The Grotesque

Benediction

Inner deformity, such a foul deceptive rot.
Conceiving the grotesque. Nothing is but what is not.
Screeds of verbiage, never explained. Gazing at the flames.
Inside the dungeon or my skull, only mawkish thoughts remains.Grotesque addict, forever shadowed,
darkness clouding me. Absurdity now fate.
Bizzarre dreams, an horrendous nightmare,
nothing left but to hallucinate.Dementia reigns, a predilection. Total order cease.
Rescrudescent, this condition. Coherency decrease.
Humanity is not to shine, in my bloodless face.
Magnified in travesty, I have been displaced.See with the eye of the mind. That the lie will speak.
Traumatic cracks in my addiction, made the future bleak.
Paralysed to ruminate, embolismic bitter jest.
Ontologically I'm dead, reborn as the grotesque.
THE GROTESQUE!

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