

(1) Back to the Sea

I open my eyes, reach out a hand
It takes me a moment to understand.
The shape of you remains by my side
In the cold empty space that bedcovers hide.

I make coffee just the way you love
In a pot so large I can't finish it off.
I hold your empty cup and fill it with tears
Mourning coffee chats from all those years.

Your clothes no longer reside on the floor
No need to pick them up while you hear my roar.
My new place is in perfect order,
But I miss your chaos and the disorder.

I listen to music and it has lost its tune
No longer can I stand to hear them croon.
Silence fills in the blank spaces
It deafens my soul and melody erases.

I look through the mirror and into my world
All of the freedoms we had have unfurled
Into a new life bound by constraints
That you held away so they wouldn't taint.

Now I own stuff and live in a safe place
I long for our days sailing the seas slow paced.
Always moving, forever free
Only caring about you and me.

One day I'll make it back to that life
Off the grid and without any strife.
I hope that again you'll be by my side
I'm just not sure I can handle the ride.

(2) Paranoia

This thing called paranoia creeps out of my head
It sits on my chest and pins me to the bed.

He tries to show me a new way of thinking
That I need fists full of pills and heavy drinking.

My breath shortens as his icy grip takes hold
Crushing my pipes into a new kind of mold.

I become one with him as he writhes in me
Giving into his prison, no longer free.

I crave his shackles like a safety blanket
He takes hold, feasts on my mind like a banquet.

In waking moments I know better than him
My mind is strong and I don't bend to his whim.

I hide behind meditation and good friends
He lurks in the shadows until daylight ends.

As dark falls I grow weak, knowing he is close
In bed I wait for him, my drug overdose.

Each day and each night I follow the same cycle
If this doesn't change I'll be suicidal.

One day I'll win the fight against my demon
Until then I'll be with him while I'm dreaming.

(3) Parasite

She feels him inside her
Pulsating, growing, rapidly replicating.
He fills her up and pushes against
Her walls as he feeds on her.

He creeps around her psyche
Imprinting, tapping into her nerves.
She wants him but he makes her feel
Different and violently turmoiled.

This was supposed to be the exact
Reason, her soul purpose for existing, but
Her weakened body, out of control
Struggles to fathom what he has done to her.

After he can feast no more,
He rips her open and screams into her soul.
She is left defeated, broken but with purpose
As her physiology shifts focus.

Her mate no longer exists,
Cast aside by the new love of her life.
Stockholm syndrome grips her mind as she
Embarks on her life's mission.

(4) For you

While the full moon rises,
Baby I howl for you.
Sending ripples across the land
As I'm ready for you.

Teeth bared, poised and spread
Baby I grope for you.
With legs shaking, my mind is gone
As I pounce for you.

Nothing can keep us apart
Baby I fall for you.
Your claws sink into my flesh
As I bleed for you.

While you penetrate me
Baby I succumb for you.
You tear me apart piece by piece
As I beg for you.

With howls that stop the world

Baby I exist for you.

Your seed is planted inside me

As I spawn for you.

While you crawl into my arms

Baby I live for you.

Forever entwined in your web

As I grow with you.