

Flame

Flesh alive with a frenzy of colors;
All caught in the eyes,
watch as they glisten
in the scarce light.

She burns,
Then flickers.
Prisoner to the hands that grasp her,
And to the breaths of God.

He holds her,
A match,
and with curious eyes,
Indulges in the light she produces.

Cold breath licks the flames.
Horror fills those amber eyes,
Now pale like ash,
As the wisps of air
Gather and indulge.

Swiftly,
He let her go.

Watched as she fell to the timber below.
Watched as the flames grew in size;
And with both arms wrapped tightly around
His frigid self,
He took in the warmth.

The Black Birds Of Raven

A cautious wanderer,
those birds are.

Ink-black eyes seethe with starvation.
A pale rose tongue licks the beak
With a desire to peck.

A young man,
afraid by the early morning,
is a rapid walker.

And they take interest.

A pale hand lifts a crumb from the pavement,
And with a flick, it goes to them.

They laugh at this attempt to feed;
Those birds cackle and caw.
It pierces the young mans ears,
Now pricked with caution.

They notice, indulge and feed,
On that ancient fear.

Run.

But he doesn't.

His pace becomes somber.

He slows
And catches a seat
By the man with the pale hands.

An exchange of smiles occurs,
And the birds, aware,
Spread their wings;
Taking away to feed.

Requiem For The Living

I. Say "Hello" to the fishes.

They gather at such a sight.
And in a tangle,
they devour the flesh.

The waters wash away what's left.
It's a hint of a man.

They fall upon their knees
And mourn for something old.
They grieve for a heap of someone.

II. Send my regards to the men down below

And to the Lucifer that reigns there.
Save the day, old friend.
In desolation there are no words;
Only the deafening silence.

There is defeat in those eyes,
And they've drifted beyond the familiar.
They know this death is infinite
And understand the worthy of this cruelty.

III. A pulse,

Rummaging through your veins.
Alive, like something human.
Yet alive among the dead.

And the taste of something bitter
Has never tasted so sweet on these lips of mine.

I savor this slow descent into madness.
This spiral into something other than human.
It's a sight I gaze upon with pleasure!
And though it devours what little sanity I've kept,
I cannot help but pave away the human inside.

IV. I am slave to the pleasures of man

And to the cruelty of which I have enacted.
There is no release from this imprisonment,
Only a sliver of light that scarcely reaches the eyes.

Monsters of Temptation

Unwilling,
Bound to the hearts ache for pulse.
Slave to the minds want for flesh.
Intricate designs lust for pleasure.

Spirits,
Cut from the taste of delight.
Torn from savoring light.
Ripped at seams untouched.

Monsters,
Temptation strikes pain.
Hearts gripped with unyielding force.
Tongues sing tained hymns.

Tempt of the innocent

I. In the flames of the pyre
Something gathers.
It seethes with exhaustion;
And picks at the dead wood,
In search of what it lost.

And when the winds blow,
And the flames flicker at the touch,
It draws in fear.
It's ignorant to the senses.
Watch! As it is wild with terror.

II. It is a monster of temptation.
Kept chained by the thought
And prisoner to the forbidden.
It is slave to the pleasures:
Harm and sensation.

Watch! The band of men ride.
They gather at such a sight:
A beast, wild with the senses!
The innocence inside alight
With temptations flames.

And when the night dies,
Men ride towards the rising sun;
It is left in its own chaos,
A tangle of madness of which it cannot escape.