

Devour Me

It screams
It screams in my head

I dance with flames
With thousand meanings
Turbulent feelings
Forever to remain

It screams in my head
It screams in my heart
Devour me alive
Let your teeth tear my skin
Let your tongue slit my brain
Let my blood go through your vein

15.01.2025, 27.01.2025 (edit)

The poem is primarily to try leashing all emotions I felt during that day - as later proved, also for entire week. It was quite crazy, I'd say the last part is the one that really mattered - and so I kept it intact with edit, because that pure lust and the way I felt it in very fleshy, material manner is what screamed.

Pure lust of course is exaggeration - the point was exactly that my lust will always be eventually meant around psyche. The tongue is after all, a way to communicate, to talk, and so just like I had image of sword piercing me through while writing it, the tongue became a sword - as a form of conquering me, devouring me through the mind.

And blood brings symbolism that I primarily hold in my head - of something intimate, earthy, the shameful yet very personal part of us. Just like the trope of writing chirograph with your own blood to express importance, and as I asked my ex a good while ago to write me a letter in blood, and how blood is often used to signify ancestral bond. It's a final scream for unity that goes beyond any form of friendship, it's about that bond that my heart screams forever towards emptiness.

I cut the most ambiguous part, where I went again into my poetic blabber I start to hate and which doesn't make sense even in context of what I felt in 15.01 - I could totally explain my desires, and those "skies" were rather "apogee" (whatever is "szczyt" translated to English really, tbh it's kinda shame there's no way to transfer that ambiguity between its transcending and sexual manner that is in Polish).

I guess I was trying to do some subconscious parallel between icarus here, but I dunno, it sounds cheap to me. Pretentious even.

Original cut part:

| [I dance] with the wind
| With desires I can't explain
|
| With skies unable to obtain
| The fires that burn my wings
|
| [With thousand meanings]

15.01: Agent Side Grinder "Inner Voices", probably something else, but ASG went at least twice
27.01: Mushroomhead "Simple Survival", "Seen It All"