

Musings of a Tormented Soul

A Collection of Poetry

Jack's Contribution

This putrid whore, strolls no more

Her dress adorned with blood

Her Eyes now open, from my slashing motion

Their lids no longer needed, perhaps she'll let me keep them

Soothing words to calm her pain leave my lips in vane

No word that I have muttered

Forgot her that her guts now garnish the gutter

My blade becomes her lover

Her throat slit, with daggers tip

From ear to ear she bleeds

Once again I satisfy my need

With knife's blade lick, my tongue rips

Her blood and mine commingle

Hers and mine, intertwined

Her soul is mine forever

Free her I shall never

Life did end, for thy store bought friend

A loss only to johns and pimps
To society she shall not be missed

A bone taken, for memory making
A tool to evoke her spirit
I feel her when I near it

Where shadows dwell, bodies swell
Food for stray dogs and rats

Darkness shields, my villainous thrill
My tools draped in cloaks shadow
With each murder my legend grows power

Your streets cleaned, by evil means
But a debt you owe me still

Blessed be the blood I spill

Insomnia's Price

From whither darkness, that thy came

You bring my midnight's bane

Cast me to this waking Hell, through a fog, a festering smell
Flies do swarm, maggots crawl, bearing their bites, I sleep no more

Demons poke, prod my soul, tortures' pain, is thine goal

Clawing at my rotten flesh, lacerations given in jest

The day will come to except my fate

God damn you, can't damnation wait!

Let me sleep, I need rest!

Eyes spring open, soaked in sweat

On Death's door, I do knock, I lie awake to watch the clock

As it ticks dark voices talk, Demonic visons lurk and stalk

I close my eyes, hope for sleep

Yet what I've sown, I now reap

In my dreams, fiends thrive yet fester

Poising my soul, killing pleasure

Rolling hills, of Hell's valley

Through endless darkness march Satan's Army

Burning flesh, tortured souls
Wicked creatures from lore of old

For peace now, I'll accept my fate!
I give my soul for you to take!

I sign his parchment, in fresh blood
I am not now where I was

A promise made in exchange for slumber
Is it fate, or mortals' blunder?

With my soul, guaranteed
He casts his spell, I finally sleep

SWEET, SWEET DREAMS

For now at least

Daisy V.

A Promise made, to love evade
Your touch enslaved my soul

Be it bold, lust untold
Or budding love born for thee?
I do not know, yet I let go
My heart is yours to hold

I teem with bliss, no remiss
A sign of what is to come
In you I have found
My one

From first fleeting glimpse
Of eyes luminous
A promise of sorrow, so fast forsaken

From the first kiss, of thine tender lips
I surrendered my will to desire
Love drowns in tempest's mire

Once I swore, to love ignore
A goal born from sorrow now forgotten

Now what's made, from thy hearts persuade

A new desire to be yours

I want for not, your love's been wrought

Upon my wandering soul

A vagabond of lust no more

Our fiery trysts, still persist

Through time desire for you only grows

I shall forever, love's storm weather

I swear this to uphold

Doubts from you, of my heart's love truth

Shall not hinder my endeavor

Love another I shall never

Souls entwined, by love divine

Overcome all peril

A cold heart warmed, by love reborn

For thy gift of love I'm yours forever

My love for you shall fade never

Lost Lover

My heart burns, with thoughts of death

Tears roll down, pale cheeks crest

Lost loves agony, devours my soul

That perfect love, I know no more

Why must I bare, lost loves pain

Is there no soul, who knows this man?

A single woman, who understands

Why I am, what I am

A futile search, for a hopeless goal

No one wants, this tortured soul

Depression came, when she left

I lost her love, life fades fast

Tonight's the night, I end the pain

The muzzle's blast, will free me again

Why, oh why, does she desire

My soul to burn, in Hell furies fire?

Why is it, whom made love grow
Now crushes my heart, my soul grows cold?

The hammer's lock, makes me smile
No more suffering, nor hopeless desire

I hold the muzzle to her head
The suffering will end, when she is dead

The hammer falls, her blood spatters
My source of pain, no longer matters

One last task, upon my list
Between my lips, the barrel slips