

# The Blinds Cage

Mark Pritchard

Amongst the many different people  
and the many different places  
where do I stand in the eyes amongst the many different faces  
as a stranger  
peering like a spy into a window  
not recognising who is staring back at the face  
for sorrow has always played its part well as a thorn in my memory  
I cast my eyes in the direction of heavens attention for an answer  
? for a look of sad reign  
Ironically reflecting a heart turned black  
..midnightOnce the body betrayed me, became a relic of its former self  
Since our birth we saw we die, as difficult to confront as it's impossible to avoid  
For fear is no longer an option  
My time grows scarce and as of now  
My saga in life has come to an end  
I besieged the heavens to clench my desire  
and release me from the sentence since my births incarcerationIt is as if I am bound by some oath to the  
confines of the flesh  
becoming more of a shackle than release  
a vessel that once provided pleasure  
now knows no boundaries of pain  
inclined in a diagonal point of view  
taken from the bed of my final rest  
past the bedpost I see it  
glowing at me  
and like a mine  
she just restored me  
using the motion to interpret the words  
speaking alanguageknowing that I will fail to understand  
intrigued I havenothing better to do than lie here  
and watch wanting desperately to rise myself from this prison  
clearly her features emerged from some burried memory  
once hexed by a lover long lost and stepping into focus  
a long last the certainty of death daunts upon me to bring the end the end of the nightmare of a life I've had  
never did I doubt in existence of the beyond and I embrace my faith with glee  
powerless I fall victim to its persuasionsheld as though I had no weight, she peeled away all my inhibitions like  
an orange  
not looking at who I was but what she could make me  
tearing into me like unwrapping gift of the flesh

as each thrust of her tongue savours the warmth of my being  
drawing me near like a child towards mothers bosom  
her face was a beauty I feared would disappear if I turned  
deeply her jaws clamped around mine seductively drawing a life of me  
into a spectrum of the deepest  
blackhovering eye sealed by the letter forever asleep  
a weary consciousness used to distinguish dream from reality  
vanquished the line that divide slumber from death  
hold a breath of the movement of lungs  
felt frozen as life giving sap of blood cuts its current  
to the veins  
the moment the soul drifts from the body  
to crumble like unmoisturised clay  
the presence of disembodied essence is like stepping  
into an elevator shaft

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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