

Marked

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Just a random, meaningless poem.

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

When the willows weeze
They feel the breeze
That blazes through the night

The asphalt chops
The dog bite runs
Though the enforcer never stops

Dams will break
Bodies will flood
When the wrath of the lamb are known

The shame will die
The shameless lie
For the truth that they all know

How the grass grows at length
How the gluttons will all break
For the numbing of their bones

Why do you ask
When the mind was made
For the seasons soon grow long

Glad the cries of the joyous are
When the day has come that truths are barred
By the hands of the solid gold

One more time
To once define
This prison that was you

The fleshwound bleeds
The weeds grow round
As the fat on the body blows

The fire incarnate
Will tear at the being
In hopes of making a strike

You cry and scream
You run and hide

My dear, you have been marked