Grey Day

Esoteric

'Tis but a fucking grey day for me now.
One that I care not to meet.Wherefore is this grey fucking day,
That I should sit in here now?
Now of all times,
For all times have been now,
Until they became then.And it grates upon these very nerves,
That move my body amongst the living.
As they seethe,
Shaking their anger throughout my bones... as if to escape...Such a need to explode.
For this time ticks slowly,
Through this, the greyest of all days.
Waiting for now to become then.And it tears me apart,
But I cannot escape this terrible pain.
Ripping, devouring the bones within my flesh.
Draining my life's blood.And wherefore is this fucking grey day,
That I should sit in here again?And what?
What fucking tale to tell now?
Of tears uncried?Only the sweat of writhing agony.The eyes shed no tears...
For a mind gone insane...

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