

Crosshair

hung up on mortality

yet all i've known is breath

questioning my morality

i rest on Gods breast

i exist from outside myself

but i am still over feeling

trapped in a beautiful box on a shelf

porcelain chipped and paint peeling

hellish heaven

the angels sing my song

forgotten sisters and brethren

beelzebub with a golden gong

they dipped him in gold

before sending him down

I hope it never gets old

in eternal flames he drowns