

Endless Wall

Obsidian Kingdom

Behold the frame
Of the very last doorway
The one that you would
Never (ever) have wanted to cross
The threshold is wide
As your hope is narrow
You could tell its size
If pain could be measured in holes
A room without space
Its borders are painted with oil
The merciless place
Where flutes of derangement call
The spell of the pit
The alluring depths of the gorge
Do throw yourself in
Rejoice in the speed of the fall
Be removed each one
Of the seven layers of your skin
Naked and pure
To cherish the kiss of the knife
You'll like it in here
Morals are as loose
As the teeth of a child
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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