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# Wicked Devine

Chain O

*University of the Pacific*

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# WICKED DIVINE

## CHAIN O

What is your skin  
made of, Prometheus?—  
That it keeps growing back  
each time you destroy yourself,  
each wound you recreate,  
I swear that golden blood you spilt flows  
right back in your veins.

What is your heart  
made of, Prometheus?  
Drier than a desert bush burning,  
you must thirst for thunder,  
you must yearn for rain,  
but still caged behind your ribs I hear it  
beat a storm's tattoo.

What are your hands  
made of, Prometheus?  
It's like they don't know pain,  
no scars from where you touched the sun,  
no memory of heat.  
I bet that treason tastes like ash and  
I'd die to kiss your fingertips.