

*Ravenous*

## Astray

Beautiful flowers grow from the graves of devils

A girl with nothing to say  
Held a posy of clustered red  
Sat by a lonely bay  
Reading the lines she'd all but read

The words were simply bound  
This was frank and facile to see  
Waves were the only sound  
Crashing of the frantic sea

A girl wishing to get well  
Hoped she could learn how fine to write  
To escape her small shell  
A need for sense of wrong and right

Flowers mostly curtsied in hand  
Coloured as though they have been dyed  
Dropped petals in the sand  
Creased they sit having grimly died

Paper in fingers she aches  
Reading the sentences by two  
When she tears it she shakes  
Releasing the particles too

Thoughts of melancholic glow  
Not a person in sight to hear  
Forward a step below  
No longer is she extant - here

Beautiful flowers grow from the graves of devils

## Except

You're a determined mess only looking for a way out,  
Taking an estimated guess  
If you could trade your life now for anything less,  
Would you put all you've got to the test?

Do you often think what life may have been like?  
Relishing in wealth and fame rather than wallowing in self-loath and pain?  
Take a hike

It's nothing if realisation of honest hatred,  
But don't you wonder what path you could still tread?  
If you changed things for the better,  
I wonder if you could erase each and every suicide letter

It's no wonder you can't move on from this black hole —  
It seems as though your whole life has been stole  
From none other than the beastly troll

As soon as you pursue a greater purpose,  
It seems to be shoved in your face - considered worthless  
It's obvious it's not all your wrongdoing,  
Not entirely your fault  
But why don't you stop your pathetic cooing,  
Bring your shameful whining to a halt

Do you wonder when it'll all be over,  
This lengthy void deemed a deep supernova?  
It's a strange notion to be wanted so longingly,  
One you're unfamiliar with so wrongfully

## Hoax

How long can you dance with the devil,  
Playing with fire,  
Living level —  
With he who's portrayed a liar?

Isn't it all a joke,  
When he lures you  
Promising everything then chokes,  
A game — guess who?

He's drawn your whole figure, tantalising  
With his finger on the trigger, fantasising  
What will happen next is damn surprising  
With lust comes nothing of realising

The flavour is ripe, raw on his tongue  
Something so fresh,  
Something so young  
The subtle taste of hellish devour  
Something so tender,  
Something so sour

He warrants visible stress  
An obviously deadly dull mess  
When he no longer projects  
It evidently infects

It's no joke,  
When he chooses who  
Pledging everything then chokes,  
His game — it's you

## Effete

The girl's cold soul is burning,  
But no one can see —  
That that girl's cold soul is yearning,  
For someone like he

Craving what she has no right,  
That poor girl's torn heart is breaking —  
Falling depend down, now in too tight,  
That poor girl's torn heart is aching —  
There is no more faking

That girl's weak lungs are filing,  
But who could know? —  
That that girl's weak lungs are inhaling,  
Much more than is on show

Gauging what she can not feel,  
That glum girl's violent mind is a waste —  
Spiralling into the abyss, too late to heal,  
That glum girls violent mind is laced —  
Who wants a taste?

## Malady

A hollow grave dug into thin skin  
By none other than a girl full of sin  
A reckless decision,  
a ruthless incision  
Oh darling,  
it's all about precision

When will she learn  
Her heart was crushed  
She will always yearn  
It wont be hushed

A wandering mind she ripped to shreds  
Caused by the dread of piles of meds  
Pill by pill —  
They stole her humanity  
An inexorable tragedy —  
Accompanied by humility

What happened to those bronzed legs that skipped the beach  
Now they open tauntingly in the sheets for any boy she dare meet —  
Dignity deplete

What happened to those eyes that brightened in the sun  
Now they are shun like every promised nun  
Dazed dimmer

A hollow grave dug into tight skin  
By none other than a girl full of sin