

Poetic Rhyme

Candra Creviston



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

*To the darkness the unknown what we fear and scared to look for what might be lurking in our own
shadow.*

About the author

Candra Creviston married to sargeant Michael Creviston from the airforce.
Originally from Arkansas but resides in Idaho.
She has three boys who are pursuing careers of their own.

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Immorality

Drinking the blood of the innocence, a ritual to bring darkness on humanity. No remorse for mothers and fathers selling their kids to be used for wickedness. Gathering around to watch and pray to the diabolical Baphomet horned beast.

Capturing dark entities in a box to sleep until one's curiosity unleashes hell on humanity.

He feeds on the dark impurities of the secrets one keeps. A torture technique using dark pleasures to lure in the weak. Drug addiction devouring soul's taking away any dignity.

Manipulating husbands with pornography. Deceiving wife's will cheat. Suffering will keep growing as people choose to submit to the desires of the beast. Hell on Earth immorality, monstrous pain they will bestow on anyone breathing.

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Behind the windowpane

As I walk into the dark abyss I have no fear of the unknown.
I hear the voices calling my name to come back to where I belong.

Behind the windowpane, shadows form waiting to take me home.
Dark Priests and Priestess gather on the lawn as darkness falls.

Sex magic is performed as they lay me down on the pentagram drawn on the ground.
Dark energies swarm as orgasms were made and our souls become one.

Orgasmic energy fuels to its core dark Priest and Priestess in a sex manipulation orgy.
Spells of magic orgasmic energy fuels the flames that Lucifer swarms.

Blood Stains

Thy hearts desire to be loved to be thy someone's queen for thy hands to hold me.
Not chained by thy control not abused by thy hand that's supposed to protect me.

For blood stains thy lips as ink to thy suicide note carved on thy heart.
Why shall thy shackle and chain me for thy love you only?

Does thy heart not love thee have thy not showed thee thy love for thee.
I beg of thee with thy tears to set thy free for thy shall never leave thee.

Thy love thee and thy forgive thee for thy not know thy love for thee.
For if thy die then thy will drink of the poison from the fruit tree.

For thy can not live without thee but thy can not show thy love for thee.
In chains bound by darkness for thy can not sleep next to thee.

If they shall not love thee than leave thy chained for thy can not live without thee.
For thy heart belongs to only thee for thy love only thee in chains or free. candy81
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Bury Me Alive

It's cold down here, no one
can hear me.
I know you are there, I smell
your foulness.
Is there a reason, you're here,
why are you just standing there?
It's wet and moist down here,
where am I, where have you taken me?
I'm "alive, please" "sweetheart, don't" bury me.
It's wet down here I can't breathe, help me!
I need "water, there's" a pungent taste and its hard swallow.
"No, "sweetheart" I didn't
do anything, that's not me laughing.
You can trust me just let me out,
so I can kiss you again.
It should be you down here,
you pathetic cry baby.
Bury me alive, I still will not die
I will haunt you awake or dreaming.
Dig my grave 6 feet deep and
I still will claw my way out of here.
They will find us in my grave with a suicide note you wrote.

Candy81

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Chains

**Can you love me enough to let me "fall, but" be there to pick me up.
Just love me enough without touch freeing me from your chains.
Drown me in your love not your rage I don't want to feel your rain.**

**Free me of these chains love me just enough to not touch.
I have been a prisoner of your chains out in your rain you caused me enough pain.
I have never wanted something so much than to feel your love without the pain.**

**You sheltered me bound in your chains man handled with your touch.
I have been caught in your rain long "enough, I" don't think I feel the pain.**

**Shackled in your chains I've had enough time to walk away.
In your "rain, I" don't feel anything all I ever wanted was to feel your love not the pain.**
Candy81

Prompt inspired by

1. "Hold me without touch.

Keep me without chains.

I never wanted anything so much

Than to drown in your love and not feel your rain." (Gravity)

Sarah Bareilles

© 2 months ago, Candra Creviston rhyme ? pain ? love ? family ? society

Changes

I never thought I could handle the changes in my life until I took my love away from you.
I was afraid of changing because all I ever knew was you but then I took my love down.

I am much older and our children are much older I have changed and our children have too.
I took the long way around and climb that mountain and I found my own way down.

I see my reflection of the changes in my life I see someone new shining through.
I have found who I really am I may be older but the child in me rises above.

I'm not scared of changes because now I have someone new a love I never knew until I took my
love from you.

There are so many changes but I look above and see my reflection and what I can become.

I was afraid of changes because all I knew was you but I climbed that mountain and I found my own
way down.

I have grown much older and our children have to now it's time I look past you.

I have found someone new my first taste of love and I'm going through changes in my life without
you.

I took my love down and I climbed the mountain now I'm ready for this landslide to turn my life
around.

I have changed into a woman I never knew and neither did you that's because you held me down.

If I stumble if I fall I know I have someone new who will hold me up and love me too. Candy81

W/C 282

Prompt: fleetwood Mac Landslide

© 9 hours ago, Candra Creviston rhyme ? love ? pain ? sad ? family ? nature

Come now child

Come follow me I'll take you to a magical place mommy and daddy said it's ok.
Come little one follow me to the house on the hill where all the children play.

Don't worry child the darkness is our blanket shhh little one wipe those tears away.
Close your eyes as the fog takes your breath away and all light fades.

Come now child don't make me scream the demons don't like it when you don't obey.
The time has come for the darkness to take all thy away into hell's gates.

Dark Mystic Grace

In her innocence pure elegance, the beauty from within glistens on her skin.
Her heart endures an energetic pull an awareness an aura a musical instrument.

Will, she ever know how beautiful she is with a heart that matches her spirit.
In the depths of an abyss, she doesn't see her beauty or how truly lovely she is.

Behind the fear, she carries within is a dark mystic grace that is hidden behind a veil of tears.
Girl hidden in the dark abyss let go of the fear release the anxiety and be still.

Scared of rejection that she won't fit in when she is the one that others desire her loving
grace.
Makeup to cover her face a cover girl when her beauty is natural it radiates from her skin.

Girl in her dark mystic grace open your eyes look in the mirror see the beauty within.
Feel the beat of your heart let your spirit release the glorious charm upon your face.

Smile at your reflection and say I am beautiful I am comfortable in my own skin.
Then know you're more than a pretty face and let your heart lead the way.

Then when the day comes you can look at your own face and say I made it I'm ok.
Along the way help someone who may be feeling less than scared to look at her own face.

Shine your light lady dark mystic grace revealing the beauty of her face.
Then rest assured knowing her reflection will radiate the elegance of a beautiful girl she has
always been. Candy81 © Candra Creviston

Death Surrounds Me

**Please don't get feelings attached to me I will push you away without thinking.
When I say run as fast as you can don't look back forget all about me.**

**I will break your heart with no remorse because death surrounds me.
Runaway while you can or your face will be on the news for the missing.**

**Death is my friend the darkness consumes me I'm not scared but you should be.
The soul collector eating corpses like candy capturing spirits with one hand.
Death is my friend we are a dark legion we are the sandman while your sleeping.**

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Enslavement

*Incaged drowning in my own grave a tomb I'm alive there's no escape.
Enslavement held captive bondage inside a body I hate.*

*There's no running away my shadow finds me somehow someway.
Sometimes I can't remember my name because I don't recognize my face.*

*Reincarnated to live another day facing my mistakes unable to live them down.
Damned in my face the wrong decisions that I made how can I make this pain go away.*

*This tortured soul has made its home and there's no way to get away.
In the dark is where I find peace when I can finally sleep the pain away.
Medicated drugged valium numbs the pain and a stiff drink drowns the demons away.*

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Eyes Wide Shut

Zombie apocalypse in the matrix of the living dead.

Everyone walks around in a materialistic world thinking this is living.

Eyes wide shut and blinded by a web of lies.

Ignoring the suffering of thy neighbor and smiling an evil smile.

How can we be trusted when people desecrate the alive by pilfering their corpses?

It's a kill or be killed kind of life and no one is truly living.

Brainwashed in a society that uses religion as a control mechanism placing fear in minds.

Survival mode trying to stay alive but not living an awaken life.

A gut instinct an intuitive knowing a calling to wake up open your eyes.

Seekers are alive seeking truth and awakening the sleeping one day at a time.

Gathering House

Don't worry child, there's nothing,
to be scared of.
Hold my hand I will show you the,
magic of Alice and wonderland.
Down the rabbit "hole, jump" in child,
we will both go.

Come little children I will make all,
your dreams come true.
Trust in me follow the stairs to the,
second floor where wild flowers bloom.

I will take you away from rules there,
will be no more told what to do.
Bobbin for apples is your first treat,
under the stairs in the hidden room.

The stairs creek a "little, but" it's ok,
they like to play too.
Welcome to the magical house,
with demonic doorways in every room.

The furniture is made of bones and teeth,
as screws.
If the "chair, grabs" you don't get scared,
they like to play too.

Gathering house a legend a myth,
a house of children's souls.
Tricked into trusting lady Athena the,
witch that gathers little one's soul.

Some say you can hear the children,

**running up and down the stairs.
Children singing come little children,
is what children dream.**

**Reports of children go missing everyday,
vanished without a trace.
Is it possible that the gathering house,
is still collecting our children souls.**

**They play in torment a house of hell,
made from innocence.
Sinless purity captured in a demonic,
play house lost in the rabbit hole.**

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Gone To Soon

heard the news today that the Lord took you away it's not true you're not really gone how can this be.

I saw a guy that looked just like you a sign that you're still with us don't be sad.

Your brother said there's Blake that looks just like him I knew then it wasn't just me.

God took you away way to soon and way to fast so much you didn't get to do.

Like get married and have kids I know you would have been a great dad.

So much talent happy feet the way you danced I only saw in movies.

Save a place for me Blake and when I get my wings will you teach me to fly.

I know you're flying with my brother now by the way tell him I said hi.

I will watch for signs because now I have two angels watching over me.

You are now an angel with wings your memory will live on inside me.

Don't worry I will take care of Mike and love him even after I get my wings.

When I cry know the tears are happy tears because I know you're flying next to my brother and the king.

Candy81

Dedicated to my brother in law

Blake Creviston

1-3-1993 to 7-27-2020 © 23 minutes ago, Candra Creviston, Candra Creviston

Grave

I thought of so many ways to make the pain go away.
The love I had for one man consumed my every thought everyday.
Unable to function to even concentrate consumed everything.
Suicidal thoughts come in to play a way to make the pain go away.
If he wouldn't love me then maybe he will in my grave.
Then he will grieve in agony a life of pain seeing he is the reason I'm in a cold grave.
A suicide note written now your love won't cause me anymore pain.
I took that blade and slit my wrists now these blood stains won't ever go away.
I look back and think how childish of me to think I was in love with a man that tried to kill me
in the first place.
He didn't succeed so I was going to do what he wanted and take my own life and he still
wouldn't love me anyways.
But see I woke up and I saw past his abusive bitch ass ways.
I am not in pain because I am alive and I smile at a boy trying to be a man and forgive him
everyday.
A man conceited in love with himself now that's a lonely way to die alone loving only
yourself in a shallow grave.
He is weak he cry's out for help and no one hears because he dug his own grave.

He Knows My Name

I'm watched everywhere I go for I'm not alone a darkness lingers in the unknown.
Maybe it's my destiny for the future will foretell what's to come.

His face is familiar I have seen him before maybe the day before at church.
Someone I do not know a stranger follows me home as he watches through my window.

This is the story of how I was murdered by a man who follows me home.
The water is warm as it flows over my head to my toes I wash the day away once more.

I grab a towel and dry off slipping into pajamas to keep me warm.
I pull back the blankets and turn a night light on as I snuggle in my pillow I drift off.

He awakens me gently touching my face I hear his voice assuring me I will not be harmed.
He kisses me gently and I try to run as I feel something tight around my throat.

I hear him say I brought this upon myself I should have never tried to run.
He calls out my name to tell me to open my eyes so I can see what I have done.

He knows my name how I thought as I open my eyes and do as he wants.
I look into his eyes and I remember his face and where I know him from.

My preacher the man who took the lord's word in oath as he prayed for my soul.
His hands tighten around my throat as he asked for forgiveness for my soul.

Headspace

Suicide thoughts run around in my head they have their own bed.
Invading my headspace causing mental illness I hate myself.
There's no escape from the reflection in the mirror of a corpse the living dead.
Don't recognize my face with all these voices in my damn head.
I don't fit in most think I'm a dude maybe I'm better off stuck inside my head.
An escape route from a society that labels what's beautiful fuck society too.
Perfect body long dark hair full lips and a big ass maybe I need plastic surgery instead.

Candy81 © , Candra Creviston

Hear You Moan

I've got this craving down deep inside me

I can feel it in my bones.

Boy, can I have a little taste or a sip please don't say no.

I don't want to have to hurt you don't put up a fight or I'll bury you alive.

I'm sorry but this is gonna hurt you as I falay you with my tongue.

I want to taste your soul I wanna hear you moan.

I've got this desire it's gonna kill me unless I feed my soul.

It's gonna be a little hot in here take off all your clothes.

No one will ever find you in my own personal hell your new home.

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I am the unknown

My face will never be shown it's a darkness that holds onto my soul.
You think you know me but I only show what I want you to know.
Behind this mask is a man that tricks his own soul with an unbridled tongue.
You perceive a honest man with a gentle smile and a warm heart.
I am the unknown that sits at the dinner table saying grace that will not ever become.
My true intentions will scare you off so I wear this mask until the beast roars.
In the night as the fog comes this mask will fall off and my true identity will be known.
All the lies will be foreshown and my true intentions will become whole.
Don't scream dear this is what you asked for to be bury next to your mom.
I killed her too just so you know she begged me to leave you alone.
As I slit her throat and drank her blood stupid bitch made my stomach turn.
So this time I made sure you ate from the hand that will take your soul.
This might hurt a little or a lot shhh don't a scream you stupid whore.
You never knew when to shut the fuck up let's see if this will keep your mouth closed.
There you're all pretty red thread suits you well I should have sewed your mouth shut when we fucked.
The feel of warmness running down your chest yes darling it's your own blood.
Delicious the flavor of a stupid sluts blood I can't get enough now on to the next one.
Sorry baby your mom died she was murder some lunatic next door.
It's ok I'm here for you I won't leave you now come drink this it will help keep you calm.
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Inner Demons

The darkness in me sits quietly
waiting to speak.
My inner demons let's have
a chat about the darkness in me.

Inner demons don't flee from
me stay reside within me.
If it wasn't for my inner demons
I would have never found the true me.

I'm a little strange I made friends
with the demons in me.
We made a deal I'm the boss and say
when they can come out to play.

My light rules over the darkness
taming my "demons, not" to speak.
I'm a lot of dark with a light brighter
than the evil within. Candy81 © Candra Creviston

Letter In A Bottle

I'm writing you this letter I hope it finds you some how some way soon.
Today is your birthday and I just wanted to say Happy Birthday and I LOVE YOU!

Here's a hug ? don't worry I'm ok I might get sad because I miss you.
You have been gone five years this June time doesn't make it easier without you.

I still miss you and wonder if you miss me too?
Do you come around when I think of you or when I say I need you?
There's so much we never got to do like brothers and sisters are supposed too.

You always said you would come running if I needed you.
Well brother is that still true do you still protect me like you use too?
I really hope this letter finds you if it does will you show me sign like you use too?

I don't get those signs like I use too when I would see a blue butterfly I knew it was you.
I know you are at peace and I am happy for you but I am human too.
I miss you and wish you could be next to me so I could hug you.

You are an angel that guards me unseen keeping harm from me.
Just like you use to never letting anyone mistreat me like big brothers do.

So I wrote you this letter in hopes it finds you a letter in a bottle sealed with hugs for you.
So brother watch for this letter in a bottle you will know it's for you because it's blue.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BROTHER I SURE DO MISS YOU AND I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU!!!!
Candy81

Dedicated to my brother:

Michael Wesley Clanton

9-20-1977 to 6-25-2015 © a day ago, Candra Creviston
rhyme ? death ? love ? pain ? sad ? spiritual

My Shadow

All these damn voices in my head driving me mad keeping me depressed.

I'm fighting off these demons that want me dead they sleep in my bed.

Sleep psychosis in silent lucidity a realm state where Nazareth inhabits my dreams.

I fight off these skeletons in the closet keeping them buried down deep.

In the darkness, so no one will see the monster that resides inside of me.

Look into my eyes and you will see the demons are apart of me.

Can't you see my shadow is grim and filthy full of dark secrets I will forever keep?

These skeletons in the closet are not what you think see please don't assume things.

I am the disease you all breathe I will take your last breath as you sleep.

My shadow is always with me an attachment that makes you sick and weak.

Carrying all this darkness in me so many skeletons in the closet the heaviness kills me.

My shadow will consume me draining every bit of my energy and then I shall be sat free.

Candy81 © Candra Creviston

Night Terrors

Am I stuck in a dream or am I dead the pain is unbearable.
I'm really scared to face this darkness in front of me.
I hear a voice calling out to me to open my eyes it's all my minds trickery.

As I open my eyes I see through the darkness a magical new dimension.
Astral projection to a place that teaches me to face my fears.
To open my mind and let the light in there are others with me I'm not alone.

We are many as I am watched over through the night.
No more tears shall I cry for I'm a master of dream control.
My mind tricked me into believing someone I loved left the game of life.

In this new visualization, I am with my loved ones who have passed away.
There is no room for darkness in my mind I am the leader I have dream control.
For all the ones I love who are no longer alive are next to me protecting me.

There are so many places we can go if we release fears our minds trickery.
Trust me and hold my hand I will help you to see the light it's so bright.
No more night terrors invasion in my head producing nightmares.

Now I'm the master of dream control and I live in a world with many dimensions.
Release all thoughts of fears do not try to run it's only an illusion.
The darkness is not real open your eyes and see the light follow it.

I'm right beside you it's alright you have achieved complete dream control now fly.
Don't be scared to close your eyes and to sleep because you will be with me.
Choice any place you want to go and we will both fly into the light.

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Pandora

I'm not scared of hell It's the,
pain that excites me.
Asoth she has a passion for,
death she taught me well.

They say one day soon I will,
become Astarte.
Queen of the spirits of the dead,
I will hold honor to my family.

Torturing souls for all eternity,
You think love is stronger than me,
Buduh resides in me.
Demonic "love, there's" enough for,
all summons my family.

Sacrifice mother and child drain,
their blood on the pentagram.
Batibaet comes in thou sleep,
taking life from your resting bodys.

Women cry like pathetic babies
when they're forced to watch.
Hecate seducing their sons while
the fathers impregnate the daughters.

Hell has always been here sitting,
on the church pew next to the priest.
While singing amazing grace and repenting of sins.

Pandora unleashed evil upon earth,
she is my idol one day I will be like her.

Demon names defined:

Asoth: works of passion and death.

Astarte: Queen of the spirits of the dead

Buduh: Demon of love.

Batibaet: Causes death while asleep.

Hecate: She is a seducer.

Pandora: she came to earth to unleash the evil of the world. © Candra Creviston

Play Pretend

Just stay one more night with me lets play pretend like we won't end. All I'm asking is for you to act like you love me and lay in our bed as I lay on your chest.

When morning comes I will turn my head as you leave once again.

I can't make you want me all I ask is please don't make me think you love me.

Because I can't take the pain when I am lying alone in our bed.

Knowing your in her bed and she's where I use to be with her head on your chest.

If your heart feels nothing for me then I won't try to stop you from leaving.

I know when you leave, you will be with her once again in her bed.

I just need time to let you go so it doesn't hurt so bad I'll close my eyes so I won't see you leaving.

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Remember me this way

Choices were made and things will never be the same.
Smile's fade away as tears soak face takes place.
Drug addiction came and took my happiness away I'm left lonely and afraid.

Looking back I wish I could change the choices I made.
Drowning in debt the feeling of regret as relationship
stagnation takes its place.
Loss of interest but who said I was interesting in the first place.

In the same house in different beds as your feelings depleted and divorce takes place.
So many years since the last time we kissed I don't even remember the way you taste.

When we first met I was weak but you became my strength and took the tears away.
When we go our separate ways please remember me this way.
I made choices I regret that tore us apart I'm responsible for my own broken heart.

Restless

Stuck in these four walls driving me mad can't escape this house I'm in.
I grab my notebook and start rhyming words that torment my head.

Walking the same halls seeing these same four walls that's when demons speak.
"Restless, can't" sit still trying to escape this madness I've built around me.

Pounding my head on the walls that hold me captive a prisoner inside my head.
Mentally abused the structure that holds up these four walls.

I get a little stir crazy when the voices won't talk back.
Like what the hell did I do to be ghosted by the voices in my own damn head.
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Soul Collector

**You think you know "me, but"
I only show what I want you to see.
You see an illusion a sweet girl,
rose cheeks always smiling.**

**I gain your trust and pull,
you in a demonic masquerade,
of seven deadly sins.
Draining your life with my,
bare hands suffocating slowly.**

**They will find your postmortem,
body embalmed, to preserve essence.
Laying in bed like you're sleeping,
the stench of death lingers in the air.**

**Let's play this masquerade,
once "again, let" this party begin.
A soul collector devouring the,
helpless pathetic weaklings.**

**Go hide,
You're the prey and
I'm the beast that religion
gives you reason to repent**

**Stop crying,
no one can hear you,
You're in my world now.
Sheol a place where dead speak,
tormented in agony.**

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Stapled Shut

The darkness doesn't scare me it's apart of me can't you see.
Hell has no fury over me I dance naked in the fire while Lucifer fondles me.
Lost souls shall weep afraid to sleep I invade their dreams.
Staple their eyes shut in darkness they shall forever be.
I'm the one religion warned you about told you to repent of me.
Fear me for when I come I shall bring the seven woes while you sleep.
Staple shut stomachs of a mother's womb stealing baby's.
I will take away your voice so I don't have to hear your pathetic crying.
Staple shut your tongues while you beg for your God to stop me.
When darkness falls and all are asleep the sound of thunder will awaken the.
All will see my face and know me I created you my children my baby's.

The Darkened Priest

The unknowing the curiosity has my hormones bursting moist and wet my panties are creamed.
The danger of a stranger who baptist me showing me the pleasure of a heavenly hell.

Fallen from grace but holding on to faith as we repent of the sexual sins we commit over and over again.

Darkened Priest a fallen angel with black wings that grasps my naked body.

The anticipation builds up within like a fire bursting into flames as he penetrates me deeply.

Drunken I can't get enough there's no antidote to cure this sexual darkened Priest.

I am many a legion of sex-crazed women sleepwalking turning away from righteous beliefs.

Not all will taste the poison on his lips the legion marked with pheromones that's his addiction.

I will wade in the blackened water as the steam forms gases and I am underwater baptized in sin.

Breed to become his submissive milf as I try to breathe he cums once again as I swallow the venom toxins I belong to sin. Candy81 © Candra Creviston

The Letter

Life is like a bullet it goes by so fast here today and gone tomorrow.

**There's so much I wish I could change if the past would come back around for just one day.
I would leave this letter for my younger self then maybe I wouldn't regret the choices I made.**

Dear Younger Me,

There's so much I want to say like slow down enjoy each day.

Don't take the one's closes to you for granted there will come a day when they will go away.

Live hard love even harder keep your loved one's close and never let anger get in the way.

Enjoy the little things even the sunrise that wakes you up for school every morning.

Don't try to grow up fast because one day you will be 38 and not even recognize your own face.

Losing your loved ones to old age it's no fun being alone when your old and grey.

So heed my warnings life is not something you can replace you get one chance so make it count each day. Candy81 © Candra Creviston

The Wind

**This lady next to me she doesn't even know that she has my heart in her hands.
She's here today and gone tomorrow like the wind you don't see her leaving.**

**Here I am a fool hoping she will ease the pain but every time I hear her song I'm numb.
She dances in the moonlight and sways through the wind like a breeze in the trees.**

**I try to catch her but she has my heart in a knot hoping she will see my face.
I'm a fool for loving a lady who doesn't even know my name I can't deal with this pain.**

**In love with a woman that is bright like the sun and shines on everyone.
Try and stop her but you can't she will burn a hole in your chest revealing what she's done.**

**There's no numbing this pain she has my heart and doesn't even know my face.
I try to sleep to erase her memory but she haunts my dreams like a ghost fantasy.**

**There's no turning back now I am hooked and I'm drowning in pain.
Here today and gone tomorrow like the wind gone without a trace.**

**I hear her song and I know she's dancing with the man in the moon as the wind blows her
face.**

It should be me taking her hand as she dances in mysterious ways.

**She's like the wind blowing through the trees you can feel her beauty and elegance grace.
But you will never catch her she slips through your hand like the wind blowing my heart
away. Candy81 © Candra Creviston**

Then there was you

My struggle and my strife,
all the hardships in my life.
I was "broken, torn" into,
then there was you.

Your love slowly started to,
restore my life like brand new.
You became my best friend then,
out of the blue my husband too.

When I'm sad stuck in my past,
you come in saving me.
Like heroes always do I know I'm,
safe when I'm with you.

What happened in my past doesn't,
hurt me "anymore, I" won't allow it to.
What matters now is who makes me,
smile and that's you I love you.

You changed my life you healed my past,
and made my life brand new.
I couldn't ask for anyone better than you,
You're my everything.

I hope you know how much I truly do,
love you it amazes me too.
Look into my 'eyes, they" will show you,
a love that is pure and true.

Candy81© Candra Creviston

Thirteen

There's something about his darkness that calls out to me.
I'm captured unable to getaway even if I could I wouldn't run anyways.
The more I read I am taken in by his spell the dark magic in poetry.

If I could see his face then I would know for sure if we have met before.
I feel like I know him even his name thirteen is firmilair to me.
Did we meet in another life reincarnated to meet again to finish what was meant to be.

My mind and gut instinct tells me thirteen is a damaged soul lost and lonely.
But my mind likes to play tricks on me maybe he is a wanderer on a journey.
I follow his clues written in poetry as I listen to the lyrics I know Priest is thirteen.

Hidden messages that I see plainly a map to the secrets he keeps.
I will follow this rabbit hole without the pill to see the reality.
Truth is only found when you seek so I'm ready to play this game of hide and seek.

Look into the darkness don't be scared of what's hiding you may find peace.
Without day there's no night I'm living to die I want to see what's hidden behind the scenes.
Down the rabbit hole the dark side thirteen dark prince Priest. Candy81

13sonsofgod...Priest © a month ago, Candra Creviston

Transgression

I can't seem to escape; there's no safe place. Pills that only numbs the pain and the echoes still play their silly little games. This is my body, my mind. Why can't I take control and tell depression it's not welcome here anymore. I've drawn up an escape plan that I can't bare to administrate.

Maybe death is the only really true way to escape this transgression of anxiety and depression. Performing simple tasks like the grocery store has become a chore I hate. Can't breathe, I broke out in a cold sweat. A panic attack has taken its rightful place inside my chest.

Look at you, you're so fat and ugly, they're all staring at you. Can't you see that everyone hates you? Don't eat for a couple of days, and plastic surgery will wash that ugliness away. Stop. I scream enough. This is my body and my head. Now I command you to evacuate. It's quiet for a moment until depression and anxiety decides to manipulate.

©?Candy81

Vatican

Bless me, father for I have sinned. I've fallen from the lord's grace. I do not have faith. For I have committed the seven deadly sins and took the Lord's name in vain. I lust for his taste a little salty and a little sweet. A metallic penny in a glass of vodka kinda tastes. Leaves me hungry for more gluttony has given birth to a new name.

I take pride in his fragrance, a pheromone heroin addict I've become. I'm greedy and no, I'm not sharing. He is all mine and you can't have any. I've become a sloth. I can't do anything. He consumes my brain. Jealousy driving me to do unnatural things. Envious of how he looks when he looks their way. Try to take him and you will feel a wrath that will scare Jesus away. Forgive me, father, for I have sinned! The words I prayed in the Vatican today.

©? candy81

Victim

I've caught on to your game,
I know your technique.
You run your unbridled tongue,
when you should have walked away.

You brought this upon yourself,
it didn't have to be this way.
You had to have it your way,
always playing the victim game.

We have been watching you,
we are ready to play your game.
You should close your shutters,
as you grip the window pane

You look out your window as,
I am looking in.
You never see "me, but" I see you,
I know what you "do, we" all do.

An owl will hoot three times as you,
sleep in your bed.
Black birds fly into the windows,
Killing themselves.

The voices in your head driving,
you mad.
You already had mental issues,
you just haven't figured out the truth.

Darkness lives in me it is my true,
identity.
We are many we are legion we are,

everywhere we are in your head.

Candy81

(Photo found on google I claim no rights to photo) ©Candra Creviston

Walk The Line

The smell of burning flesh lingers in the air an after taste with dry cracked lips.
Gritty hard to chew as you gnaw on your own cheek a metallic saltiness and kinda sweet.
The taste of blood wettens your mouth like tiny needles as you swallow and a gasp to breathe.

There is no breeze only dryness and heat the sky is grey it hasn't rained in weeks.
America the homeland of the free that's only a line used to deceive and cheat.
This is a place where the weak and the poor man are thrown to break us down very slowly.

The death mortality tortured until you die or reprogram the way you think.
Priests and Priestess rule over humanity no remorse as they cut babies out of mothers' wombs.
After their men raped women and children repeatedly no sedation the pain echoes in their screams.

The Priestess watch in enjoyment while the Priest picked the prettiest sweetest teens.
He would softly rub their cheek as he kisses their hand that's the last they were ever seen.
Unless the Priest decided the girl was not worthy to be in his kingdom he had no shame.

Dropping of daughters left with scars and pregnant with their babies.
Scavengers that's what they say as the pregnant teens begged for food and a drink.
I will never forget the smiles on their faces and the sounds of laughs as they spit in our faces.

There is darkness you have never seen it exist next door to you at church as you hear God's word.
Programmed to do and say and believe what they want you to believe a matrix.
When you wake up than you to will see the grim darkness that lives daily.

Walk the line listen obey and help dig your own grave in a tomb called America the land of the free
and the brave. Candy81

Grimdark fantasy characters and creatures. © 22 minutes ago, Candra Creviston
dark ? grim ? horror ? death ? pain ? sad

Weakest Link

The day has come and gone as darkness falls.
Every house has no lights on and the shades are drawn.
Doors are latched windows that are locked bulletproof barricades.
In hopes of keeping them safe in their homes.

On this night there is fear in every home we hold our children near.
It's not the monsters under the beds but the monsters we call friends.
Blood is spilled to prove your worth its kill or be killed.
Whos the weakest link we will see blood stains when morning comes.

The one who proclaims the woes he will bestow upon the unclean.
Cowards in masks can't show their faces because they're scared of their own fate.
This night I'm ready and willing to spill the blood of anyone who threatens my own.
Sounds of laughter as knives scrape down the window panes.

This is gonna get a little nasty I know the person behind the mask.
It isn't just a neighbor the laugh I will never forget of my father.
See my daddy taught me well remember the shooting range.
Or our hunting trips slicing the pigs knecks as they squeal.

I love you daddy go ahead take the first shot I won't run.
Your little girl is not so little anymore now my turn.
I forgive you for what you have done as I slice his throat.
I know he hears my words as his blood spills on my clothes.
Bloodstains that will never come off it's a ghost that haunts my soul.

???

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What You Intend

I have shuffled throughways to hurt you.
It ricochets in my mind backfires triggering an emotional response.
You try and hide your wicked ways in the shadows of the dark.
What you intend to shoot bullets through my chest bleeding ink stains of my heart.

All the ways to hurt you replays over and over again.
I know if I shoot you I will feel the pain too a "conscience, I" grew.
Bullets backfire and I end up shooting me too.
Your actions show what you intend to hurt me before I do you.

Glowing in the dark your intentions light up your heart.
I know I could never hurt you in the end I would kill me too.
What you intend to use on me will come back and haunt you.
Your feelings are "dark, but" even monsters reveal themselves in the dark. Candy81Candra
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