



Bleeding Questions

Life is supposed to be spesh
Where questions bleed into a plesh

Most of life's secrets
Are meant to stay quiet and never told
Hidden and to never unfold

You're made of flesh
With emotions of mesh

You question the why and the who

Why does your blood turn red
When in darkness, it's blue
Why does the Flesh turn old
When the mind is always feeding the new
Why do you rot in the heat
And become maggots that self-eat
But are preserved in the cold

Stop looking for answers or wishing you knew