Heavenly Metals

Cold Cave

I was born in the middle of a war.
The hospital was the last thing to fall out,
Located on the dark end of where a street used to be.
It was the last functioning building, when the apocalypse junkyard
Put android snipers on the roof in a hidden chamber.
Shot full of uppers, downers and all rounders
The walls are created white with silver, red and blue lining
The colours were designed to promote the promise of a fantastic future,
A better tomorrow, instead we got this.
The dream was at once flown from the IVs
Would pump you full of heavenly metals
That personally hand you a ticket to somewhere better.The 23rd dimension, was where I came to.
My coma in the metallic candy-land was once again interrupted.
I kept trying to get out, but it always happens,
The second our waves overlap.
I try to connect hands with her,
But she pushes me away,
Away from herself and the black velvet ripple that eats up the sky;
It is always behind her.These holes hover over all of us,
Maybe it's a sign...
I wake up thirsty yet again
To the floods of acid rain
Frustrated, from being that close to someone that I could actually function with.
I think she feels it too,
Even though she is hesitant she keeps showing up.It's not my dream anymore, It's ours
x5No longer content with the dream,
But since made only to disappeared objects,
I need to feel these objects disappear with my own teeth.
I'm sorry if I've gotten sloppy with these electronic dreams,
But they're all I have.
A cosmic force, of a forgotten element
keeps the dreamlike solution
Of the perfect dream, the one that may never arrive.
The wretched robotic, smoke-stained, amputee night nurses
Try to harmonize my future.
They are all tone deaf, their shrieks break the windows that we no longer have
Icicles fall from the ceiling,
Impaling anyone who is unfortunate enough to be taking shelter under there.What am I doing here?
Is this hell or is this hell somewhere much worse

That I will soon taste.
Will I ever know of another place, or should I stay?
Will I ever get to feel any other place?
For now my mind may paint other landscapes
But my feet only know of this decay. So I bask in it.
If I've learnt one thing in this junkyard, it is this:
Things may worsen at any given moment,
So no matter if I'm dodging, pushing soldiers into shrapnel, their feet torn apart.
By my dream lover, the one with a monitor for a head
But next I could only have me dreaming of such luxuriesI often think of pulling the plug
But I've heard it only gets worse
The ancients tell me to enjoy this hell
Because it's angelic compared to
Door number 23.

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