

Raven

I pray for the words not to escape me now. I have been away for so long that have not met my purpose I shall be a disgrace. Dear Raven I speak to you now, take my message to a soul you know fair. Do not circulate it out to those men not noble, only to those who under gods eye are compassionate to my plight. Men who wish to help further the world and are not holden by the burden. I pray you safe journey my Raven and beseeching you my last bit of food wish you farewell. Let the sun guide you in the day and stars in the night to find that which you seek. Blessed be thy name, Prince. My only hope in these final days. Complete the task for which I labor and have a better life in your final days.

Love

I stare into my lovers eyes whilst she cries. The building sparkle in her eye. Glass runs down her cheek. The shining trail laid for the next tear to follow. Falling down her clenched cheek and wide smile. These are tears of joy for she is of child. I see a universe in her eye. The ability to create and destroy. Every tear a falling star. Each gives rise for more. But alas these are tears of joy. She is expecting in a happy home. I see oceans in her eyes. Massive schools of creature continuously moving by. There is a world in her eye. The constant crash of waves. With each breaking tide another tear falls down her from her eye. A pearl was caught in the last, perfectly elegant. As time went on, reverted into sand again. But this loss brings great tidings for her tears are of joy. She is of great will, and for this she is strong.

Crown

Call the King, fill in his mind. Our mercy is lost with his child. Don't fret any war is far behind. We shall find him on knees begging for the child. Cry you poor old man. Feel sorrow in loss. I enjoy your pain. The land you once took shall be unburdened at last. The troubled King in haste will make poor decisions, the effects of which shall last. The throne has fell. Alas the crown dead. The King has bloody hands which shall never be clean, not in life or in death. Follow me across the sky. See the world with thine own eyes. A beautiful new kingdom awaits. Let the peasants rule themselves and see how long it lasts for them. People are sheep, let them eat their grass, but eventually a shepherd will come. At first with great tidings, tall fresh grass. Do not be misguided by a gentle hand. Keep thy wits, democracy is on the rise.

Death

Walk the line of life and death. Guide those misfortunate to die towards their next resting place. Lead them on to their next life unburdened. Offer them solace in infinite time and space for they are finally free.

I see in the eyes of those gone a man in a marble crown. When its time to pass the man comes out. He does not speak, he guides those lost. Grabs their hand and leads them along. Taking away their fear, remorse, anger, sadness, regret and emotions worse. Peeling back their mind until only the core resides, then he sets them free with open minds. The lost find themselves watching the world. Starring down from above onto the world. A world dressed in slate light. A world empty of any physical element processed by the mind. Barren of color or sound. This space is free to all with open eyes. Elevate yourself and see the world. Unburdened by the thoughts of minds still closed. Only I see the man in the crown. Only I watch him work. Rising from the eyes of those past. He opens up their body and pulls them up. Looking eye to eye the lost souls begin to loosen.

Guide

Please savior, offer me your hand. Pull me from this wretched land. Take me upon your grasp. Feel my fear as you feel my hand. Look down amongst my eyes. See past these laden stars. See through the scarred heart. Open up my mind and search for the broken parts. Beseech me from these horrid dreams for which my life is of endless means. I suffer day to day, at the hands of no other. Scarred from head to toe from obsession. I am a new yet, ever lasting. Will you take my hand or leave me dangling. Searching for a future in this breeze. Will you lend a guiding hand towards the next ascension to the promise land. I see in you pure, like darkened souls, holding back the waves of raging fame. Galavanting across the land purging us of lifeless entity. Fill me with your vision, your wisdom. Take me to the higher land. I wish to see the place where only those journeyed beyond can understand. Please take my hand. I cannot let go, I am not sure where I shall land. Nor can I collect myself to rise alone. I need a savior to guide my ascent, or alas I will hang alone.