

Queen of Bones

In a castle built by bones,
Sits a queen on cartilage throne.
In her dress, of stolen flesh,
She's careless about what she owns.

The castle halls had mutilated walls,
A maze to any stranger.
But in her castle built by bones,
Decay was not the danger.

Effervescent crimson clocks,
A muffled pulse that ticks and tocks.
I am sentenced by her admittance,
To be her buildings bricks and blocks.

Fits from her fury,
A torch like a candle
My essence gets blurry.
I drip down the handle

An acropolis of hopelessness,
Is this kingdom built by bones.
I am desperate for her acceptance,
To have me as her home.

She is my judge and she is my jury,

Executions are in order.

I can't be her everything

But I'll be her blood and mortar.