

# The Bank of Dawn

James RandallFly

I really love to swim in the *river* of imagination  
We are majestic in the *flood* of mass creation

AGILE, SHE BENDS!

Consider the opposite of all that is... then  
Begin to crawl, with [\*the mouth of hunger\*](#) !!

FRAGILE, SHE MENDS!

Rippling reflections in the *current* of truth  
Anecdotally thrust, the amygdala is twisted

The Pull of Tomorrow invigorates, undeterred!  
Expect to be infected, and promptly interred  
Truly disaffected with this *current* of schemes  
Asleep at the Bank, *drizzled* in dreams

The Unbliss...

Wishing to bleed the truth  
She searches deep down in her breast  
Crying, the mourning of her youth  
That raging *river* will never rest

The Unbliss...

Annihilation of Violation.  
Violate the brain. Annihilate with pain.  
The Contagion has established herself —

The Unbliss...

She fingers you, She inserts her patient will  
Eye of furtive skill does forever thrill  
Shame else; frame all patience  
Exchange coercion that flickers  
Inversion mirror drives beckoned hearse

Agile, she bends — Fragile, she mends

Wipe the fright, Comb your scare, Eat the night, Burn, Beware  
Tonight the darkness will embrace a blanketing slice of blackened chaste

# The Bank of Dawn

Her heart bleeds, horrified  
She seeks respite from the dish  
She lifts her soul, glorified  
Her mourning cries into the wish

Nobody needs to glorify the ignominious  
Excellence bleeds in such a friendly flavor —  
Sanctified sanctuary, divine behavior  
The grace of tomorrow is our savior!

Luscious, thy name is not precious...  
Precious, thy name is a truculent thorn!

Just as The Mighty Oak issues forth sprouts of live leaves  
We silently spew sanctions while withering life grieves  
And like lightening and comet alike in white wraith  
Each almighty strike renews faded faith

The Unbliss of Rape on a Pillow...  
The Unkiss of wicked distress  
Forever remains: Unbliss

Sink the Bank of Dawn til she drowns in the laughter of infants!  
Chasing Insanity to the edge with profanity!  
The malicious crafting of avaricious designs  
Portends an inevitable extinction of wills —  
The Bank of Dawn shall reveal the final collapsing of humanity!

Luscious, thy name is not precious...  
Precious, thy name is a truculent thorn!