

Delusion

When I look into the sky,
my daughter dances upon my cheek,
but it is only the wind,
I feel.

I sense their presence here,
but they are not really here.
It's their legacy I feel;
it is their voice inside my head.

We used to share this big house,
now, all alone is how I lay.
I open up the windows;
I hear the howls in the distance.
I shiver
in the winter's cold grasp on me.
I cover up my skin,
put a small smile on the outside,
but the inside slowly dies
just a little more each day.
I want this place
not to be my home.

I reside in a valley,
no flowers grow here.
Their bodies lay outside my door,
so I can feel they're near.
I remain on this earth,
maybe just a few more days.
I remain here to fulfill
the job I have today.
I bring in the firewood;
I look up at the moon,
there I see my husband smiling,
though it's just the moon.

Darkness

Pressure from every direction
Screams filling my ears
Their words consuming my thoughts
Fire filling my lungs

Which way do I turn?
Which path do I take?

Constriction from the pain
Heart broken like glass
Splattered on the floor
Shards everywhere, cutting everything

Which way do I turn?
Which path do I take?

Run, run, run, run
Any direction is better than here
The abyss of the unknown
must be greener than here

Which way do I turn?
Which path do I take?

Your lies filled my heart
Your lack of love pushed me down
Into this hole I'm in
The one I can't escape from

Which way do I turn?
Which path do I take?
When there are nothing but dark walls
surrounding me

Color of Water

The color of water,
clear,
holding nothing but a clean slate
one of which,
I can write,
my new beginning on.

For when it's clear,
the depth holds no mystery,
for I can see
to the uttermost end.
And see my future,
that, which lies ahead.
Maybe not fully understanding
but definitely seeing.

Oh, what the great abyss holds,
the water quenching my soul,
giving me a sense of salvation
in this never ending struggle.
I wish nothing more
than to be the answer
that you seek to find
while wishing upon
the shooting stars above.

My Monster

A cold winter day
Breathes air into our faces.
We watch and we look
But do we ever truly see?

The mouth of the monster
Holds the key to my heart,
But the words are all wrong,
And i can't figure out
If the way I am heading
Is the right way to go
When, before
It has always been wrong.

To teach me the right way
Would be no small wonder.
To show me the way to go
Is something I need.
But you always say it in words
That make my heart bleed.

Your Beautiful Escape

When the noise hits you
and the anger rises in your chest
lean on me, for I am here.

When you feel you have no one,
you have someone,
you have me.

I want to be your one,
the one,
the only one.

Forever and ever.

Your beautiful escape.