The Sunset Will Never Charm Us

Despised Icon

This desire is so annoying, like a red hot rock in my palm.
My nerves hurt and my legs convulse.
Walking on broken glass.
The soporific serenity permanently reflected in your charming face gives you jurisdiction.
A soiled soul infects the spine during a segment of time.
Particles of truthfulness suppurate from this almost perfect being.
The eye of satisfaction disappears to give place to arrogance and discontent.
I wait for a crucial gateway between trickery and facts.
Someday the sun will vanish and give place to an appalling night.
With cutting words I shall perforate this Kevlar curtain
and leave you bare without protection.
Beneath this strong and fierce eloquence,
I will face what truly is your frail archetype.
Guns and knives can hurt physically or even cause your demise while speech
and illustrations can mentally hurt and guide to suicide.
The eye of satisfaction disappears to give place to arrogance and discontent.
The Mozart effect reveals a newborn confidence.
The reptilian brain is now the one involved, the one that will conquer them all.

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