

Occult

Tortured lives have begun to fade
From all this hate and social arrays.
My mind intact, not wanting to stay ...
Has caused my soul to drift away.
This corpse of mine is rotting slowly.
Each crevice in me is but holy.
Like my profound death, I am folding.
My life has yielded its molding.
We are the disease.
Taking and expecting not to be seen.
Consuming all we need and believe.
Soon nothing will be left but me.
Intertwined with hate and pain.
Our time here is a worthless game.
A view that makes you go insane.
Will scar your life or replenish your fame.

Brutally beaten with verbal lies.

Silencing all the dark, black cries.

Laws are idiotic, for all defy.

Abominable creatures until we die.

Death on Hand

This blood is seeping out of my eyes.

Rooms filled with deadly cries.

Sewn mouths can tell no lies.

Drugged souls cannot despise.

Rotting corpses don't scream.

Deceased minds cannot dream.

Stitches bursting at the seams.

All these warlocks and blood feigns.

The murderer of happiness.

The ruler of sadness.

Clouded eyes are of dullness

With continued cruelty.

Bodies being ripped apart

By their rotten hearts.

Bright crimson eyes outweighing the dark.

A gaze in its mind will shatter your heart.

Consuming the blood dripping on my skin

As my life grows dreadfully thin.

My flesh drifts away with the wind,

But my heart intact holds my sins.

Pain has outnumbered my tears.

Hate inside holds me to no fear.

My thirst for your death is coming near.

Distrusting all, and holding no one dear.

My mysterious consumer is eating me away.

A life from the start of dismay.

I am dead and not delayed.

This dreadful life could never be portrayed.

Truth

Tonight I realized

The bitterness contained.

The sweet, sweet sorrow

Reborn once again.

Flesh rotten.

Faces blurred.

Love forgotten.

Hate ignored.

Beyond the chaos ...

Over the screams ...

My heart dies ...

Alone – as in my dreams.

I have to lose everything to gain anything.

Let me break your trust.

Make me shred your heart.

I will destroy everything ...

Right back to the start.

Restoration

Why do I feel lost?

What is this emptiness inside of me?

Why does all seem pointless?

Why am I as blind as far as my eyes can see?

Why does my body quiver of aching screams?

Why are my eyes sometimes like endless streams?

Why do I hurt as if I'm dying?

Why is my mind as empty as I feel?

I feel pain, yet I feel nothing.

I can cry and not know why.

I can wish, and not know what I'm wishing for.

And I can hate and not know what it's for.

Please, I beg you, rip me apart!

Tear off my flesh!

Swallow my heart!

Take all of my being

And consume my sins!

Once there is nothing left of me

Maybe I'll feel something then.

I beg you again, take me please!

I'm cursing here on my knees!

Take me far away

So that I may feel something –

Somehow, someway.

Where are my bones?

Where is my mind?

Where did I go lost?

What did I leave behind?

Please help me, I'll give you my soul.

Break it apart

And make me whole!

Happy Birthday

This beautiful gash

Branded deep into my heart

Is a painful reminder

Of when we were torn apart.

This sorrow that I feel

Throws me into dismay,

As flashbacks occur

Like I lost you today.

There is no mending

To this empty place within my soul.

Darkness has taken you for eternity,

And I know I will never be whole.

Remembering your warm presence,

A time when you were here.

Memories are what I cherish.

Losing them is what I fear.

I will hold your memory close –

Never willfully letting go.

And I will carry your love with me

Through the days that I grow old.