

ERRONEOUS. ©

I WAITED FOR JUSTICE...  
FOR THE MOMENT THAT I WOULD FLY FREE,  
WHEN NOT THE BURN BUT THE CAGE WOULD CARRY MY SOUL.  
I WAS WRONG

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

IN A SYSTEM WHERE EACH LIMB CASES OUT FOR DEATH,  
WHERE THE REEKING CARBON IS NOT ENOUGH FOR THEM TO SLEEP UPON...  
...SO THEY MURDER.

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

PROFESSING FROM MY COUCH AS I WALK AWAY WHEN I AM NOT  
EVEN SICK.

I AM CAPTURED, HELD TIGHTLY BY THEIR TOXIC TENTACLES,  
FORCED INTO A TERRENTIAL SIEGE.

BUT IT IS NOT THE DAWN THAT PEERS IN FROM BEYOND  
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 DISMAY, THEY WILL END WITH SACRIFICE.

A SULLIED RIVER, THIS IS, WINDING THROUGH TIME.  
AND SO'S ALL I CAN DO TO HOLD MY HEAD ABOVE THIS CORPSE-LITTERED  
CURRENT

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

 + v201822

VLS FLORIDA DEATH ROW 2-2-17