

$$C^2 + A^2 = \sqrt{K}$$

---

Contradictions are complimentary  
Appreciation cannot be without annoyance  
Knowledge isn't just, it is built  
Appreciating the knowledge obtained is just the beginning  
It's the foundation  
The Wisdom as a baby  
The sharp blade isn't sharp  
Unless a dull blade is cut next to it  
The clown isn't scary  
Until it's splattered with blood  
The grade isn't good  
Unless it's next to a bad one  
Compliments aren't made  
Until a comparison is processed  
Comparing isn't polite  
Unless a comment is positive  
A comment isn't positive  
Unless the one receiving it has known a negative comment  
Appreciating the good from acknowledging the bad  
Growing as a person  
Means you know the bad  
You've seen shame  
You've felt pain  
So you will see pride  
And you will feel relief  
Because your life will be a contradiction  
And it will compliment your thoughts  
Compliments are made from contradictions  
But don't contradict the compliments you've received

*Life's Spiraling...*

---

It's completely irrelevant, but it must be declared  
My head is taking the brunt, the pure pain that my chest once took

This is reality

This is raw

My head throbs explosively; the pain is searching for an escape

I am completely different yet again

No one will know who I am; How can they?

I no longer know, nor care to understand

I want escape from the confusion, the vagueness of my life

It's completely infinite though

Why is there no wall, no hole, no panic room at the least?

This is life

Just a coil, a snake around my neck, suffocating the life from me

Life is a cannibal; a sadistic consumer on everyone; on me

Why must it attack my head?

Why must it watch me bleed from my vital organ

My heart is functioning exclusively for my blood and pain

Emotions

Emotions

They pound at my skull ferociously like a sledgehammer against brick walls

The pure determination to end my sanity

My motivation crumbling downward to ashes

This is life

This is reality

My head's a throbbing reminder that I'm human

I may lie to myself, but a snake is forever strangling my neck

This is what it feels like

Utter defeat ever since I lost the three things that mattered

Now, I am a human

*Moral Lollipop*

---

How much pain does it take to get to the center of your morals?

To peel the top layer off

Exposing all that shouldn't be seen

Ripping

Shredding

Tearing apart the next

The layer whose power is all that we may know

The shield that breathes and grows stronger with every tear

Destroying the layers of the morals

The waterfall that runs downward

Creating difficulty to completely shred with ease

Just a skeleton

The last protection to the vital organs

So we'll leave you to your skeleton

But your stomach is mine to consume

Your lungs are mine to breathe through

Your kidneys aren't pure, I'll use them to cleanse my body though

Your intestines will shrivel—you're welcome

Your brain will be thrown away

All that is left is your heart and within it your soul

All that pain you just witnessed

All the layers *you've* lost

All that *I've* gained

I can see your morals now

But is there anything left to save?

Your bare to your bones.

Your soul and heart are all that hold your morals together.

Now they're exposed—

They're bleeding out in front of us—

*Both* of us.

If I were to stitch you back together,

Your morals will be loose,  
The flexibility will be grand,  
The rules you praised so highly won't have such an effect on you  
So when you stretch your old limits that now have plenty of room  
Are you a bad person now?  
Or is this what happened to create the new you?

*Mortem Invocation*

---

The elements meet and greet each other through multiple times  
Blood settling in the West  
Pooling slowly off the table  
Dripping thick streams against the grain, rolling fluidly into the air, falling to meet souls who  
thirst for it  
The red like no other, such a depth in it's darkness that black reflects and shines when the  
synthetic lighting touches it  
Stench rising in the East  
Thickening the room like a fog meeting each surface slowly  
Absorbing into the walls, ceiling; peeling the pastel color of innocence off like acid on the top  
layer  
The smell conquers all others, not masking, but becoming and replacing every scent that  
humbly lingered in its presence  
The wooden door pulling attention from the North  
Splintering into thousands of pieces of natural glass that can cut one to pay the price to see  
this  
Staining the entrance to a world not many personally witness, but all believe is a sight to  
behold  
The wood butchered like no other tree that has been shredded; one that's hanging by one  
screw, opening dreadfully, mimicking the scene it tried to contain at one point  
The Head of flames drawing the eyes directly South  
Blazing like fresh flames from Lucifer's office  
Burning the essence of immortality; flickering away each layer of skin and hair  
The head of this child singed to the bone, tissues soft and protecting completely wiped away  
from the source that had given this child life  
Her spirit floating above, center of all chaos  
The pull from North and South too strong to release her from this circle  
Her head separated from the spirit, laying burnt on the ground, heating and igniting all  
elements  
The stench of death and innocence completely distraught and slaughtered; abiding painfully in  
the air, bringing tears to the witnesses' eyes

The pools of blood thickening every second feeding the demons who were drawn from the  
terror that occurred

She was sacrificed for the innocence of youth

Identity scorched away

Immortality

Innocence

Decimated from her fate

Surrender in hopes that the demons fed with her blood will know no other source

Annihilated for her spirit to continue and no others to follow the path her wings fly to

*Shattering a Mask*

---

Each time it closes  
The light streams in an image  
Upside down  
Reversed  
Flipped back around  
Proper light exposure makes art  
But with each smile that little mirror flips  
It looks into the soul, the true emotion of the subject  
It leaves the mirror with a slight chip, the images: incomplete  
Because not each smile is true  
Some are a mask  
Hiding a frown  
Veiling tears  
Conceal bruises on a heart, scars in the brain  
The work of the subject is captured incorrectly  
The mirror makes it look proper when it's all wrong  
That's why it chips, distorting the image  
This lens cracks because it wants to cry  
This camera now resembles the subject, broken inside, distorting the outside perspective  
Perspective on  
The World  
People  
Life  
This lens and the mirror have given up, and sacrifice themselves in hopes that one day their  
subject  
Will no longer Pretend