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Fri vers, Engelsk text med inspiration från sommaren.

Summercurse.

Summer sun setting in the far off distance.

Grinning faces, empty glasses.

The smell of burning firewood and rotting flesh.

Stuff yourself full. Poison yourself.

Eat the rot, devour the filth.

Ingest the toxin, maltreat your bowels.

Abuse yourself in the name of bliss.

Laugh and jest, dance and dream.

Inhale the ashes, set your fate.

Your beautiful voice soon grating and hollow.

Body reduced to an empty husk.

Still youth carries your addictions.

Rid your being of cravings of rot and filth.

Lest your addictions inhume you.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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