

Wither

Earth Crisis

Near lifeless skin stretched
Over a prone skeleton
An image branded for all time
Within my memory
Pursuit began, seeking pleasure
Delivered with a price
Though an illusion of instant bliss enticed
Toyed with what immediately only overpowered
Chased the dragon thinking
That it would not turn to devour
Steel driven into skin
Contamination forced in
Jaws of death close together
The haze that surges must not win
Wither
Body given to the vortex
Awake in a synthetic dream
Time and meaning fades
Life drains far faster than it seems
Drawn to the brink
By thoughts of invincibility
To give into what beckons
Constantly
Pulled back across the threshold
Loved by the ones who helped bring salvation
The future is in the hands
Of a once self-made victim
Self-made victim
Steel driven into skin
Contamination forced in
Jaws of death close together
The haze that surges must not win
Wither

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