Song of My Undoing

Woe

When I was young, I believed that I'd be complete and one day I would see that life is beautiful.
This calming belief, such an immature dream,
as if time was a stream and peace its estuary.
Yearned for release, hallucinating that the words of another could easy my frailty.
Desperate to soothe the longing that hung from my bones like a skin, a wound, a sore, though finally closed, still burns.Simple meanings drawn from silence.
Towards the edge of Sorrow's open arms.Love, a frozen flame.
These words will be my undoing.
Trust, and with it came a promise of loss.Selfish urges bind together flesh and hope to pierce and weather.
I think of you, I see your tears and anger.
The freezing silence crashing down in bitter waves.Flesh fades away and I fear I'll find these words will be my undoing.
Love, a frozen flame. these words will be my undoing.
Truth, and with it came a promise of loss.
The sum of virtue is rot.Frozen, I have become porous, depraved, something born without a shadow.
Fragments and memories, collapse into myself, feel these urges all dissolving.
void that ingests our hopes reigns within these veins.
Compulsion and confinement.
Are these our final words?
Labyrinthine exchange.
Condemnation is the truest human form...Tragedy borne of human madness.
Withdraw from the world and its lack of meaning.
ripping it all down, this massive fucking tomb.
Ravaged skies rain tears of nothing.
I'm telling myself that there is only temporary grace and nothing is sacred.
I tire of this journey, loathe its pretensions.
Wasted hours carved in flesh.
Remember my name for the hate that it brings.
Discard the rest.
Into the night, we were cast without a sound.
to the darkness, where words are never found.
Take my hand and be warm against my side.
To the gallows where death will make things right.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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