

Drinks for A Thinker, Thoughts for a Drinker

Tell me again, Who are you? No One?

Another empty voice that'll be dragged out in an old cold body bag,

Sit down, and shut up, and listen, and maybe write something worth reading.

No, forget it, it's checkmate already. The board is stacked against us, you and me,

It says we're playing against each other, so we play one another, but we both end up played.

I forfeit. I surrender. No shame in leaving a lost battle.

I'll be the martyr, I'll die at the hands of our so called care-giver,

Cause the real Giver gave us a simple rule; I try not to break it.

We're sport to them, just something to watch and kill as they please. Purely sport.

The devils are at least honest that they want to give us hell, but the men speak sweet.

If you were to die, what would you like to say? To who?

Protect the message, I'll give it to you. Say it to another if you want.

Reinvent the message, I'll get a pretty voice to sing it and let it be heard all night.

But when day comes, it will be gone, just like every other message that inspires.

So make it count, no one else will.

Ash Carter

The bitter sins sing wishing that they could be real again,

The cries of my men are whispers to the call of death.

Gun shot, bullets drop, Dark blood everywhere.

The lone child sits below hoping the blood is guilty

Hoping the friend returns the call,

But the call of man is blind,

The hearts are poison to the sick mouths.

Kill me or understand I will kill you;

You don't deserve it,

You don't deserve tales of the old,

Tales meant to comfort my soul

No, you deserve nothing but the dirt that we spit and used to dance on;

You took that from us,

You took my life, and for that I demand more blood,

Hot, red blood on my guilty hands

Blood I won't wash away, blood to show the world I am loyal to the sound of my people.

My People...

My people are dead, and dying and once lived.

Now they will be of history as the fallen nation birthed by elders and buried by young.

The world is not ready to live with itself; the venom is too thick and strong to swallow.

You will die, and so will I.

I just hope I get to watch you die first.

Before, you go, understand, that my hate for you is the same as your hate for me.

As much as I'd like to justify mine, I know the truth of hate's wicked eye.

It infects me, the old, the young, the blind can even see with pure rage at one's will.

The will of man is weak, yet it can destroy worlds, like it did mine.

I wish I could call to a God, any God, for peace, but that'd mean leaving this hate

That I've learned to love so much.

This hate gives me reason, and purpose to continue on hating you every morning

And hating the idea that I'll lose you at night

Because losing you takes the blood I crave.

It is blood that must be paid, Ashes to the corpses we incinerate,

I am venom, and my father is the snake.

3 a.m. Dic Pic

Oops, wink wink, that was an Accident, My bad, I'd be too nervous to tell them otherwise,

Or maybe I'll be proud of it, Yeah, it's big, big enough; she should be thankful.

Maybe? Maybe not?

Maybe it was a mistake; but what do I do?

I wanted to do her, but to do her may do me in.

Why, why, Why? Why am I so stupid and dumb and loving the rush of this heart.

I'm sorry. To her or to myself though?

Wait, there's still hope that she'll like it. Or not. She might hate it.

She's a good girl, but Good Girls can be freaky, but that's a myth, but the truth is blurry.

Fuck! Better yet, Fuck it! Fuck it all in an instance.

I'll send a whole photo-shoot. A Dic pic? Nah! A Sauce Shoot! Cock Nior! Classical Testicles!

Click! Click! Click! Sent! Sent! And Sent!

Got that good lighting and that good angle. Making the tower look powerful!

The shit I do at 3 a.m., man, she ain't going to reply.

What was I thinking? I'd get some kitty pics back? Some perky tits for my sick mind?

Did she open it? I'm checking every minute.

It's 3 a.m. and I should have gone to bed, but instead

I sent a dic pic and it's now 5 a.m. and still unread.

Maybe I'll send another just for good measure. Hehe, Good measure. No time for jokes.

You know what, forget it, forget her! I'm going to bed!

If she can't appreciate my body, she doesn't deserve it! Not one inch...I got plenty, ok.

She can go find some fuckboi to warm her bed and feed her fat ass but not me!

I'm done trying to impress a lost heifer feeding off my field but refusing to give me milk.

I'll cook some veal in the morning.

Lay my head down, wrap my blanket around, and slowly close my eyes.

Whatever she says it can wait until I wake up.

My eyes close, but my ears open. Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! She's calling!

Do I answer it?

Black Hill

The tortured old man sits alone in the room up on Black Hill. Now, then, and before After.

The crying daughter wishes her mother would listen, but then she remembers she's silent and her mother is deaf.

The sad life up on Black Hill.

The baby brother never meant to meet his father is taken by the devil and raised as a demon. The grandchild will certainly be a Hellion.

The mother is gone and the daughter weeps for a sister she'll never meet because she'll never experience the love of a real mother.

The father, made of clay, made of black magic somehow found a human soul to adopt as his own to feel the sorrow and pain of a real man and not the homunculus form its given.

Songs mean everything up on Black Hill.

The songs play in melody with the rooms and the creeping souls.

The old voodoo man named Rat killed for a book filled with rituals for immortality yet he had never planned to use it on himself until he ran up onto Black Hill.

The name comes from the dark looming feeling that led the discoverer to his death at the hands of a mirror; Black Hill carved on that mirror.

The clown up on the hill is the worse; watching, killing, laughing at it all. A monster it is.

The daughter never wanted to stay, but the homunculus feared that the world would kill her as it did her silent sister.

The mystery in the clock is that it clicked to real time and not the time we thought we knew.

The time had come and it was time to redo what had been done in order to move forward with what would be. The End of it all would begin in the past.

The flames that swallowed the hills came three times. The first was the silent girl's doing which led to the death of many. The second was her sister to escape the creeping souls wanting Rat's immortality.

But the last was of the old man. The daughter became a mother and the son of the mother became an old man.

The old man entered young but left the room old. He came back once the soul of his forgotten sister had cried enough to see the mother's soul was still bound to a broken clock.

The old man brought flames with him and so The Black Hill was no more than ashes for the rain to wash away with only one lost son to one day bring Hell's fire to the world of Day.

Although Day has another name, she will continue to watch and only let Night come when she deems the time is right for the world to be her Black Hill.

Fantasy

Maybe it's not meant to be, you're my fantasy

Still running through my dreams, forgive my evil deeds

I'm sorry we couldn't last, but leave it in the past

Our love was like glass, and you'd always put me last

You told me countless lies, I'd ignore what's right

You told me everything would be alright, another one of your lies

We were living a fantasy, and it wasn't meant to be

Waking up from sweet dreams, and it was my reality

The nights seem so long, as long as you're gone

But your reasons were wrong, and I'm not sure where I belong

You were saying another name, and I wish it was in vain

But I'm sick of all these games, and you throwing me into flames

You said I was the one, but I was just latest one

Another number for your fun, and thrown out when you're done

I'm sorry I wasn't perfect, but now I'm learning

The truth wasn't you at all...