

Man Within The Mirror

A stranger lives within the mirror;
An unbearable past echoes through his eyes,
Screams of misfortune never wither away,
Like the undying threads of life;
Abysmal suffering of animosity never fades,
Although the words live in silence,
As the men in their graves.

A stranger lives within the mirror;
An undermined heart weeps in agony;
Dying blood coursing through his veins,
Like an ambient angel of death,
Bearing his lifeline in his hands,
Death engulfs his grinning soul,
As the black plague back then.

A stranger lives within the mirror;
An unrestrained expression on his face;
Waterfalls of tears overload his emotion,
Like the blinding, historic flood ages ago;
The vacant man, depressed beyond words,
And living within his own asylum,
As the abandoned, worried, insane man.

A stranger lives within the mirror;
An uncontrollable burst of love for another,
But, within, the heart cannot deem itself,
Like the forsaken black swan;
His family absconds from him;
The adversity allured his aftermath,
As the ultimatum of Romeo.

A stranger lives within the mirror;
A unanimous lust of crime,
Craving the adrenaline rush of burglary,
Like selling his soul to Hell's Motel;
A living nothing to mankind's existence,
Exists within the man stealing everything,
As the robbers of the ancient pot of gold.

A stranger lives within the mirror;
An unbelievable thought, now haunting;
The restrained ember burning within these men,
Like the shining savoring soul, dancing blissfully,
Replicates the luminosity deep within my eyes;
The men branch off my journey through life,
As the branches of the old willow tree.

Shall I be of one that cannot be heard?
Shall I be of one that commits suicide?
Shall I be of one that suffers depression?
Shall I be of one that cannot love myself?
Shall I be of one that means nothing?
Shall I be of one that knows not of the future?
Shall I be the man within the mirror?

Roses Upon A Corpse

His lifeline severed, purple lips induced,
Death claims his name forever tonight,
Like the solemn plague of a wilted red rose;
The scenery of blackened veils masks beauty,
It allures a serenade of sorrowful symphonies;
The aftermath of this dead man—
Rapport of fate, words now dead silent;
Inhaling the grief, never bearing this scene—
Of roses upon a corpse.

This death's wrath when it decays the senses,
Never tends to muffle moaning cries,
While impulsing hearts with infernal depression;
The enervation of this dead man's eyes,
Left to soak in a cease pool of his deterioration,
His casket created an unfortunate widow—
Her soul stripped of pure love refrained hate,
This perdition aroused a disturbed emotion—
Of roses upon a corpse.

Life's too delicate to emerge from darkness,
And too desirable to enter into the light;
Now a man without a shadow of fear or faith,
And no regrets of fading, decaying or suffocating;
Within the hands of him, once a beautiful rose,
To convey his love for succeeding generations,
Now a sorrowful flower on a dead man;
But the bed of skeletons welcomes this scene—
Of roses upon a corpse.

Our Mortuary

It preys upon the moments we all cherish,
Then freezes our hearts, leaves us cold.
It conjures deadly pain never to perish,
Then shatters our souls, dreams dying untold.
Now we're left to marinate in darkness, all alone.

It builds a bridge to an undermining hope,
Then lets us walk across, absolution in return.
It grins knowing we're the knots in its rope,
Then slaughters our brilliance, minds to burn.
Now we're left in ignorance, writing it into stone.

It opened the gates to a false paradise,
And drained our sanity, left us in the shadows.
It savagely destroyed trust to fool us twice,
And defeated our thoughts, depression it bestows.
Now we're abandoned and left forever dead.

It deceived the truth to bid farewell,
And buried the answers, never to unveil.
It led us abysmally into the depths of hell,
And condemned us beneath our fate to fail.
Now we're left in hatred, living eternal dread.

It excavated the impulse of our essence,
Now we're descending into depression.
It scattered sinful blood until evanescence,
Now we're fading into corrupt transgression.
We've all built our coffin, we'll sleep forever.

It's life.

The Webs We Weave

The webs we weave,
A limitless unknown path we wander,
Subconsciously wondering what we'll believe,
When our hopes and dreams descend under.
The past leaves bittersweet memories,
Some lost in the smiles of vanished affection,
And others established to appease,
Resurrecting a prosperous life of predilection.

The webs we've unwoven,
Now fragmented and oblivious to the daunting rain,
A rupture of desolation within, never unbroken,
Consequently recalcitrant, constantly insane.
Infecting our minds to endlessly live unsatisfied,
Some intertwined with hate, captivating neglect,
And others unfortunately spellbound into suicide,
Forever boiling our blood with a menacing desire to regret.

The webs we'll never weave,
A path without trails, vacant thoughts and absentminded,
Our world of dreams, procrastination without reprieve,
A life deprived of faith, unbound and disconnected.
Dead inside, silence condemns us all until unveiled,
Some abscond and unleash prevailing pride only within,
And others decay in pandemonium, all of whom failed,
Severing an incandescent future, inconspicuous intuition.

The webs never unwoven,
Fear of conversion, a constant contrasting the days,
A perfected cadence, heart and soul in devotion,
Defeats a conquest imprinted, brutally wicked clichés.
Abandoned, sentenced to thoughts of treading alone,
Some marked with the seven deadly sins without departure,
And others burn into ashes, a fatally calamitous dethrone,
Ceasing existence of the mindless, a careless caress of torture.

The webs we weave, an anomalous philosophy of the universe,
Life, death, and resolutions in-between, conflagration of a phoenix curse.

Wicked & Unholy

It's like a memory of grief ignited reckless affliction, so my heart bleeds again,
Shattered, dilapidated, scattered and drifted into calamity like scorched ashes.
A hollow soul decadent in misfortune and tragedy eliminated my happiness,
Purging delectation and solace to purify with wickedness and unholy redolence.
A resurfacing of sorrow and a painful admonition of why loneliness consumes me,
Indulging in the bittersweet taste of irrelevance and disgust within my horrid mind.

Bury me six feet under the sickness of this stress I express burdened and torn asunder,
Ungrateful to breathe, dying alive—although I thrive to die before I live in this moment.
Disoriented to the gift of life, a morbid divergent descending into ugliness and treachery,
Closed-minded, suffocated, dominated and intoxicated into distorted intricacies of reality.
Burn the scriptures of my destiny, encrypt my fate into an apocalyptic, sadistic, cryptic statistic,
Brand fortunes of hate into my subconscious, consciously intertwining blasphemy so quickly.

This gorgeous nightmare smothers the remains of beauty, collapses integrity and pride into nothing,
While breeding unrelenting chaos—a burden mischievous, vicious, atrocious and heinous.
Welcome the ghost of past failures, expose depression for its revolting, grotesque monstrosity,
Losing everything clenched firmly in my hands, overcame with defeat into self-destruction.
Degeneration of morality, forsaken like a black swan roaming in the shadows of obscurity,
It's like a memory of grief ignited my wickedness and unholy redolence, so my heart bleeds again.