Raphael

The Taters

Pray for me now.
My thoughts are getting too loud.
Voices shuttering.
Everybody's well-being is suffering.

Speeding up, not slowing down.
Just waiting for the crash.
When bad is good just get higher.
Observe and lose through the wire.

I wanna know your story.
I'm sick of being boring.
After this I'll leave.
I will lose another for these balances

That I need to achieve to control.
I'm figuring it out.
I think I might be done.
Negative energy.

A vampire entity sucking with force.
Intent to implode.
Your glow is lesser.
My dragging it shows.

I will drain myself for surfacing
And promising every little problem on you.
Everything is a distraction here.
The moral debts I know will never clear.

Though it's not pretty,
You won't be ok without the experience
To know that I am no good.
I fought myself before,

And then I fought you, too.
Use the sharp end cause I took the scissors.
Whatever you have,
Just make sure that it's bigger.

I run with weapons and fall down the stars.
I aggravate midnight-vets,
On their bikes, getting weird.
If I had enough sticks

I'd aim for every spoke
Without first giving thought
To whether they're friend or foe.
It's all obstructive self-destruction.

I've run out of all other fun.
Something's wrong.
My vision is changing.
I get scared.

It keeps taking.
My eyelids are shaking.
I'm still afraid.
It's taking me.

It's anti-matter.
It ruins and it shatters.
Where I go is void of direction.
There are no other questions.

There are facts and there's pressure,
Separation and fractures.
From the left to the right
To the whites of my eyes that pry

At the lights that come when we die consciously.
Bring rest to me.

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