIVE, HELD TIGHTLY BY THESE TOXIC TENSILES,
FORCED INTO A TORRENTIAL SLEEP.

BUT ISN'T THE DAWN THAT PEERS IN FROM BENEATH
THIS STEEL.

IT IS THE MISERY, SORROW AND PAIN.
A PLACE WHERE EVEN HOPE RARELY SURVIVES.

SO I DREAM...
BUT WHOEVER SENDS THEM, TO MY OSMAY, THEY WILL END WITH SACRIFICE.

A SOLID RIVER, THIS IS, WINNING THROUGH TIME.
AND IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO HOLD MY HEAD ABOVE THIS CORPSE
LEGGED CURRENT

TO KEEP FROM DROWNING ON THE FERMENTED FLESH OF MY PEERS.
HOW I LONG FOR THE BETTER TASTE OF LEAD TO COMFORT ME
IN THE ARMS OF SLEEP'S SISTER.

 #V29877

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