The Reaper's High

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss4/13
Your poison is my calling
the hatred makes me high
the sinner's lay beside me
and I'm waiting here to die
The drug is deep inside this
taking toll upon my mind
hallucinations of this lovestruck
are leaving sense behind
I'm spinning to your heartfelt
and falling into shock
the content's paralyzing
as the reaper stows his clock
I'm lying here in prison
that is made up of your pain
the silence makes you angry
so there's nothing left to gain
The hatred is my lover
your poison makes me fly
I'm waiting for consent to
let the sinners let me die