

Anthology of The Evil Twin



Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

Diamonds in my eyes

Reality of life

I am who

Woman

Viva La Vida

A song for the broken-hearted.

Diamonds in my eyes

They glow in the abyss of my darkness.
Silently flow down the slope of my cheek.
Each expensive drop a revelation of my anguish.
The chords of my heart bleeds to their content.
The diamonds in my eyes flood my pain.

If they should fall before,
The cause of my despair in horror.
Their cold embrace manipulates
The image of my mind in bits.

Now I'm positioned before a stone wall.
Barrier to the one I cannot ignore.
Who will comprehend my thoughts?
Who will hear my silent cry?

The comfort I wistfully desire
Denied me in stride.
All have abandoned my side
Except the diamonds in my eyes.

They taunt, "reach out to me"
"Leave me your burdens"
But the heart knows no grief,
Memory knows no loss,
Excluding the diamonds in my eyes.

Reality of life

When we stare at the mirror
Is it the reflection of our reality?
Or is it the curtains of their design?
Is it the similarity in our diversity?
Or is it the diversity in our similarities?
Is this the life we choose to live?
Or is this the life we were taught to live?
Are we influencing society?
Or are we influenced by society?
Do we shape our destiny?
Or is our destiny shaped for us?
These are the questions of an innocent child
To peek through the lenses and understand the reality of life.

I am who

In my quest for self discovery
I realised the problem plain to see
Anxiety, timidity and ignorance
Bravado, pride and arrogance
All gain my innocuous disdain.
My desire for acceptance
Left me baffled on the importance
Of self love and self worth.
The vast possibilities that would be
Who I was, who I am, who I could be.
The doubt, confusion and fears
Have led me here.
I may not be perfect
But these attributes identify me.
I dare not change me
For I am different
I love different, and I love me.

Woman

Woman, a being of complexity
Enigmatic is your femininity
Firm is your desire for equity
To keep it lasting in perpetuity.

Woman, a being of perplexity
Victory is in your destiny
Your regal splendour,
A congenital ability.

Woman, a being of equanimity
Your comforting arms a remedy
Your fearless courage a constancy
Persistence and consistence a stability.

Viva La Vida

Once the world was at my feet
Land and oceans below me
But my power, it slipped away
As my lover before daybreak
The streets once my proud possession
Now, swept by me in my retrogression.
Once my foes were filled with fear
When the dice of life reappeared
The crowd was filled with cheer and praise
The old king gone, another raised
The key to ascension was fleeting
Quick was my fall, oh defeating
Discovered my world was built on a delusion
A false reality, an illusion.
The bells of faith and hope ring from afar
The choirs tell tales of victory and splendour
Be my reflection, my support and my protection
My loyal servant bursting with dedication and devotion
It is baffling that in your absence,
Persistent deceit was in abundance
For in my ignorance I failed to see
Heavy was the crown borne by me.

A song for the broken-hearted.

In the realm of love, where hearts intertwine, A tale unfolds, of a bond divine. Yet, in this story, there's no happy end, A shattered heart, too broken to mend.

Once upon a time, in a world so bright, Two souls met, in the soft moonlight. Their hearts whispered promises, oh so sweet, In the rhythm of love, they moved their feet.

But as seasons changed, so did their fate, The love they shared, was consumed by hate. The promises made were left unkept, In the silence of the night, the heart quietly wept.

The echoes of laughter, turned into cries, In the garden of love, the last petal dies. The heart that once fluttered, now only aches, In the mirror of memories, it only breaks.

Tears like rivers, flow down the cheek, The heart is silent, it no longer speaks. In the ruins of love, it stands alone, In the chilling winds of heartbreak, it's thrown.

So here ends the tale, of love and despair, A heart left broken, beyond repair. In the ashes of love, the embers still burn, In the school of heartbreak, a lesson hard-learned.