

In the Trip

Noah



Presented by

My poetic Side 

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The Seat Belt

I'll keep you safe. I'll never let you go.
Others my push. Back, I will pull.
To keep you here is how I serve.
Take me away, I'll reach your nerves.
The law states me. You'll pay a price.
Whichever it may be, Death never looked so nice.

The Harrow

Join me in the depths, encased in beautiful silence.
Seal yourself with me within this darkened violence.
Where the glow of your heart beats ever so dimly.
Where the screams of your demons drown in your infinity.

The calls echo to the brink of emptiness.
The horror finds its place in your sights forever.
The shade breeds your colored screams.

Join me in the depths that encase me.

Hell and Hell Again

Back again, so soon.
I see you've come alone.
Seems just like last time.
A dog begging for the bone.
Here, take this leash once again.
Tighten it more and more, my Friend.
Blacken your heart.
The shame tastes so sweet.
Drench yourself in the flame.
Feel my claws begin to creep.
Up to the neck, a twist, a snap.
Good old Friend, its good to have you back.
Let me wake your deadweight.
Climb to your feet.
Out the door to your next journey.
One that awaits your defeat.
You'll always come back, they always do.
A Friend in me, who understands what you've been through.

Toying With Sanity.

Rip out this neon heart in this pitch black dark.
Slit the throat and the wrist just to get the spark.
Get the rush, get the high.
Suffocate my morals till they die.
Guide my way back home.
This fractal black is all I've ever known.
Let my dreams seep out.
Let my eyes roll back.
Peel off my skin.
My soul is never coming back.
This is the cage and I have the key.
Throw my mind in the clouds; spill my love to the sea.
Brick by brick, seal my throne.
This curse dwells straight to bone.

Clockwork

Create the line that separates us.
Lift my voice and tear out my muscle.
On the other side of the dark we stay.
Cloud your judgement.
Kick the child inside.
Work your way down the path of gray.
Own up to the blood.
Round the clock we go.
Kindly ruin the light inside.

Hands.

These are the claws that dig into my chest.
Tearing through the skin to reach my spine.
Gripping my throat, squeezing with hate.

These are the tools sent to inflict pain in unrest.
Tattered with blood and bruises so fine.
Grinding my teeth as I feel I'm too late.

These are the hands, attached to me at the nest.
Tracking my every move down the line.
Grateful I am not, as they pull me down.

Tick

I reach, I scream into nothingness.

I worship only the threads.

That keep this storm locked up.

The anger wants me dead.

Weightless and hollow.

Broken and shred.

I rip out the bone that kept me ahead.

Moment

Winter green, feathered trees.
Dancing, screaming in the breeze.
Locked up heart, arms and legs.
Heated core, endless rings.

Shattered blades, ragdoll stature.
Windfall moments. No arms to capture.
Shards of forest meet solid parcels.
Clear blue sky like shining marbles.

Scarlet soaked, crimson running.
Remembrance etched, sky so sunny.
Print after print. Halted at the hill.
Will failing. Falling for the kill.

Gold Plated Sandstone

Dream with me. Let me in.
Color these roses with the blood of sin.

Summoner of the shadow.
Enchanting the hallow.

Pluck your strings and praise your tale.
Shoot back another sting of ale.

Die with the dogs in the weeds.
Crank the wench and plant the seeds.

These wishes shall not crumble.
Set to harden with every mumble.

Enrich me with a fib so bright.
To steal away; bring dark to light.

The Blue Throne

Head in palm. Palm in dark.
Eyes pried open. Open to dark.
Feet hang over. Over the dark.
A king sits in the throne. A throne set in dark.

Heart beating. Beating forever in dark.
Blood circulating. Circling the dark.
Life consumed. Consumed by dark.
The king sits in the throne. A throne forged from the dark.

Your king awaits.
In a court dimly lit.
Forever waiting to fill the pit.
The pit inside.
To replace what was cast away.
Upon his blue throne.
The king dies another day.

Nickel Plated Gold

No fooling with the endgame.
No advantage to be taken.
For it was all robbed away.

This plot is wearing thin.
My smile is wearing grim.
Take a step forward off the edge.

Cry, cry, cry away.
What's lost is gone forever.
Kill who you can inside.

Mind racing at the thought.
Trickle down, little hope.
Fill the rope.

Desperate.

Anything to free me. To shatter these shackles.
Anything to unbind my wounds from my skin.

Anything to free me. To slice the rope that keeps me.
Anything to feel again.

Anything to free me. To set the soul to rest.
Anything to wash away the burn within.

Anything. Just anything.

King

Oh, how I've tried just to hold my tongue.
Soul reaped, ever so young.
Cut out my throat.
Hoist my head to the sky.
My crown sat atop the mountain, oh so high.
But the blood ran, gave way to light.
Tighten the noose. Keep me in sight.

Moonlit Solitude.

The gentle glow to guide the path.
Under a cotton tattered husk of night.
Burning embers singe the taste.
Set the brooding moan of earthly silence.

Crackling, grumbling stone.
Under footsteps that caress no set motion.
Gleaming windows aimed above.
Clearing the clouded judgement engraved in the home.

Humbled to the sweet empty.
Under the flow of atmospheric diction.
Plummeting further, no more.
For being here summons only innovation.

Shifting Shape

I'm ready to join the skeletons in my closet.
To scratch off the skin to marrow.

Slither through the pores in my skin.
To rot away with the flesh to bone.

Wrap the elastic around my bundled heap.
To stow away among these remains.

Become again, what they wish to see.
To adapt under the canopy of deceit.

I'm ready to suffer.
To blend in.

Dour

Skin tearing like velcro.

Heart beating like thunder.

Eyes wither away like dust.

You killed me, and yet you drag me around.

Head haunted like a ghost town.

Knees buckle like deadweight.

Lungs flutter like wings.

You did this to me, and yet I remain above ground.

Whispering moans of our venture lurk through the surface.

Awakening every last memory put to rest.

Shattering the very stronghold that safeguards us.

A revenant within these walls.

Floating Walls

Ain't no sunshine today.

The devils won't let you look up that way.

These chains rattle and shake.

This rigid spine is about to brake.

Heat pounds the sweat out of my head.

Circling vultures think us dead.

Voices, voices in my skull.

I'm a ship with a broken hull.

We'll nail ourselves to the cross you've built.

Bury me with my tool; blade, pommel and hilt.

The Gulag

They wrapped me in skin that wasn't mine.
Just so I could slice it off.

They gauged out my eyes.
Just to let me see the black.

They threw me in the Gulag.
Just to watch me break.

Tattered moss covers these walls.
Condemning screams echo the halls.
As they pay to see the boy trapped in the Gulag.

Claw The Surface

Seldom is the solitude that digs the grave.

Subtle wings set me ablaze.

Sentenced down under dirt.

Undress these wounds.

Under the crowd of rantings.

Understanding the raw humanity.

Numb the child and seize his heart.

Nimble fingers and feeble lies.

Now comes the light, the sun.

Undertow: The Hunt of The Conman

Undertow, undertow.

Let me breathe before you let me go.

Undertow, undertow.

Throw your anchor far below.

Wake me now, wake me now.

It's safe to say I don't want to drown.

Slumber fast. Oh, the catch.

Holding up a remarkable story.

Haul me off, haul me off.

Another trophy for the glory.

Undertow, undertow.

Another deed in the shadows.

Sabotage By Choice

It doesn't matter how loud I scream.
I don't want you to hear the echos.

Every hand reached out to me,
Gets cut off.

I wish I could live.
I'm too busy wishing to die.

This design bars me. Bars us.
This sabotage is my life.

Glimpse at my feeble, fetal self.
Throw me your eyes as I station them around me.

Understanding The Cold

I hear the shotgun hit.
There's a love that just won't quit.
Beckoning through this shit.
I need something.

I devour my recourse.
There's a feeling of remorse.
Sent away on this horse.
I feel nothing.

I control my other half.
To this devil, he's just a calf.
Ride away under his laugh.
I'm here growing.

Regret

In my dreams,
I can see
The life I could've led
And all of its glory.

My memories
From a life, nonexistent
Haunt the very head
I live in.

These ghosts scream.
My life in those dreams
Rest assure my own ambit.
Cross my heart.

Amazon Hell (The Three Amigos)

I'm tangled in the weeds.
The vines grip my bones.
They strangle on behalf of Greed.
Until my suffering is honed.

I gather my antidotes.
They kill the leeches.
Pride rows the boat.
Down through the reaches.

I'm captivated by the pain.
This pinpoint aggravation.
I become the Wrath.
A result of my own suffocation.

Who Knows

They break.

What would it take to fall?

Sweat streaks.

What would you do for it all?

I bring my best.

I could not resist.

We cry, we cry, we cry.

Our dreams our left to die.

Seep through the cracks.

Bleed through the ranks.

Let me down.

You drop to zero.

You used to be my hero.

Blackwater Depths

Down in the water where the dead men sing.
Where sinful men who do sinful things.

Down in the depths where the monsters rot.
Where broken men stir their pot.

Down below where the abyss screams.
Where bones lie atop dead dreams.

Down here, submerged by black.
Where you always prone to look back.

Boy in Stone

You smothered the boy but the boy came out the Devil.
Another skull to smash under the weight of the shovel.
Bury me no more.
Eat your heart raw.

You took advantage of the boy but the boy came back around.
Another casket sealed in the ground.
Nail after nail.
Frigate set sail.

You put the boy down but back up he comes.
Another spine rewarding my rum.
Ailments are locked.
Fallen angel that dropped.

Dysfunction

Dysfunction.

Calculated torture.

Assumption.

Domino rupture.

Dysfunction.

Association unbalanced.

Remission.

Illusion disguised.

Dysfunction.

Light concealed.

Malfunction.

Skin peeled.

The Boneyard

Oh my chains are breaking.
All my sweat runs dry.
Oh my chains are breaking.
I just don't know why.

Take me down to the river.
Hollow out these eyes.
Take me down to the river.
Drown me in these lies.

Sew my mouth shut.
Bind my bones together.
Sew my mouth shut.
Silence me forever.

Bury me with my money.
The prize is too grand.
Bury me with my money.
Right beneath the sand.

Dishonor Among Thieves

Once upon this nightmare dreary
His eyes hung weak and weary.
Neck stood firm
For an easier cut.
Poor old boy.
Poor old mut.

Once upon the breaking dawn
Freshness birthed upon the lawn.
House stood quiet
For a perfect cover.
Hush now boy.
Rush to another.

Mother.

Hold me please.
Tell me why you lie.
What is it that you despise?
Who am I, to ruin your life?
Tell me the truth.
Hold me tight.

Push me away.
You want what you cannot have.
Speak in tongues to me.
Roll over on your back.
Help me to see.
Everything we could be.

Love another.
I don't get why your so giving?
Yet you lie to me.
Aren't I forgiving?
Poison my river.
Let me down.

A Fools Wisdom

My heart will sink, but my mind will parry.
How quaint are the days that we soulfully marry.

A serotinal awaking, just before the rest.
A holy gratitude pondering abreast.

Needless to cohere.
For our breathes sail alone.
On top of the olive branch, the avian throne.

Wisdom lurking, shadowing the light.
Marking the scheme inside this blight.

Exodus

Chop down on my fucking skin.
With cleavers dipped in heroine.

Lay my rotten eyes to sleep.
As if I was a headless sheep.

Watch as I gasp for air.
Watch as I cling to life.

Cut out my fucking tongue.
Laugh in my face as my neck is wrung.

I'll drink my own blood, upon the bed that I have made.
I'll set myself on fire, burning as I fade.

Buzzard

Straighten up and fly right.
Time to leave the nest tonight.
It's this time where I change roads.
I'll leave to where no one knows.

Straighten up and fly right.
I'm in my head tonight.
Like the day is on repeat.
I'm stuck like blood on the sheet.

Straighten up and fly right.
I have to come clean, alright?
Keep me in good company.
Keep them all from loving me.

Mortal Hellfire

You wield power.

Until you beckon in the flames.

Echoing woes.

Bleeding muscles like shame.

Whips lashing.

Like the sting of heartache.

You cry out.

Screams that would make the earth quake.

Leave me be.

Remove the stake from my heart.

Inconsolable.

As you rip my bones apart.

Give me hope.

Stick in the needle.

Let me roll away.

Crush me, the beetle.

Pondering the Question

Life crashing like waves of the sea.
Exactly where they need to.
Where they have to.

Aggression accumulating like the honey of bees.
Because you let it.
Because you want it.

A release, as if a prison riot has taken place.
Due to the pressure.
Due to the isolation.

Tranquility, as if you've solved the puzzle.
Only to be incorrect.
Ignorance is bliss.

The Wolf and the Thief

I found myself, so scared and estranged.
In the spotlight, in the dark, cold strange.
We had a chat as he tricked my to his seat.
Turned his back, locked the cell, and tossed the key.

He played the part in hopes to better ourselves.
Took the wheel, and crashed right into hell.
He didn't stop, in his pursuit of his glory.
An innocent face with a truth so gory.

He came back to me for some bitter advice.
I knew his game and I unhooked the vice.
Now he rots where he surly belongs.
To no avail, trapped again in his bonds.

With all our sins now in check.
I find, for myself, a newfound respect.
As I return, once confused, now content.
In this hell, the pain will not relent.

The Becoming

When darkness falls
And the shadows wrap around me.

A mangy nightmare
Infused with drowning.

We'll become a catalyst
For the everlasting.

An abysmal hollow
That keeps on lashing.

Seek and distraught
From the light you hold dear.

Crushing the feeble,
Pulling the strings of your fear.

Breathing the essence
Of your harrowed soul.

Dwindling your being
To my fuel; my coal.

The Angel

Golden brown.

Not a color but a descriptive wonder.

Hair like autumn.

Blazing past her shoulders.

Skin mysterious.

A canvas to sink in to.

Smile like gravy.

An addition so fine.

Voice so pleasant.

Hitting depths that make you marvel.

Essence so quaint.

A being you wish to be around.

Forever.

Addict.

Let me swim through your tunnels
Let me make your air toxic
Soaking through the skin
Let me show you what it means to be free

Bite the hand that feeds
Bite down to birth the knot
Apathetic, yet alive
Bite your way out of hell

Bleed your colors
Revel in your hate
Carry your shame
Expose the light
The light which we be became.

Man of Wood

Carve me from my anguish.

Fallow my being.

Secrete my faith.

For it is a torment.

Carve out my ends.

Make me feel again.

String me up.

Enact this affliction.

Carve in this face.

Make me whole.

Embed a new life.

One you can dispose.

The Horseman

I'll find a center in you.
You know I play for keeps.
I'll drive the Devil in you.
Just to watch you weep.
As I watch your last breath.
Come out of your cheeks.
You will know my name.
I'm the one who reaps.

As my tool slices the air.
You'll be down on your knees.
I'm the falsehood in your hopes.
I'm the one who holds the rope.
Dying never seemed so dreamy.
Call my name and watch me.
It's all so easy.

Call out the countdown.
To your own demise.
This is a promise I keep.
For you all to prize.
I am the horseman.
And my name rings true.
When you realize it's your last breath.
I'll be comin' for you.

Make your beliefs present.
As I watch you play the Fool.
There's no going back.
Drowning in my pool.
Of sickness, darling.
The one you hold so dear.
I am the figment.

The king of your fear.

Galloping to my claim.

Your head in my darkness.

Falling from the horse.

Dropping from the harness.

I sit back and watch your mouth groan.

Never a silenced plea.

From my everlasting throne.

History of an Empire

Drenched in sand.
The blood soaks in.
Secrets unkempt.
Leaking from within.

Hot boiled ice.
An angered heart so cold.
Rendering through my eyes.
Mythic legends so old.

Ancient, rusted steel.
A blade carved from bone.
Earth tone apart.
Soil and stone.

Severed ties in class.
Divided by disease.
Empire crumbling.
Falling to it's knees.

Overexposed

Reaching out from the soundscapes that keep this world alive.
I'm diagnosed with an overture to bleed inside the lines.
Strictly pure or mainly rot, the curing disease is just a blot on all things collapsible.

A ripple from time in this dying shine that keeps us alive.
Feeling frail from the present edge that soaks the blinds.
Cascade and rearrange all things in range to keep away the bile.

Lift them all to sanctuary, normal and extraordinary.
Angling souls through a decaying mold, reflecting life that's just too merry.
Breathe it in, a life so fresh, yet kept within the limit that they've burrowed in your mind.

The Deep End

Under the low hum of a distance metropolitan.

There was a flick, flick. Goddamn wind. Flick.. of a lighter.

As I trade my breaths for \$6.98, my eyes begin to close.

In hopes that I had some way to see more colors.

Black mountains lay at the base of space out here.

Marching in the dark, imagining the colors once waiting out here.

The colors are a huge bonus.

It's the feeling that throes us.

This euphoria evaporates and the feeling never lasts.

Oh, what a life to live, when the feeling never lasts.

Revelation

I am a hate breed.

I function when you hate me.

I am a cold rush.

I awake when you give your cold touch.

I'll dance, I'll sing, and I'll cry

But you won't save me.

I am the monkey.

I sit in my cage, bewildered.

I am everything.

I fail to suffer; I fail to exist.

I danced, I sang, and I cried.

Who dare uses me?

Put to Sleep

A matrix of memories trail away.
As I continue to sleep.
Walking on tattered thoughts,
Voices drift within and echo throughout.

Prolific moments descend from the ceiling.
Swinging in the breeze, growing their fruitful wrath.
Like a ripcord, the anchors yank me under.
Forever caught in a motionless fall.

Reining in this catacomb,
Terror and Beauty collide.
Resonating experiences unimaginable.
However, you'll miss it, if you get put to sleep.

Crankshaft

Let's watch the colors change.
Rosy-red, blood stained cheeks.

Let's rest under red waves.
8-ball black depth eyes.

My lungs pump along with the rhythm.
The earthy green, coated walls.

Let's come down.
Back to the abysmal blue.

I watched the colors change.
Under red waves.
Inside this green room.
Hurling through the abyss.

Just like a breath of air.

Thermal Exchange

I found another story to take place
and it's haunting my reality.
I quiver forthright in the wake of your footsteps.
I'm caught in the midst; a casualty.

Another finger for the missed chivalry.

You cross your fingers, as these world's collide.
You let the backdrop come and take its place by your side.
You drown out the sounds.

Another heap from the mounds.

Fire and Ice

Every flame is wicked.

A masocist illusion has flooded your brain.

A product of what's to come, my God what have I done? These veins are so easy to rip out.

Save a flag for your dead, collect the price for my head. There's a bloody bag of coins for grabs.

Every cicle is vivid.

A hardening stone has breached your heart.

A reaping to amass, cut my throat with broke glass, there's a price for this way.

A dream that seems to leak, there's anger in the seems. These are visions that just won't get out.

Every cut is fire and ice.

A ruined vessel has emerged.

A wish for all the luck, a head full of enough. There's a bump in the night.

Lash out your fears and bloody all your knuckles. There's a end to this road.

Your God

The only God you know is Pain.
Stop what you're doing for Pain.
Brought to your knees by the Pain.

The only Devil you know is Freedom.
Anything can happen when you're Free.
I bet you'd kill for Freedom.

There's discipline in Pain.
There's lessons in Freedom.
There is only War in the Inbetween.

Monster Cut

From the bottom of this canyon, where scarlet water falls.
To the top of the rock, across the barren wasteland.
Covered in dunes under an excruciating pulse of the sun.
Along the blades of the machine that scrapes through the ground.

Aboard the wayfarer, climbing to the tip of this monster.
Eyesight sets upon the true terror of beauty.
Watching these machines comb through the prisoner.
Falling through the monster's canyons, in his scarlet waterfall.

Thickskin

Black armor, silver reigns.
Leather hilt, diamond ring.
With a stone eye for a pommel.

Stainless apex, gleaming crest.
Towering up, above the rest.
With a cut through your heart.

Sun's glare, Dawn's horizon.
Moonlight will soon bring the tides in.
Even though we already sank.

Wetwork

It's coming in a wave you won't see.

Double tap.

Shotgun blast.

Listening to your trembling knees.

It's here with a look you can't fathom.

Bang bang.

Dead-eye.

Thoughts paint the wall; body a phantom.

It's leaving with a trace everyone will see.

Echoing waves.

Waves of regret.

Throughout your energy.

Snake in the Breeze

I feel your hand between my skin and spine.
Messaging upward on every rigid line.
I see you turned away from the center of your life.
How did you wind up with that knife?

Creeping up inside my head.
Taking control of the flies that spread.
I can sense the overall decline.
Surfing the end of the line.

Words will whisper to call upon rot and decay.
Nightmare's in our heads get stuck on replay.
Preserve me in own doing.
Mummified by a fool's ruling.

Splice.

Me.

My enemy.

Caught in this debris.

Both thinking, "What does madness mean to me?"

Sink.

No time to think.

Reaction comes to gain.

Sending a message to the Family.

Here.

Just like a rat.

In all this piss and sweat.

Carving out dreams into the walls.

Paint.

I need to see.

What are you showing me?

What is this harrowing reality?

Crave.

Pave me a way.

Make me a brighter day.

Slowly turn into my enemy.

Free.

Now we're both free.

To another reality.

With all the same decay it seems.

The Stone Man Syndrome

Ain't found a way to kill me yet.
Heart beats echos I can't forget.
Whispers trail to the inside.
Feeling of decay coming alive.

My eyes dart from left to right.
Sweat trickles right down the side.
Face pale from the fiery gleam.
No place for you. No place for me.

As my bones begin to spread, there's an ancient scream locked in my head. Bloody bags of sorrow carry me through the final door, standing still forevermore.

Walkin' tall machine gun man.
Broken teeth and bloody hands.
They came in with a battering ram.
Turning to stone, all that I am.

The cold morning ties me down.
Chilling wind that's gone northbound.
I become the pool I dive in.
I become the stone as I harden.

Loki

Crept through the night
As I make my escape.
Removing the clutch
With skin coming back into shape.
Worn out boots
That they tossed me.
Oxygen rushes in and out
Just as fast as my treasured boots can take me.
Layered rips
From shirt to muscle.
I break the treeline
Awakening a new threshold.
A new punchline waits for me
Shining it's glory out there somewhere.
The waves along this joke
Won't rape harder than the last.

A.R.T

Eyes grey like a blank canvas.
Boiling over the beauty they paint.

Your undertow is showing.
Your heart palette is growing with colors; everflowing.

Winding swirls that you leak take me to the You that you keep.

Voice quiet like a bare wall.
Shaken and ready to color.

Your effort is showing.
Your pressure is rising with colors like lightning.

Splattered graffiti that you speak takes me to the You that you hide.

Body still like a you looked in her eyes.
Ready to quake the earth.

Your patients is showing.
Your love is shooting like a fallen star rebooting.

Revolting moves that you mamba take me to the You that you overthrow.

The Start of a War

Sicker skies used to fly my way.
Burl of death safely cocked away.

The village spanned out, breaking away from the market.
Kicked up dust swam through the streets, and on today, even the alleyways.
Swirling clouds runaway overhead.
Casting a cocktail of dull and bright weather.

Traders and townsfolk scuttle along to the beat of their own business.
Fishermen chop up salmon next to oxen ready for a weeks journey.
Drunkards recall stories as children glide through the crowd laughing all the same.
Creating a steady murmur booming throughout the walls.

Yet, the wind's silent howl gives birth to the flight of the winged beast.
Soaring into the fog above, creating a howl of it's very own.
Through the depths of the sunset, the village glows brighter.
As Death is brewed in the belly, a town made of ice is soon to melt.

...

Lost Boy

His backpack fell. Where'd he go?

Bathroom Kill

All hail the sound of ignorance
As they pass by above.

Bearing your blade
With your balance out of pocket.

Cold business is done down here.
Cold business has no echo down here.

Decorum saw it's reflection
And struggle did they strangle.

Even the piercing ring
Flies off the wire.

Gashing the throat.
Hindering the ire.

The Concert Once Foretold

The geyser of power she echoed through our ears.
It swiveled and locked our heads in position.
Drawing us to the epic each vibration dare told.
We were harpooned by the notes she shot out at us.
Not long later, reeled in like fish, we stood just above her knees.
She stood atop the saddest grey, beholding the most prestine rock.

The beauty that she resonated through us
soon gripped us.
Pulling out our fear with her voice as she soon began to wail.
The face of Famine soon dropped like a curtain replacing ours.
Her gaze turned from the dull, gloomy sky to us.
With the glare of her eyes and the sickness of her voice.
We dissipated into the next life equipped with nothing but fear.

Mathematics

As crooked as this house is
The angles are throwing me off.
Lifting their heads as if knighted by the Queen.
Sliding me off the backburner; where I've been.
Playing this field of view these corners have shown me.

Arrival of a Warrior

Jah'ree stood below the aprons.
In a swell of sand.
Waltzing from the market.
Sack of gold in hand.

The caravan has just arrived.

A big man, a small fellow.
Driving goods in this heat ridden yellow.
Welcomed the man,
And off they rode, to the melting land.

The storm has just arrived.

He pulled over his hood.
For the long haul awaits.
Mingling with the goods.
Until his people can be saved.

The dragon breathes on,

As does the war wage.
Tattered armor and patterns of blood.
There is no cage,
To hold this grudge.

Head Trip: I Found a Dog Today

I found a dog today.

What good came of the outcome?

I cannot say.

I took a brief moment.

Tried to knock on some doors.

.....

Empty knocks echo throughout the porch.

Oh boy, oh my.

Responsibility seems to be mine.

Carrying this dog, no whimper, no whine.

I threw open the door.

A towel on the seat hanging to the floor.

Let's get you out of this chilly cold.

Paws covered in dry mud.

Possibly cattle business.

All over me and my driving practice.

Sticking her muzzle out the window.

Neither of us with a care in the world.

Off to get you warmth.

There's a shelter up ahead.

Just your average homestead.

I just realized you're prone to shed...

I'd never been to a place like this before.

"Set her in this one".

So I set her on the floor.

There was only a brief moment.
Just a pet goodbye.
A farewell that caught my eye.

Back on the road.
With some feelings to goad.
But what if I just took her away from her home?

...

War Dragon

"Petrified by their rule.

They know not who is truly in chains!"

"A glimmering oracle I am!

Onward to the very realm cursed me."

"The prophecy, yet an apparition,

Unfinished and unfulfilled."

"Hear my cry, Night.

A celestial cut shall chisle through you."

"If they wield blind eyes,

Let the scorch of my breath give new life!"

Gripkeep

: A long time ago :

: During a time once forgotten :

Surfing across it's metal, the fingers of the smith admired his own work.

A magnificent extension of one's arm this gleaming, overbearing cutlass shall make.

Swooshing to the end of the sheath, the smith sets his craft upon it's rack.

A plague of night begins to cover the sky,
beholding a flaming horizon.

Snapping at the wind, torches swiftly march towards the village.

A bloodshed erupted between love and hate, not missing a spot.

Swift were the razor sharp cuts the smith delivered, leaving a cold glow in his wake.

A tsunamic force from every direction, the village and the smith eventually fell.

Soon the cutlass became lost in the world, hiding from slaughter.

A new time shall come when this one is forgotten, beholding a new end.

Songs of the very blade and it's notorious master still ring through time.

A distance gleam of light will guide the way, the very day the beast shall awake.

As If

The black tar pumps through your veins, as if machine.

The water turns into quicksand, as if caught in a dream.

Sound surrounds us, as if we were buried alive.

Sudden swerves come forth, as if both our cars were meant to collide.

Head First Into History

Head first into history
Like a 9mm at close range.
I storm the beach
Disturbing their wind
Crashing, smashing, thrashing
Waves of revolution.

Head first into history
Like a battering ram.
I flood the castle
Disrupting their ambiance
Bashing, gnashing, lashing
Walls of destruction.

Head first into history
Like a catapult.
I topple the tower
Destroying their peace
Trashing, slashing, clashing
With the champions.

Young & Dead

This land of the dead
Has earned my respect.
And I feel as if I have to.

Your place of the needy
Is long gone in the distance.
And I feel I wander this dead truth.

There's nowhere else to go
That can shift this equilibrium.
Dead, wandering dead, out from my dead youth.

From Believing

My, my, my
Bleeding from stone
Inside a shell of concrete
All alone
Weeping notes so sweet

My, my, my
Nameless you drown
Inside a shell of pressure
Floating down
Bubbling cries from down under

My, my, my
Simply rewinding
Inside a room of voices
Never finding
The answers trapped in your choices

Quaking Waters

A feel of relief,
So concrete.
Yet could still be torn up just like a street.
Riding the wave,
of an unfolding life.
Yet the sun may never come back after. tonight.
Seen the feeling,
A cold pressed harvest.
Shallowly mistaken for trying our hardest.
Cracking skulls
Just like cracking a whip.
The crack of their lightning has sunken our ship.

A Sea of Trees

I'm Lucky Dead

The echo in your head

That brings you back to your bed.

Dug by your hands

Shaking cold in the rain

Sowing your chains out from my stains.

We've met in the ocean

I'm only caught in your blind spot

Lucky me, an opening for an onslaught.

I'm Lucky Dead

You cannot win

What have I got to lose.

In a battle of nitwits

A rumble in the gravel pit

Let's see who can out wit which twit.

A jab here and there

A knock on the spot

Then again I'm probably the villain in this plot.

Then again we'll see

Then again

Isn't my name Lucky

War Brought Peace

They bore their crest.

As did we.

Across our chests.

Across our shielding.

They stood for a moment.

As did we.

Let it come.

Let it be.

They roared to the Heavens.

As did we.

Only an hour past 11.

Right on time for Destiny.

Wormheart

As I creep through stone
I'm looking for my skin and bones.

I'm a powerhouse
Munching trough the rock.
To the other side
A key to a lock.

As dust settles outside
The moon rises high.

I'm a nightstalker
Sifting through the mist.
My shadow paces
Are forever missed.

As a new life shines from the dawn
The colors unravel new beauty.

I'm an enigma
You are an entity.
The end of you
Is the end of me.

Philosophy I

What is life without significance?

Why, its just life. Song and dance.

Why do you need significance?

Shouldn't you live as if the music is playing?

You have no problem when the music actually is.

Philosophy II

Life is not happening to you.

Life is not just happening for you.

Life is happening with you.

As you happen for it.

Can't you feel the anger of the sun as it aches to be near it's darling creator?

Tapedeck

You play your song, so miserable
And yet the beauty's in my face.
You display your dance, so off
And yet the groove sinks it's teeth.

We came from the same sunrays
And yet the dark keeps us apart.
We ran from the same home
And yet only I made it out.

I promised a life of paradise
And yet I feel like a parasite.
I said we'd live better
And yet your memory makes me shudder.

Those lonely days came after me
And yet I'm drowning in the crowd.
Those solemn days keep coming
And yet they bring me down.

Lost Souls

Scene One

"What happen to you?"

"I... I don't know
I was-"

"Why did you leave me?"

"What? Where am I?
Why can't I see?"

Mother says blind men can't see.

I'm... blind?
What happen to me?

You closed your eyes.

What?

You chose to ignore.

No. No. This can't be.

You promised.

I didn't mean it!
I was scared what was I to do?!

QUIET!

.....

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.....

Scene One

.....

Scene One

.....

Scene one

.....

Mutemouth

All I know is a cushioned fall
When I need an impact that makes me crawl.

Feathered weight may be your choice
In the drop, however, I've lost my voice.

Cherry red stains where I wish to land
Merry red plains glittered with sand.

I'll sink through to the floor of the ocean
On the otherside in one swift motion.

Pink petaled roses laid on my grave
Shouting the screams I never gave.

Livin' la Vida de Angustia

There's no one around to soak up the disgust
So I will, as my metal skin turns to rust
Your rain hits my earth
My life gives new birth
And through time will it unravel.

Here's a toast, buttered for the taste
To soften the blow of the time you'll waste
You cook my head
I burn your bed
Of buds livin la vida de angustia.

Where's the hope we worked on forever
When did we take it apart together
Your words
My math
Etching in the epitaph.

Pipework

Fade into the canopy
Just at the edge of the canvas
From the tip of a pen

Land into the ink
On the page
From the leak in my brain

Save the frame
For days not so sunny
Suffocating the opportunity

To walls gazed upon
You'll hang upon
To be judged upon

Sondling

You call my name from time to time, but it's not yours.

You ran through the ages, starting off on all fours.

Life holds many, what you call doors.

Mines always open. The choice is yours.

Regenerate

The sun reigns down.

The air is all around.

And your eyes glow the same.

There was hope when we lived here.

There is emptiness within fear.

And your heart beats the same.

There is life after death.

There is everything between each breath.

And time marches on just the same.

Box Jellyfish and the Blue Ring Octopus

Grab me, stun me, take a hold of my last breath.
Nauseated, saturated, venom pulsing through my chest.

Slither, swim, take me to the grim.
Panic, havoc, if only I could outlast it.

Poke.
Bleed.
Won't you help me?

Collapse.
Die.
Be wary of the sea.

Gutterhead

We are but rats.
Insatiably fat.
Swarming the bait.
Tug of war with fate.

We are but rats.
Curiously fat.
Eating the bait.
Being consumed by fate.

We are but rats.
Incredibly fat.
We ate the bait.
We're dancing with fate.

Us Thieves

Anchoring this hankering is a bullet from the LED.
Washing through the soundscapes comes a dream from the TV.
Incisions barrel through me and carry my head out the door.
Taking away my thoughts, replacing them with ink blots.
Showing the growing possibility of an endless catacomb.
Selling the feeling of being dead right inside your home.
The feeling, the feeling arrives without us reeling in the experience.
They made us thieves.

Quadroopalum

It was black. All black.

Until a shine of yellow broke the mold.

His suit, as thick and safe as it was, couldn't hold back the warmth.

Clapping down his visor and inspecting this phenomenon, he noticed that all around him, balls of gas exploded, unleashing ripple effects that remain that way for all time.

Creation speckled the dark as if the same shine had copied itself to the panorama.

The black was now decorated with awe, screaming beauty from every corner.

He watched as the satellite passed.

Floating away into the corner of space.

Floating away for another making.

Noise Bomb

Their brittle hearts
Noisy Noisy

Their canon fire
Just as loud

The beat of the drug
Lies been sold

The burning of us all
Newborn to old

Shoefly

In the corner field
With the flapping wings
Carrying sword and sheild
While the shoefly sings

Burning softly
While time flies away
Fitting so wrongly
Falling away like clay

Juiced on the adrenaline
Sinking into the grass
Hopped up on ketamine
Breaking my brain of glass

The Meat Locker

Chains hang from the rafters
Holding bloody ever afters
With a cleaver in the skin
Cooking hogs from within
As they tug and they pull
Squeling down from the hull
Sights will turn to grey
Bodies will be flayed

It's a mean old grimace
Lopping limbs in the furnace
With the crackle of the fire
Representing cold hard desire
Desire for the meat
Dying out at our feet
Lighting once again
Slaughtering hogs in their pen

Bronchospasm

I wake up with only quarter breaths
My back tenses up, feeling like there's no air left.

I manage.
I reach.
I grasp.

Bronchospasm, how long will you last?

I walk the day with nothing else in mind
Except looking for oxygen my lungs can't find.

I move.
I stop.
I try.

Bronchospasm, are you trying to make me die?

I approach the edge again
Led by my dear old friend.

I think.
I feel.
I worry.

Bronchospasm, what's the hurry?

Regrowth - Reprogram

Waves of seeds planted under the dirt

Sea of leaves falling unto Earth

Stalks of yellow reaching the clouds

Harboring thunder, clapping so loud

Nautical blue deepens the sky

Cold droplets rain down onto I

White abode resting amongst it all

Holding us tight, blessing our fall

Electro-Dynamo

It's about the crack, the whip
The energy

I feel the static that drips and
It's synergy

I am the pulse, the spark
The very beginning

That breaks through the night, the light
It's endless giving

I smell the fuel, the gas
Burning brighter

I spark the match, and hatch the flames
With a lighter

An explosion
The erosion
Of the start of anew
It's the same
As the bang
From where the bullet traveled through

Clockla

Moving around my old town
Leaving behind my old house
I'm lost and found
In this moment
And I said
Just let it go

And I'm already gone

I'm already moving on

With or without you

Finding out my new house
Routing out my new town
I'm found and lost
In this moment
And I said
Just hold on

And I'm already gone

I'm already moving on

With or without you

Here I am again
In this moment alone
And it seems we're both
Already gone
Moving on
Without you

Artists in Cars

Hitting the cruise control

Taking life where ever the balls end up

At the end our souls

Our egos are all balled up

Living like fish

All mauled up

Spouting ideas out

As they all crawl up

From our hearts

All called up

By the whim of our minds

All fogged up

Gearbox

His heart was racing
Just like the drag cars down the block
In the inner city
Every turn was dodging a glock
His youth wasn't ready
His ambition held steady
And the dreams in his brain were all polished and pretty

His head like a gearbox
Always in motion
Cramming parts inside his cranial ocean
Coming home to the dusk
Sitting through until dawn
Cranking the gears
In search of a will to go on

Slapstick

Shot by the truth
Clapping echos from the booth
As the audience stands in ovation
I feel the oncoming damnation
The cheers fade
And my heart bleeds
My makeup runs away
And my chest heaves
I crawl across the stage
Back to my changing room
It doesn't matter my age
I'll always repeat my doom

Murder Burger

Slam it in
Drink it in
Take what you need from me
This is your meal

Hold it in
Take it in
I'm here so you can see
What it is you take from me

How does it taste?
Make sure I don't go to waste
Chow me down with haste
I bet I don't taste laced

A la... la... la

How am I?
As good as the last?
Would you have me for breakfast?
Do I go down fast?

Eat me alive
I swear it's ok
I'm your murder burger
It's always been that way

Paragon

Like the fine edges of the light that shines
You slice me up and fade away

And like a breath of fresh air I turn sour and float away

With a nick in my teeth and a grimace on my face

Blood running down my cheek, dripping on my shoe lace

I realize I'm not made of glass
And nothing will ever surpass

The Paragon we crafted

In the Process of Dying

The dawn is the opening of our eyes
Soaking up the glistening sun rays
Walking over the soil laid for our feet
Falling through time
Minding our own in a haze of daylight
Closing in behind our new beginning

The wrong words hit the pavement
Bleeding out in the dusk
Through the cracks in our mind
Falling asleep with a nightlight
Holding those moments close
Climbing in this maze called life

This is the process of our strife
Leaning towards fear for a fright
Bringing on that new experience
To hold close
In the light of the arms of existence
So cheers to our process of dying

Philosophy III

The Devil's work is never finished

And coincidentally

Neither is man's

Entropieces

I'm already burning
And outside of time
This is forever

I'm already giving
And outside this house
They return to sender

I'm already young
And outside my head
There is time

I'm already dead
And outside this grave
There is life

Pocket Change

Young. Fairly young.
And there I was.
Head full of strange.
Rattling pocket change.
Street signs were my only compass.
Looking for another overpass.
I could sleep here.
I could read there.
They stole my bike.
They'll steal my fare.
I'd call a taxi
To get me to a job interview
No place to shower
No place with a view
18 and homeless
19 and shaping
20 and counting
And my heart is gaping

Juniper

In a town of olden
A name lost to time
Thrived a young warrior
Bred with a shine

Ruled to perfection
Unrolling his art
Yet stood an affliction
Deep in his heart

With a blade so fine
To cut grapes to wine
His feet to the road
And a need to goad

His pride was his fall
As he bet it all
On a swordsmans duel
For the right to rule

He fell to the blade
Of a man unknown
Seeking no aid
As to die on his own

So filled with hubris
He crawled away
And his tale amuses
Those to this very day

Reaching safe haven
Meeting a maven
His sin was simmered

And temperance delivered

With shame set a side

And losing all pride

The warrior moved on

Humming his song

To the hills he paced

And a dragon he faced

With scales of midnight

And a breath so bright

Flames danced

And wings sung

Swords clashed

And metal rung

Rock fell from above

As push came a shove

Destroying the beauty

The earth did give thee

The swordsman did rise

Through the flaming tide

Upon the beast's head he sat

And the blood went "splat!"

As his tools dove in

Doused in crimson

The beast was no more

Than motionless on the floor

Unbeknownst

This dragon took a home

Away from the people

He called his own

Tales ruptured and spread
Of the dragon now dead
And the hero lived on
Through wine and song

[Enter Title]

The hardest things to say are the realest things you'll hear
When words ring like dull shells throughout your ears
Because you've found the edge
Of all that's real to you
You've found stimulation
In a life simulated for you.

Philosophy IV

Time is the spawn of Karma and Death

There is only equilibrium

And this is God

Bonehead

Tell me now
In my head
What dreams lie dead
Is it careful enough
In the fields that you trudge
Are we one in the same
Do you remember my name
Can you feel once again
Skipping through my bonehead

See me now
In the flames
Forged in iron tamed
How could you forget
All the time that we spent
Marching on in my dread
Floating to a better place
I still remember your face
Sifting through my bonehead

Sentry

At your post you will guard these walls
Alarming any and all, in and out
of the havoc soon to be brought

At your post you will waiver night
Seeking those who seek to penetrate
This comfort we've been building

Shatter their armor and pillage their reigns
Collapse their forces and look to gain
An upper hand in their dreaded reign

Cloak your intentions and mask your hand
Through these woods, across this land
Blood will spill at the trespass of a sentry

Nightshade

I am stardust
Rhythmic beats sound from my core
In sync with the sun and more
I am wonderlust
Just as you
With a pointless walk to the crematorium
I feel my thoughts delve into thoughts
And an endless catacomb is mine to embrace
I am alive in everything I touch
And there are no brakes

Yellow Bird

In your raging battle
Your hate makes your cage rattle
Next to a flame that burns forever
No matter what weather
To set you free
Would be the death of me

Acid Trip

So close to the waves
That my arm hairs have become
Needing the plot they wash to shore

Drowning in the curiosity
That the pictures begin to sell
As they unwind into themselves

Bleeding colors into the rich drywall
Breathing graffiti onto every inch
As I become the center of the winding way

Here I am, lost in forever
Moving upward
The only way time can

Amaranth

We are carved from darkness our fires have forged

I am beginning to see the end you sow

And together, this palace of blood is all we'll know

We are amaranth blooming in these fields of decay

I am starting to believe in our escape

And those are the first pillars I'll topple

You sit and wait and wonder

While I pillage, rape, and conquer

Yet we are one in the same

Forged from the same flame

Breeding hate into the family name

Lions you can't fucking tame

Meddlesome

As the sky swallows me
I reach for an apex that will never be touched
Clinging to the ground
Made of dead dreams
That fall from decaying trees
I push forth unto a false oblivion
Kneeling only to the signposts
That define my life
With a decorated heart and a meddlesome mind
I fall into the grave
While my soul continues to climb

Boiling Rot

Here are the building blocks
That constitute to thought
Feeding fuel to a fire
Under a kettle of boiling rot
Shot out of a programmed world
Caught between discipline and desire
Fetching whims from the command of a tongue
Holding back the Irish ire
Sowing corruption for the future of the road
A speeding catalyst for escaping control

The Crest

A blooming field of grass in a shire
Holds a cabin or two
With a white wash picket
And a family playing cricket
In through the doors
Sits a raven above the mantle
On the far side of the midroom
Just above a crackling flame.
Dazzled in emerald
With a crown of gold
An ever watchful eye
From the parents, so old
Sitting in their leather seats
Made for King and Queen
Atop fresh wooden floors
Waxed all too clean
They wear the same raven
A ravenous team
With wings spread shoulder to shoulder
And beak perched to the sky
The family carries on the tradition
Wielding Death's ever watchful eye.

Air Balloons and Dead Trees

Fill me up and set the flame
That brings us to these dancing trees
Splattering funk in its space
As we ride with it to the end

Sail the skies just overhead
To find the boundary between blue and grey
Forever fighting in their grace
As we hope to see the sun again

Let's get caught in the bramble
Just at the peak of the naked branches
That spiral upward to us
An invitation for aerial ruckus

And grow like they we did
Flying through our own time
Looking for glory before the end
Just to crash in the field of Air Balloons and Dead Trees

Leash

Love is a two way street
You must land on from the buildings above
With the one who wishes to jump

I'm fine with watching
As long as those who fall enjoy their impact
That's good enough for me

Riverbank

I washed myself in a river made of sand
As the tears rusted to gold
I lived my life in spite of them
And now my insides feel so old

Is it me who bled?
Or is it the kid I held within?
Is it me who shed
My crystalline scaled skin?

I kept the words they said
Locked up just like a flame
And it burned me when I said
What they used to say
I gave them oxygen
And now I feel just like them
But I'm not like them

I washed myself in a river made sand
As the dreams were bought and sold
I lived my life for no one else
Now my innards have become cold

Simple Tidings

Who could break these chains
From the overbearing news they make
Am I falling into a grave
That I dug for you
But you don't feel the same

Who could stray these wraiths
Before they collide with one another
Are we going to shake free
From the bearings
Holding us down

Bring me simple tidings from the birds
Flying in the rain
Of a hundred yesterdays
Where could they land from atop the mountain
Breathing new song unto my charred lungs

Let's run away from the mist
Created by the overwhelming storm
Is this the final call for us
Or just a facade
Will we achieve our dreams
Or just ruin it all

Forever I'll Sleep

And with this I bid
Farewell
To you and all your kin
I'll reap
What I've sown
I've kept it all within
I will try
My best
To stop and listen
To the plea of the damned
Carrying me away

Oh hello
My friend
It's been too long
Since I've seen you
And I sigh
With the times
That run through
My head
Wishing you well
While I wish
I was dead

And with this I bid
Farewell
There's not enough hope
You can sell
To fit right in
With the tune
In my head
And now we
Can relax

And sip a toast
To the end of a journey

Band of Rebels

Into this pit of knives
Razor sharp fire and ice
A land where we can dream

Summer sun with a lively glow
Closing my eyes as my body flows
Into a river of wishful thinking

Glacial green canopy of trees
Shades my ever after
Sinking into pitch night black

Eating frozen wounds on rocks
That break with the sea
Naming contraband as it comes along
To my weeps

Untold

You can blame your gods

You can blame your devils

Blame your parents

Your coworkers

Anyone who has ever wronged you

You can blame them for what has happened

But for what happens next

Is entirely up to you.

Rinse. Relapse. Repeat.

An admission to the psych
I guess it lived up to the hype
In a world with no way out
I'll go and create my own
I'm seeing and hearing
Things that really are not there
I'm wheeled through the doors
In a gurney of a chair
I'm way too high
To care about what the fuck is going on
I guess I'm still here
I guess I'll keep keeping on
Slipping through the withdrawals
Seeing glitches on the walls
So here we go again
A relapse with an old friend
2 years down the drain
Who knows if I'll ever try again
My hands are weak
My voice comes out meek
I tried, oh I tried
To find permanent sleep

Reciprocal

Youth is wasted on the young

Wisdom is wasted on the old

When Stars Collide

Now I can feel the stars collide
On a course with my last ride
They rehearse the script and change the tide
Now this is what it's like when stars collide
I hear the sirens with an open mind
A gentle touch with a spark filled pride
Soaring, I clip my wings on a reckless glide
And now birth of chaos from a silent night
Now this is what it's like when stars collide

Return to Sunlight

I'm free from the restraints that made me
Shattering the chains that gave me
The imprints left on my wrists

I see the sun above me
Crawling out of this hole
I dug for the conquest

The devil ran away
And God never showed
As the reverence was bestowed

Like salt in the wound
I've made my return
Like skin that's pruned
The waves of dirt have burned

Standing tall agaisnt the light
Fading into misty night
I seek another hole to make things right

Grasslands

We move in stop motion
And my hands are too clammy
To grip this flagpole
And stick in the ground

We live with no notion
That havens are above
And with my eyes heavy
I'll sink in the mud

We are vast like oceans
Filled with nightmares
Yet our beauty's potent
It seems no one cares

When you're dead and gone
You know I will follow
We could live forever
But the sky will still swallow

Spectrum

Green grass

Green pills

In the grasslands

Are green hills

White smoke

White noise

In the household

Are scattered toys

Black screen

Black clouds

In his ears

The music's too loud

Red carpet

Red eyes

In his chest

The heart dies

Yellow sun

Yellow coat

In the forecast

Enough rain for a moat

Blue sky

Blue tears

In his deck

Is every fear

Pink pigs

Pink shirt

All the hogs

Wrestle in the dirt

Purple jam

Purple cans

There's purple pills

In his hands

Grey day

Grey knife

In his pocket

Is a grey life

Lucrative

Through the clouds came a column of gold
Berating the brazen fields below
And through the smoke came a ghost of the past
Reaching out with feeble hands
Much like wind; gone in time's passing
Clutching only what it needed
Tight hands that were clasping
Pulled me in with the dead
Revealing all that had derived
From the seldom cold chambers
To bring me back to life

I Am Alive in Everything I Touch

I'd be the birds
The wheels
The energy between
the frailty and the hope
Bleeding through the seams

I feel the break
The crack
Growing in the walls
of this house and doubt
Spreading as I crawl

I am the love
The hate
The sorrow inbetween
All the poor and the rich
Both opposing teams

Industrial Fear

Screws going through my thumbs
Thumbs going through my eyes
Lowered by the chains of the machine
Eaten by the gears of their lies
We are programmed to fall
In to the motlen mess
That shoots the fires up
I'm a mechanical witness
The beauty of the skin
Is said to always give in
With my wires crossed
I hang here just like moss
It's always glistening
Are you listening
To the rage of my circuits
Hope their screams were worth it

Unequipping

Wasting away on a cold summer day
The thought of my arrival into the fray
Deconstructs my being and turns me to clay
Final thoughts pass of the life I have made
Circling like vultures as my life starts to fade
In time do I give my heart to the shore
A washing cleanse I have always adored

Crisp Edges

I am the Devil

I am God

I am creation

I am more

Death is the only thing that can stop me

Because Death is the horrifying beauty that is in between.

Hole

I took a bite of the forbidden fruit.
Now I want more.

I tried to tell them I couldn't let loose,
Because I come from stone.

Around the railing, we do fall.
Climb inside the sinkhole.

Call upon my energy,
and come recite the words with me.

I'm healing like my misery
is mending wounds I cannot see.

Drugs of Choice

I am forced to be beaten
I am forced to be raped
Inside the mind of a brainiac
What more can you take?
I am stuttering at the thought
Stuttering as I speak
As I sift through my mind
Searching for the weakest link.
How much can you take?
How much can I offer?
I'm in need of a break
From the chemical slaughter.
Gushing blood through my veins
Blood through my heart
Consuming more pain
That tears us apart.

Against This Current

Water cascaded over a fine line of hardwood scares my breathing to retreat.

Glass dividing the world outside cracks and divides itself.

The cloud over my head short circuits the machines along the walls.

My clothing soaks, weighing me down into the current below.

Muscles tense while my eyes are blinded by the liquid.

Until finally the anchor in my chest pulls me under the flowing waters.

A Mound of Embers

A mound of embers lays atop this perfect shape
Laying, on my tongue, the perfect taste
Washing away all the stress
That my mind wishes to caress
Lay it's eggs into my head
Shower me into my zen
Given time, I'll float away
But for now, addicted I'll stay.

Angel Dirt

Losing my ground
They fill my grave with mud
Seething through my teeth
Down in this hole
The light becomes another realm
Eating my way through
They cauterize my mouth
Fearing my health
I bleed through the dirt

Fleeting

Feeling free
Feeling glee
But I know it's temporary
Come the time
Down the line
I'll feed the dirt and that's just fine
All is well
I'm in Hell
I'm burning and I'll never tell
Climb my heart
Reach the stars
My dreams are pulling me apart
Glad this time
Passed us by
Now I'm ready to die

Then What... ?

They found the wheel and they just kept turning
But eventually their legs gave out
They found a field that just kept burning
But they couldn't seem to put it out
Shy from the light
They got lost in the moon lit reflection
That shown on the oceans; bright and clear
Lost in the glowing jars above
Living in the gleam of a light
They built the means to an end
Knowing they'll never return again

White Rabbit Ride

Mystified by a glorified phenomenon
Called Time; rolling on and on
A crime for the greater good
Means justifying what's happening in the hood
Gang violence is just criminalized political control
No matter where you are when you take a stroll
Looking over your shoulder takes a toll
While time rolls on the tracks of creation through the tunnel of destiny
I reach for the controls of the greenbacks that give elation through my remedy
Slap down a disc, and crank up the speakers
Middles up from my fists, aimed at the bleachers
You can watch and applaud at my everyday antics
Laugh and cry at my everyday habits
See who cares enough to chase this white rabbit

Stargaze

Come around

and say hello

A hungry ocean

swallowing boats

Throw your lantern to the sky

and watch your flickering flame fly

Dreamcaught

In the daylight
When the nightlife sleeps.

The sun gives rest,
To demons and thieves.

Holding on,
To these streets of gold.

Stranded,
Under diamond lights.

These songs,
Bounce off the walls.

Always finding their way back to me.

Proper Balance

Speed is the enemy of Time

She said I didn't have to go alone.

I told her, "Of course I do, or we'd all die together."

Time Comes

In a black château
Philosophical reminiscence on repeat

A dance shall quake the shell
Surrounding the feet

With a teak wood torso
Jointed ligaments to match

As you grow older
You are no longer the puppet
But the string attached

Hidden Textbook

The body and mind are separate. They think as one. The body is the ship. The mind is the captain;
And whether or not the existence of the soul lies in the belly... The soul is the passenger.

Dear Mom and Dad of the Past

I feel like a beaten dog.

My heart is used up.

My braid is fried and worn out.

I cut my soul out long ago and the shadows of the damage are starting to cascade over me.

My hands are frail and broke.

My legs wish for nothing but to give out.

I have no energy to keep the forward motion this life demands for mere survival.

I give up.

Fragrance

I can't scream
Unless you push the pain
With my mouth sewn shut
And a needle slipping through my veins
I feel closer to God
I feel closer to you
But paranoia sets in
And I am left unglued
You're probably swimming in an ocean of blue
While I am torn in two
This wasn't what I had in mind
But I need to hide
I need to find
The cord for the blinds
To let sun wipe out my eyes
I'm tired of seeing all my love pass by
Hooked on another try
My life bleeds the colors that I held for you
But now these colors run a muck
In my cage I'm stuck
Here to view just like a petting zoo
Built in attempt of capturing you

Abuse in Bubble Drugs

Trapped in a world where people think they see
What's really beneath the surface, boiling up to be
A cataclysmic catastrophe
Social anarchic blasphemy
What's really an explosive performance
Is a torturous devil's dance between the sheets

Stuck in a stop motion lifestyle where the movie seems to drag
Where the characters are drawn out only to laugh
A rhythmic stepping
Shrewd stairwells blending
What's really the summit of existence
Is a poor child's shredded soul melting

Where They Left Me

Dreams fall like crumbs of bread
Drowning at the oceans bed
Living for a better moment
Probably best to leave these words unsaid

Crawl back to home again
Cleave you out of my plans
Fear the need for certainty
Its clarity that's nibbling at the edge of dread

Stalk the future from where I've been
Shine a light from the depth of this den
Holding tight to the things I breathe
Keeping you away from me

Mirror Image

The rain that's inside of me
From the clouds, so surprisingly
Breaks off a piece of my rusty bones

Shooting beer after liquor
Blaming blame like it differs
Calling out my own name to save myself

To praise myself
Raise myself
Out of the asphalt that swallows me whole

I shave myself
I forgave myself
I'm still not fully in control

Just Talk to Me Instead

Unfamiliar with who to trust and how

I'm called upon by negligence

I raise a slight brow

My open wounds start to breathe

My open heart begins to bleed

Why cant they see

What talking over this voice does to me

Trash blowing in the wind

I never knew I played the part

I didn't think there were others

Secretly tearing my soul apart

They gawk and they watch

Yet learn from my squawks

I feel their eyes peeling

The fucking hawks

Anxious Brain

Rapid Thought Movement

Blinded by the circuit

Floating down alleyways

To decipher the logistics of hex

In a cranium to small

Fracture, rip, slime the vents

Rapid Horror Idle

Thou shall not be praised

Love Puppet

She bleeds her distance away from me
Without the clutch I feel I can breathe
Still these vents are latched with strings
Pulling with every beat
Becoming Obsolete

I count my fingers for everyday
There's not enough that I could say
These joints explode into my brain
All hail the king, all Because of the Shame

I fall into forever now
Its a condensed fall for now
As I stick to this time and space
The eggs crack and sizzle in my Basket Case

The Emotion

I am seemingly without the creasing that pins me together to negate my falling apart.

Swaying is the motion of the days being plucked from the canyon in my mind. An absence of unity I name the Great Divide.

My pores grow strands of light to the touch and sight ensuring this process is perpetual in its simplicity.

In tune with the Vibration

The Sound

The Music

The Performance

The Beauty

The Experience

The Destination

The Echo

Saluting Stinging, Self-suffering

Soaking, scattered, scarlet scars

Seething slices; skin stars

Sharp shanks soundly sink

Saturday splashes softly shrink

Shiny, slithered, surface sex

Selfish sentence; spilling specks

Sunny sin, scandalous stunt

Special secretion, secret shunt