

Lies

Lies smell like smoke devouring a building

Lies taste like curdled milk, afterwards making you sick

Lies sound like the screech of nails against a chalkboard

Lies feel like the sharp pain of touching a nettle

Lies look like a drop of black dye slowly spreading through water

The color of a lie is a deep black of the night

Lies move swiftly from person to person

Imagery