

Broken-Winged Butterfly

Tristan Robert Lange



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

*These poems are dedicated to God, to my loving wife and to my daughters, all of whom inspire me
to see the beauty in the midst of darkness.*

Acknowledgement

I would be amiss to not acknowledge all of the experiences in life, negative and positive, that have shaped me into who I am. Death has, and forever will be, my muse. The mystery, the beauty, and the horror of death forever captivates me and compels me to write.

About the author

Tristan Robert Lange has been writing poetry for over 25 years. Predominantly influenced by Shakespeare, Edgar Allan Poe and James Douglas Morrison, much of his poetry is darker in nature and deals a lot with death and the macabre.

Interspersed in that are philosophical/spiritual reflections and, on the rare occasion, musings on love.

summary

The Withered Garden

Lurking Demons

The Anxious Morning

Willow Tree

The Forest

The Comedy's End

In the Endless Sea

Our Bitter End

Plastic Pawns

Vultures

ALIVE

Who Am I?

The Necromancer

Demons

Haunted

The Machine

A Vampyre's Lament

The Hunters

A Dance With Death

Teacher

Broken Winged Butterfly

A Shell on the Beach

A Misanthrope's Lament

The Solitude of the Night

The Viper

The Void

Inner Sanctum

Beethoven

The King of Intellect

The Vampyre

Bloody Scars

False Assurance

Pantomime

Nevermore

Book of Horrors

Waiting

The Philosopher Clown

Bête Noir

Toward Ultimate Reality

The Hunger

The Truth of Love

In This Land

Demented

The Wood

Haunted Hallways

Greater than the Sum

Again

Life on the Rocks

Dark Hallways

Chamber of Echoes

Angel of a Thousand Shadows

Knowledge

Pride's Abode

Lost

Unfettered

Frozen Solid

Horrorland

Featured Presentation

Afraid to Love

TOOL

The Abyss of Damnation

The Walls of Insanity

Our Eternal Slumber

Unleashed

The Tolling of the Bell

The End of Everything

Rigor Mortis

A House With No Mirrors

Razorblade Symphony

3

Apparition

Lies

Anxious Dreams

Black Onyx Eyes

Flickering Shadows

Flesh and Blood

Death Becomes Me

Grin

A Feast That Festers

Dans la mort de la nuit

Death Rattle

The Walls

Pick Your Poison

I Once Knew You

No Response

Born of the Night.

The Abyss

Voyage de l'enfer

Preordained

Manhattan Day

Confined

Midnight Dreary

Phantom

In the End

Metamorphosis

Requiem Aeternam

Nothing

These Three Things

The Withered Garden

I wish there was life
In this withered garden;
The flowers and hedges
No longer lay in bloom.

What fruit has fallen
Lies half eaten, dying,
Rotten are those succulent
Savory fruits once enjoyed.

Seedless and ever barren,
It is forever winter here.
The once sacred garden
Is now profane and exposed.

No more is it my sanctuary,
It lies useless and ruined.
Its warmth is now the frigid
Cold agony of a tomb.

Lurking Demons

In the fall dressed forest
The beauty of death surrounds me,
The breath of my God, my Creator,
Blows around me and through me.

The demons rest for the moment,
The torment and darkness subside;
Yet, deep down I truly know
The mountaintop will be valley again.

The shades, they continue within,
They haunt me in torrents eternal.
The demon's name has been revealed,
Its purpose no longer unknown.

Forgiveness is always at hand
To those who can swallow their pride,
But even then the demon lurks,
Waiting to drown even the forgiven saints.

"Your accuser, the devil, is on the prowl like a roaring lion, seeking someone to devour" (1 Peter 5:8).

The Anxious Morning

The morning is empty,
Silent and hollow,
Yet, full with hope
Of things not to be.

Awakened from sleep
but not yet conscious,
The mind stirs up
A cup of anticipation.

In the frigid air
The jagged winter bites.
Its teeth of ice tear
Through warm, tender flesh.

What will be, alas,
Is yet to be known.
The horror of uncertainty
Becomes a doomed reality.

Willow Tree

What manner of man be this,
That lays down his life for a kiss
To protect what he considers bliss
From the foul evils that run amiss.

What strange manner of man be he,
Who gives up his freedom to be free
To choose to ebb and flow like the sea
With the weeping tears of a willow tree.

The Forest

Deep runs the forest,
So deep that I find
Myself lost among the trees.
I want to climb them, dig?

I want to climb
Way up high in the trees
Of life and hide from
The encroaching world.

Bring me to the top
And let me sway in
The incessant wind;
I stand motionless.

The trees far above
Beckon me to climb
Out of the darkened forest.
But I cannot...I cannot;

My

fear

is

what

keeps

me

here.

The Comedy's End

Lay praises before me, flatter me,
Call me your champion, warrior king.
I am not deceived by your hypocrisy,
I know more than you think I do.

Your tongues protrude out of you,
Revealing double-edged daggers.
The fire in your eyes speak tons
In the tongues of envy and hate.

Though your numbers are small,
You think yourselves mighty and great.
You act deceptively as if autonomous,
But you are owned by the truth you hide.

I lay no blame upon any of the people
Who listened to your lies, your deceit,
For they are innocent of the terror,
The hellish terror that lies in your eyes.

Like a flower, I sprout and grow on,
Rising up to bloom in full, living color,
Opening up my pedals to reveal
The seeds of a revolution of change.

And like the seed, I fall fast and hard.
Like the dead, I am entombed in the dirt.
Buried alive, I face my death and expire;
But the breath of life does not escape me.

The seed must die before life can grow;
My mortal coil shed like the shell of a seed,
Giving birth to the cycle of the seasons

Within the decaying shells of humanity.

Within this darkness shall come a light
Born of the hunger for justice and mercy,
A paradox of needs to lead the way
Into a future of long-lasting hope.

I cannot blame you for your ignorance,
I cannot blame you for your hate.
Though you are deceivers and haters
You believe your own lies to be true.

In this season of death and despair
In this moment of deadly confusion,
I move forward to embrace the fates,
To be splayed by your vicious tongues.

To be pierced by the fangs of serpents,
And to be poisoned by the venomous
Horns of the aquatic beast, the hydra,
The sevenfold mockery of true decorum.

Let the ones who are false be false,
Let the ones who hate continue to hate,
For the time is near, it has already come,
For this comedy to meet its burlesque end.

In the Endless Sea

In the finite sunshine
Clouds move in,
They darken the mood
And sway the mind.

What was found in stride
Has been lost,
What was newly discovered,
Has been forgotten.

In the endless sea
Whose waves churn fierce,
All things, yes, all things
Are always reborn.

Yet nothing new arises.
There is no originality.
All things, yes, all things
Are completely recycled.

Even death isn't unknown.
It maybe individually new,
But life has been ceasing
As long as it has been birthing.

In every life
There is profound death!
In every struggle,
There is an expiration.

In the endless sea,
Whose waves churn fierce,
All things, yes all things

Are constantly dying.

Yet nothing kills life;

It never ceases.

All things, yes, all things

Ebb and flow in life.

Our Bitter End

What day is this, what hour,
That darkness fills the sky?
Brutal, cold, damp, and brittle
Are such days of eternal gloom.
The winds howl like beasts,
Like famished wolves on the hunt.
The air is thin and very sharp,
Cutting through life like a razor.
If one can be still,
If one can bear the wind,
If one can stand there frozen,
The death of time can be heard.
Its ticking is slowing down
Until it ticks no more,
Like the failure of a weakened,
Sickly, pale and shriveled heart.
Just then...what's this?
Some light breaks through,
But it only teases the senses
As the gloom laughs at the illusion.
Foolish hope amidst hopelessness,
The laugh is dissonant,
It penetrates the soul thoroughly,
Violating any shred of salvation.
This day is inauspicious,
It mocks those who live,
It turns melancholy to despair,
It hollows their mortal coil.
There is no escape from
This damnable, icy, coldness.
For the winter is approaching...
Fast approaching...always approaching.
What day finds life renewed;

What hour is free from mockery,
From the damnable, glassy grin
Of winter's solitary stare?
The winds envelope the living
Like a blanket of frostbite
Eating away at the frozen flesh
And leaving behind a hardened shell.
If one can await the warmth,
If one can ignore the pain,
If one can just survive,
The hope of life would still fail.
Just as the cycle of the seasons
Work from spring to winter
So, too, does the cycle of life
Work its way toward certain death.
Hush! Still your heart!
Silence your breathing
And you will definitely hear it,
The ringing of Winter's shrill howl.
It calls us out by name,
One by one, we lose ourselves
To it's frigid, icy persona;
No longer do we breathe warmth.
Like an enigmatically beautiful painting,
Hung high above on a wall,
Death stares, blankly gazing,
Following the souls who lie in wait.
Who will begin the procession?
Who will bear the burdensome weight?
Through the barren mile or so
We shall walk to our bitter end.

Plastic Pawns

In troubled moments,
Heavy laden with doubt
And dripping with melancholy,
We take our insignificant places.
Everything is in place,
Order has been ensured.
Conformity marks the death
Of true and pure individuality.
As disposable plastic pawns,
Standing before our checkered past,
We become a trivial number
In a game of sudden death.
Every pawn has its use
Or else it is quickly discarded,
Thrown into a flaming pyre
Which burns but never consumes.

Vultures

The carrion draws them,
The vultures circle around and around,
Eyeing the dead meat on the ground
With the ferocity of hungry scavengers.
Circling, one would think they are on top,
Soaring as if they are free to come and go,
As if they are free to feed and feed and feed
Without even the slightest worry in the world.
They descend down from the heights,
Swooping in a rush of feathered blackness.
What they don't realize will kill them,
But they are too ravenous to sense
The poisonous meat that they consume
In complete and twisted irony,
Shall in the end consume them.
Their deaths shall paint the ground.
The trap has been set
And the bait taken.

ALIVE

Consciousness regained,
There is a darkness everywhere
With only the faintest light
To illuminate things illusively.
There's no room.
The faint light enters in slivers
Like light peering in a box
Through its thinnest cracks.
The air is stale,
Stagnant like a dead pond,
Still like a funeral womb,
This is a cell for the dead.
This enclosure is stuffy
With only hints of fresh
Unadulterated airflow seeping
In to greet dried, sore nostrils.
What has brought me here?
Why do I feel so alone?
How can I feel so hopeless
When I should feel otherwise?
These questions dance like death
Around my fragile mind,
Welling up tears of desperation
In tearless, barren eyes.
The feeling of sorrow
Overcomes all of my senses.
I am a desolate wasteland
Hidden from all that brings peace.
And here I lay, lifeless
Yet, alive and aware.
Am I imprisoned, locked up,
Thrown away like spoiled meat?
No movement is possible,

Terror begins to possess me!
Can I not escape this place,
This confining and hard pallet?
A thud resounds loudly,
Then another and another,
The slivers of light dimming
At the sound of each thud.
The sounds of moans,
Distant cries from above me,
Can be heard ever so faintly
As Ghosts haunting an upper room.
More thuds followed by
The sound of loose particles
Falling as sand in an hourglass.
The moans grow more distant.
How can I escape?
I can't move my legs,
Nor can I move my arms.
My hands try to feel by my sides.
The enclosure walls are deceptive,
Soft like satin or silky scarves.
They are thinly cushioned
Yet, the walls are impenetrable.
Where am I? Where the hell...
Where the hell am I...please...
I can't breathe...need air...
Claustrophobia overwhelms me.
Frantically, I push to my sides.
I try to lift my confined legs.
All attempts to move, to escape
Are vain efforts of utter desperation.
Complete darkness engulfs me.
Faint words of remorse are uttered
To the sounds of ghostly howls.
Mother, can you hear me?

Again, I try to move,
To scream like a murder victim,
But my movement is impossible,
My screams bounce instantly back.
My mind plays tricks on me,
Is this a dream, a nightmare?
Will I soon wake in sweaty relief
Like a claustrophobe exiting an elevator?
I just want to escape,
To break free, to actually breathe
And feel the fresh air on my skin.
Mother don't cry! Can't you hear me?
Someone get me out...help...
Help me get out of here...
Somebody please help me...
I need to get out...please help.

This enclosure is my tomb,
It's narrow walls press in
As if I am being crushed.
Mother, I don't want to die!
I can hear those solemn words,
"In nomine Patris et Filii...
Et Spiritus Sancti. Amen!"
The last word pierces my soul.
Mother, can you hear me?!?
Get me out of this box,
Get me out of this coffin,
I've been buried alive!

Who Am I?

Who am I?

Who really cares?

"Not I," says the mockingbird.

"Nor I," say the bears.

I ask why?

Why care you not?

"Because," says the worm,

"You're the worst of the lot."

Coming from you?

Can a worm truly say?

"Nay," says the robin,

Plucking the worm away.

That was wrong,

Are you not aware?

"Shhh," hushed the wolf,

"You're the next to tear."

The Necromancer

From whence the water flows
Chaotic dreams bring endless woes,
Whilst clouds form a darkened gray,
Overcasting the gaiety of day.

The dimmed, unnatural, light
Renders the appearance of night.
A storm races toward the shore;
For sanctuary, none can implore.

A shadowy tower stands alone,
It's battlements like broken bone,
Aloof and foreboding in it's decay
Appears an odious place to stray.

For none hither from there do go,
But the wretched beasts of ancient woe
Whose station in life is beset
Upon the carrion left desolate.

Lifeless it stands perched on high,
Its presence seems ever too nigh.
Wanton malevolence now emanates
Forth from the tower's foreboding gates.

From yonder way it can be seen,
A light so rank, with horrid gleam.
Still within it's decrepit walls,
A devil walks those cursed halls.

A necromancer, a daemon be he;
He conjures up his ghastly plea.
Tormented spirits of years gone past,

Fill their shells to the very last.

"Arise, from thy earthen sleep,"
Cries the sorcerer within his keep.
"Arise, Old Ones! Harken ye all,
To the design of my exigent call!"

From beneath the earth, all around,
Re-animating with a hideous sound,
Ascends a legion of cadaverous coils
Most dedicated to their evil moil.

"Awaken to your master's delight,
Lumber toward humanity's plight."
The aged villain, arms in the air,
Spouts incantation, his malice bare.

The army begins its march of death,
Corrupting the air with odorous breath.
The ghouls lumbering in rotten shells,
Bring forth to the earth an unearthly hell.

Demons

What happens when demons dance,
Or when one dances with demons?
Does flirtation with temptation
Stoke the eternal funeral pyre?
Dancing with devils and vampires
While listening to the jackal's call
Leads to temporal and carnal relief
To the eternal soul's utter despair.
O, the pain and the melancholy--
O, the horrible melancholy--
Eats at the sufferer's mind
Leaving behind a hollowed skull.
Shall I dance some more,
Shall I dance to the vampiric tune?
Plagued, and blackened by existence,
Walks a corpse with no name.

Haunted

Frost covers the ground,
And the thickened mud
Mixed with wood chips
Becomes like pavement.
Rusted cylindrical metal
Juts out, like stalagmites,
Of the icy, frozen earth
Meeting together above.
The chains rattle loudly
In the phantasmic wind
As the brittle branches
Of old, dead trees creek.
Haunting voices cry out
In a ghostly shrill pitch;
The sounds of children
From an era long gone.
Snow begins to manifest
As apparitions in the air,
Flurrying down slowly
Upon the frigid ground.
The darkened, gray sky
Overcasts a thick gloom
And sets an atmosphere
Of bleak, ominous death.
The chains scrape along
The juted rusted metal.
The sound nerve racking
As nails on a chalkboard.
So haunted is this place
That once brought joy.
But happiness is lost
To this grim playground.

The Machine

No forgiveness for the weary,
And no mercy for the weak,
This world is cold and cruel
As it devours its children.
Helpless are the young ones
Who strive hard to succeed,
For they are now abandoned
And left desolate in despair.
There is no room for success
For all are on the path to fail.
Set up by a beastly machine,
They become enumeration.
The numbers keep on working,
As cogs in the motor's wheel,
Producing fruit for the beast.
There's no hope for liberation.

A Vampyre's Lament

Standing in a moment of paradox,
Savoring the hope that is my curse;
Light cracks through the breaking dawn,
All along, my shadow condemns me.
It is a fragile night the dawn breaks;
If I should escape, what then is my fate?
Will I spend yet another terrible day,
Locked away, hidden within a sepulcher?
Should I meet the day with haste,
and let the light consume me?
Or should I run and hide, take flight,
Embrace the night that imbues me?
Do I suffer the second death,
Or do I embrace the nightingale's song?
The chorus begins, the pyre is set,
And, I now bet, it shall consume me!

The Hunters

The end draws near,
On a ship of doom,
With a shrouded plume
Of mist and fog.
A figure stands alone,
Aboard the creaking vessel;
The bystanders wrestle
With the unknown.
Police now aboard,
There's nothing to find
But boxes left behind
Filled up with dirt.
Terror upon the land,
Strikes a city's throat;
From the decayed boat
Emerges a plaguing curse.
Bodies seem to rise,
Still dead, but alive.
Since the ship arrived,
Death has dwelt here.
Demonic red orbs,
Piercing straight through
A dark and misty hue,
Find two women alone.
Preying on the one,
Slowly begins her death
Consuming her every breath,
Yet he covets the other.
The first girl now dead,
The other now victimized,
Without it being realized,
The name of the foe.
Five men, all friends,

Form a coalition
And begin their mission,
To destroy the beast.
From the wild ravings
Of a lunatic man,
The hunters devise a plan,
And begin their quest.
Still enigmatic, this demon,
Who's thus far unnamed,
A lover is chained,
To his alluring charm.
A trail leads the five
To the tomb of the friend
That they could not defend,
From those piercing orbs.
An empty sepulcher,
Her dead corpse is gone;
It comes walking along,
A spectre, dripping blood.
A pact the five make,
And with wood and steel,
Her fate they now seal
Giving her rest and peace.
With sweat and blood,
Nearly lost in shame,
They discover the name
Of the murdering fiend.
He flees to a foreign land,
Crossing the ancient sea;
Yet, against every plea,
The lover must follow.
The beast is unaware,
And has taken the trap.
The lover, a psychic map,
Leads the hunters to him.
But all seems lost

As they face defeat,
And race to meet,
The sadistic seducer.
Yet onward they speed,
Toward the demon's home
Where nightmares roam;
Three brides await them.
The brides, tormenters,
Haunt a doctor's dreams,
Loosening him at the seams,
'Til he hunts them down.
Blue rings of fire
And children of the night,
Fill the five with fright.
Are they all doomed?
The hunters still race,
With resolve renewed,
The battlements in view,
The monster is winning.
In an earth-filled box,
The dragon stirs,
As daylight blurs.
Time has run short.
Directly behind with,
Guns, blades and stakes,
As dusk now breaks,
The hunters close in.
The box explodes
As the beast breaks free,
The hunters now see
The path they've chosen.
The lover now speaks,
In a foreign tongue,
Her words are sung,
As hypnotic poetry.
The motion is quick,

His poison blood splashed,
One Texan hunter has slashed
The parasite's throat.
The Texan is struck,
He falls down nearly dead
His party must now tread
On in the hunt without him.
The monster, scared,
Retreats to his home inside,
But there's nowhere to hide
From his hunter's pursuit.
The hunters search,
Exhausted from the fight,
Hoping that they might
Catch him before its too late.
And there deep inside,
The Count trapped and dying,
In his coffin he's lying,
His fate stands above him.
The hunters' resolve,
Drive the stake in his heart,
From this world he now parts;
Yet, he shall forever haunt them.

A Dance With Death

Acknowledge the truth,
An unsettling reality,
That we know not the sun's warmth;
We know not the true light.
Like slaves shackled,
Bound within a cave,
Who are we; if we are?
Can we see the light?
Light, artificial, is what we see.
Death is all that we can know.
We try to entomb the divine
But we are the one's entombed.
So you want damnation,
But not that which is your own.
We are all viper brooding people,
Our venom sprays with each word.
We don't know the truth,
We simply don't know.
We all dance to the hypnotic tune,
A danse macabre with the piper.
Dance! Dance to the tune!
Dance until you fall!
Macabre, and fragrant, the posies,
Decay masked by flowery smoke.
Who can escape this justice,
This very justice we seek?
Our shameful exposition
Quickens our disastrous fate.
Dance! Dance your life away!
Dance on hollowed hill.
See where it gets you;
Our corpses are hollowed shells.

Teacher

So you think you know
The way it all should go,
You say that I now glow,
But you still don't know me.
Suck the life out of me
Like the fury of the sea,
You just could not let it be,
You are agony everlasting.
You take credit for who I am
But never had the master plan,
I've always been my own man,
You can't take that away from me.
Teacher, may I now speak?
Your assessment is utterly bleak.
I think your reasoning is rather weak;
Your lies shall not weigh upon me!

Broken Winged Butterfly

Have you ever danced with the Devil,
Or written in her blackened book?
Have you sold your soul to the dark one
Who's fiery gaze is a passionate look?
Have you spread your wings, my angel,
Just to see them so battered and scarred?
To whom could you turn to for some help?
Try the one who's wings have been marred.
Broken winged butterfly, charred by flame
With no where to turn; no escaping hell.
The color has been singed from the wings;
Butterfly trapped inside a moth-like shell
But who speaks for this abandoned angel,
This fallen saint from the heavens above?
Not those blinded by their own reason,
But those humbled by a greater love.

Only an angel in disguise...

Fallen so that others may rise...

Pointing northward at the brightest star...

A divine light shining bright from afar.

A Shell on the Beach

The silence of the waves,
Sends happy chills down my spine.
A talk or two with my friend Jack,
Who warms me inside;
But yet I am still cold
And fragile on the outside.
I find peace, love, and
Then i grasp the moment.
I hold it well within
The trembling hands of morning.
The warmth of her body,
The bitter scent of vodka,
And the sweet taste of her lips,
This and more breathing life
Into this dead body.
I tremble with utter fear
As I embrace a new experience.
And in the next moments to pass--
--I smile--
For something has filled me,
Warmed my soul,
Held my body,
And protected me from the
Danger in the night's jagged mouth.
I sit, now praying for
These arms to never leave me.
I pray to be lifted away
From those perilous sharks,
The ones that await me
Beneath love's grasp.
I am but a shell on the beach.
Hold me with care,
For I am fragile.

A Misanthropel's Lament

Thy vision is my disdain.
Not by yonder route's way
Canst I escape the terrain;
The sky is an ominous gray.

Endless pangs of degradation,
This enclosure is harrowing.
I am lacking in supplication
And stricken by a hollowing.

Despair looms in the air.
In misanthropic throes
The jaws of disgust are bare;
I am beset by cursed woes.

Naught is rendered to gain,
And loss becomes my kin.
Thy words become a stain,
To the innocent child within.

The Solitude of the Night

The lights flash with halogen fury
Dancing across the pitch-soaked sky,
The tapping sound of liquid tears
Searing through metal on a hot summer night.
The chorus rises as nature's crescendoing symphony,
Except this is no Ode to Joy.
The blackness of decay is impossible to escape,
Horrorific reality is the solitude of the night.

The Viper

The viper coils around me,
Its dry skin, cold and smooth,
It slithers tighter around me.
With cunning it moves,
Positioning itself to strike.
Little does it know,
My blood is an anti-venom.

The Void

Within the dreary, undiscovered soul
Lies the need to be born,
A dying embodiment of chilled anxiety
Before the wake of ending goodness.
Coffins lie within the entombed mind
Like fields of eternal graves.
The thick stench of decay
Fills the mausoleum of despair.
The entrance to condemnation
Lies within the crusted vessel of life.
The tattered ship bleeds blackened,
Unrefined evil from its gallows.
Suffocating fumes of rotting flesh
Looms in the thickness of insanity
And the inner sanitarium is filled
With the sounds of 1,000 madmen.
Cries spill out into the soundless void
Like piercing shrapnel and rusted metal.
Tension builds with each sound as the
Scraping of bloody knives on steel continue.
Within a momentary time-lapse
The ghastly reaper makes his move,
And miracles fall wayside
Making room for blackened curses.
Nothingness is the dark void
Dwelling in the shady depths of despair,
And the snapping of brittle bone and sinew
Happens within the jaws of monstrous death.
The very essence of non-existence
Lies within battered, tortured souls,
Leaving behind a fragment of life
Amidst the seeping organs of death.

Inner Sanctum

We are the internal,
Living off of every thought
That seeps through the mind,
The flare inside that sparks anti-life.
We are the eternal,
The immortal consciousness
That remains beyond death,
The decaying stench of timeless suffering.
We are the inner shadows,
Another reason for unbound tragedy
And blood-curdling adrenaline,
The feeling of anguish and pain.
We are the blackened void,
The sting of lacerations
That tear through rotten flesh,
The blackened fear of mortality.
We are the premonitions,
The visions of the coffin
In the dank depths of the tomb,
The bloody pools from dripping corpses.
We are the afterthoughts,
The remembrance of an evil deed
Committed in an act to destroy beauty,
The murder of all that was once loved.
We are the sleepers,
The unsound patience
Lurking in the shadows of damnation,
The chill of a terrible post-existence.
We are the unseen,
Forever watching, waiting
For the right moment to strike,
The blackened light of hate-filled persistence.

Beethoven

A genius beyond words,
The man died having lived
A long and bitter life,
His funeral attended by the masses.
Yet, who understood this life
Let alone the man behind it?
Who peered deep into his eyes
To gaze at his immortal soul?
With ease he could write,
In passion and fury
He scratched his enduring legacy
On timeless, incorruptible pages.
On the piano, he was a virtuoso,
On the page he was a god
Creating music that angels envy,
Music that quakes within the soul.
Who understood this man,
Who saw fiery lightning in his eyes
Dowsed by an eternal melancholy,
A longing for his immortal beloved?
Who was there when the maestro
Was rejected time and time again,
His status lower than status quo,
Deemed unworthy of lasting love?
When he was all alone,
In whom could he find solace?
As he penned his wish to end it all,
Who embraced him in loving care?
Gifted beyond all belief,
The man blessed us all
With songs that pierce the soul;
He was cursed to never hear them.
His symphonies could uplift

The world into the heavens,
And could crush our hearts,
Showing us the depths of despair.
It was the music, his muse,
His goddess, his immortal beloved,
That kept him going, living,
Writing the undying ode to joy!
His life was a moonlight sonata,
A ghost trio laid bare for Elise,
And every lover denied him, the man
Who made them all immortal.
But his music could not,
Nay, it would not be denied!
The man may have passed on
But his legacy never will.
"Friends applaud, the comedy is over" ? Ludwig Van Beethoven

The King of Intellect

All hail the King of Intellect,
So cool and suave in thought,
Who can think through the walls
Of his own bullshit piled high.
Impaled through the heart,
Your death, by reason, has begun.
You hide your own emotions
At the eternal peril of your soul.
Aiming to be killer sociopaths,
You grab yourselves by the balls.
Trying not to yelp at the pain,
You worship your deaths on a stick.
Blinded by deceitful abominations,
The truth evades you at every turn.
You are followers of a follower,
Who thinks he's become the leader.
Slaves! Wake up from your slumber!
You dance to the beat of damnation
And laugh at the wrath of the hell
You've brought upon the children.
"Death is conformity," says the muse.
You treat the truth like a whore
Who's wrapped himself around you.
You kiss your demise and smile.
Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin,
He leads you as rats to the sewer.
He feeds off of your conformity;
He needs your souls to survive.
Wake up from this nightmare
And see the pyre on which you lay.
It's not too late to live.
Die to the lies and live your life.

The Vampyre

The vampyre looms in the shadows,
Waiting for his nightly feast.
What's lost is eternal gain
For such a blood-lusting beast.
Entombed in darkness,
A shadow with no reflection,
The horrid monster reanimates
Upon his nightly resurrection
Gloom defines the atmosphere
Like a dense, thickened mist.
Timeless are the wounds,
From the vampyre's kiss.
The stagnant stench of decay
Fills the decrepit parasite's lair.
A sweet fragrance for the undead
Travels through the foul air.
The Vampyre arises slowly
On the prowl for human blood,
He leaves his corpse's shell
For his next victim's flood.
Looming in the darkness,
A young virgin he spots.
He watches her intently
Tracing her veins...so hot.
"Come to me," he whispers,
"Come to me, my child.
"Come to me pretty one!"
Your essence drives me wild.
She comes at his beckoning,
She can't resist his call.
She bares it all for him;
He feasts, totally enthralled!

Bloody Scars

You say that you know me,
I want to believe that you do,
But have you known a thousand sorrows
When you stared in these eyes so blue?
Did you experience the melancholy,
Filled with unending shades of gray?
Have you caressed this face of shadows
And felt the eternal death of day?
You say that you see me,
And that you understand me so well,
But have you felt my inner rage
Or been scorched within my hell?
Have you tasted the consuming decay
When you kissed these lips of mine?
Have you gotten lost in this dying vineyard
After drinking its poison wine?
You say that you love me
And that you'll always be near,
But have you felt the concrete distance
When you whisper nothing in my ear?
Is it for you to look and notice
The bloody scars that are marking me there?
Do they spell in razor sharp precision
The need I have for you to care?

False Assurance

Wandering the empty shores
Lost, with no direction.
How shallow life can become
The deeper one tries to understand it.
Like a dry river bed
Discovered in the desert,
All the hopes of sustenance
Lie barren before one's eyes.
That is the hope philosophy brings,
A paralyzing false assurance
That to think is to exist;
Yet, we think ourselves out of existence.
In reason, we have lost reality.
In wisdom, we have lost humility.
In science, we have lost mystery.
In spirit, we have lost ourselves.

Pantomime

The life of a mime
In the silence of shadows,
Flickering and wall dancing
To the rhythm of a flame.
Can you hear me
In every graceful movement?
Can you see the words
Forming the pantomime poetry?
Death mocks us tauntingly
In the silence of suffering;
We are longing for the advent
Of dawn's warm embrace.
To live, to truly live
And be known by others,
To even find bliss now
In a false assurance,
To find the false hope,
To grasp it and own it,
To search for solidarity
Is to throw straw in the wind.
Can it be that we, alone,
Dance to the tune of solitude,
That the only light seen
Is but a thought in our minds?
Can it be that I am,
That the flame, though dim,
Consumes this charred wick
Submerged in a pool of wax?
The mind is but a mirror
That reflects what has been,
Projecting onto a whitewashed tomb
The silent dance of the pantomime.

Nevermore

What happened to us?
We were gods and goddesses,
We were golden like the sun,
We were radiant as the moon.
Lost are the glorious days
That reigned supreme long ago.
The lyre, with plucked strings,
Plays its sad, tortured tune.
Comedic is the eternal tragedy,
Where tears of laughter and pain
Mix like water and concrete,
Weighing down on one's soul.
Love's been mortally wounded.
Tattered is the broken heart
That ceases to beat within
The hollowed, cavernous abyss.
The days roll, season to season,
The earth's oblivious to suffering.
Injured pride creates pain
And pain hardens the innocent.
Out of the fear of repetition
Comes the resolve of avoidance,
Leading the innocent to war
Where innocence is forever lost.
The battlefield lies desolate,
The carcasses lie in dead stillness.
With no hope of resurrection
Death eternal is omnipotent.
The golden days are missed.
The days of profound joy
Are sorely and hopelessly missed;
The agony of the word: Nevermore.

Book of Horrors

I pour out my soul
In this little book of horrors.
The secrets it now contains
Will be forever misunderstood.
Within it are the curses
Of a life forever diseased
And littered with the corpses
Of a million ghastly woes.
I could've been happy
With the innocence of boyhood,
If this were a dream world
Where boys remain unscathed.
But this world is hell
And it rapes boys and girls!
It penetrates their purity
And molests their happy souls.
This world is cruel and cold.
It's a wasteland of ghosts,
And innocence is lost eternal
In a pool of hot blood.
And so, here I lay
Writing, bleeding it all out
Like a ruptured aneurysm
Flooding the cranial cavity.
From my fingertips of pain
I write my life bare,
Stripped naked for all
To see and to misunderstand.
I pour out my soul
In this little book of horrors.
Nothing is ever secret or safe
From the judgment to come.

Waiting

The silence whispers,
It speaks so silently,
Telling me my thoughts.
I miss her now,
More than ever.
My love spins my world around. It floats me down
Rivers of lonely tears.
Waiting?
?Waiting?
Waiting for the hour
In which we will next meet.

The Philosopher Clown

The philosopher clown,
Has hit the big town
And it's all going down
In this city of lights.
As deep as great lakes,
The attempt he makes,
He grasps at the stakes,
But is lost to them all.
His graceless motion,
Causes great commotion,
Like the chaotic ocean,
He is so misunderstood.
His brilliance is lost,
And his dignity tossed
At such a great cost,
Some things never change.

Bête Noir

Melancholy mixed with misanthropy,
A lethal combination downed
Like opiates and alcohol;
I convulse violently inside.
The sadness numbs my senses,
Causing me to ignore the blows
That are injurious to me,
Like the striking of a viper.
Comparisons to another,
Do you not know me,
Do you think I am that?
The day's bitter end awaits.
The apathy spreads rampant,
Masking the animus I contain,
Hiding the bête noir from me,
Until all I see is my own reflection.

Toward Ultimate Reality

The essence is fire.
Constantly changing,
Constantly consuming,
Bringing life to us
But also destruction.

The essence is water.
Constantly flowing,
Rushing and gushing,
Bringing life to us
But also destruction.

The essence is earth.
Solid and stable,
Yet cracked and fragile,
Sustaining life for us,
But also destruction.

The essence is air.
Formless and fresh,
Flowing and forceful,
Sustaining life for us
But also destruction.

The essence is Spirit.
Invisible, yet present,,
Eternal and unique
It passes through life,
Destruction into life again.

The Hunger

Have you ever felt the hunger,
Seen it burning in her eyes?
Have you ever watched the fire
Scorching bellies, bloated and dire?

Have you ever hugged the skeleton,
The walking dead walk for miles?
Have you ever kissed the cheek
Of the hungry, sick, lame, and weak?

Wasted away, their bodies don't grow.
Wasted away, we don't value their souls.
Wasted away, they starve every week.
Wasted away, their situation is bleak.

Wasted away, time is in our hands.
Wasted away, soulless, we make demands.
Wasted away, we could at least attempt to try.
Wasted away, it is us who should die.

The Truth of Love

What is true love?

Is it the way you make me feel,
The way you feel in my arms?

Is it the tingling rush of excitement
That floods me upon lovers' embrace,
Or the tender sweet taste of your kiss?
Is it the feeling of our midnight dancing,
Or the warm and intimate union between us?

Is it the fears and secrets we've shared,
Or is it the trials and tribulations, the pain
That we have surmounted together?

What is true love?

Can it be found in the inconstant moon,
Or in the starry universe above us?
Can it be found in the poems new and old,
Or in the plays of screen and stage?
Can it be defined by philosophy,
Or denied by those of philosophical minds?
Can it be painted by the greatest artist,
Or written by authors of passionate romance?

What is true love? Who can know it?

True love is not merely an emotion,
Though it sparks an inferno of emotions.

It is not peace, or hope, or faith,
But is the foundation from which those spring.

True love is the knowledge that without you
I could never, ever be complete.

Without you I could never breathe the way I do,

I could never think the way I think,

Nor could I live the way I live.

True love demands that I realize

That you are the other half of my soul,

That without you nothing would be right,

That I would rather die than be without you.
That no wrong, no argument, no difference,
No sickness, no flaw, no financial burden,
Nor any other kind of unforeseen hardship
Could ever cause me to leave your side.
I am yours forever, til death do we part,
Because I truly, with all my heart, love you!

In This Land

In a land of preconditions
Set upon a hollowed hill,
We partake in nuclear fission,
The implosion large and shrill.
Who stands during the fall,
Who can ever stay afloat?
Life makes fools of us all,
Learning everything by rote.
We rise and fall each day,
Marching onward toward our death,
On bent knee we pray
Evermore wasting our breath.
Who lives after they die?
Who, in death, can really live?
We try to laugh as we cry.
We all take, but rarely give.
In a land of meritocracy,
We're stuck in a hellish mire.
In life there's no democracy,
Just effigies burned on the pyre.
Who's free while still entombed?
Whose fears ever find release?
We are all exiled from the womb.
Death owns us, we have no peace.
We rise and fall each night.
Bereft, we've lost all hope.
There is nothing but our plight.
We've lost our ways to cope.
Who knows they're really alive,
Who can discern such truth?
In this world we're all deprived,
Grasping at the air for proof.
In a land of divisions,

The fortress sits upon a skull.
Our ship escapes without provisions,
As blackened oil sleeps from our hull.
Who understands our position,
Who determines where we'll go?
Our ignorance blossoms into fruition,
We are pantomimes in a talkie show.
Clueless on being clued in,
Separated from the whole,
We feel perfect while in sin,
We close the gates on our soul.
Who has been across the river,
Who's seen the promised land?
The cold nights make us shiver,
We await eternal reprimand.
In a land with no communion,
Where we promote our own divinity,
Can there be any spiritual union,
Or is death our only reality?
Who's kept even all accounts,
Who as accepted their own fall?
Not one of us shall pronounce
That we haven't crashed the ball.
Masqueraded by Satan's face,
The mirror never ever lies.
As time is forgotten in space,
Except the beasts in us, all else dies.
Who can even shed the pain,
Who can race against the sand?
This wilderness envelopes our shame,
We are entombed in this land.

Demented

The blood is the life,
Like crimson velvet,
Smooth are the platelets
That stain the shroud.
The silence screams loud,
The emptiness absorbs
The sound of echoes
In the dark of night.
And, with total delight,
The silence mocks me.
I am the world's reject
Left alone, tormented.
The world is demented.
It rules the weak ones,
It owns the confused
Making slaves of us all.

The Wood

The edge of the wood
Is where we dwell.
Beyond the reaches
Of a thicketed hell.
The looming tall trees
Tower over us all
Like phantom figures
Foretelling our fall.
Veiled in a thick mist,
Shrouded mystery,
The forest is full
Of haunted history.
Looming over us
As shadows from hell,
The forest becomes
Our abode to dwell.

Haunted Hallways

The mystery confounds me,
It eludes my frail grasp.
It mocks me at my core
And leaves me broken.
Why am I so alone,
Even though I'm really not?
Why am I so distant
From those I draw near?
Am I a haunted spirit,
A specter of immortal shame?
Am I cursed to only find
Intimacy with my bleak past?
I wonder as I wander
These empty, haunted hallways.
Trapped in an echo chamber,
Only my voice answers back.

Greater than the Sum

It was great to see you tonight,
Even though things weren't right,
I tried to push away the fright,
Yet, I could not find the way.

There was an undisputed fall,
Where I fell and hit a brick wall,
And was stuck feeling so small,
But could not come out alive.

So, I smiled with a wide grin
And took the hit upon the chin,
As the darkened thoughts within
My mind began to spin and churn.

Yet, there was no hope for escape
In this prison, in this landscape,
That rips the entirety of life agape
And leaves me alone and bleeding.

You say, "From him you've learned",
And it's true, that can't be spurned,
But you do not know how burned
That I have been through the years.

So, I strive to keep it all straight,
But I've lost my sense of what's great
And am instead filled with such hate
That seeks retribution for the past.

My pride has got the best of me,
And, as such, I am lost in this sea
Of pity, of sorrow, of melancholy

Where trouble floods like torrents.

Still, there is not a chance in hell,
Where all the angels have since fell
Into a mortal coil, a soulless shell
That I can claim my hopeless pride.

The teacher has moved on from here,
And my pride lost among my peers,
So that even drunkards don't cheer
At the state I now find myself in.

I'm lost, totally lost, can't you see,
That I am no longer who I should be,
And that no one can now reclaim me,
For I am gone from this cursed place.

Sure, I learned a lot from this man,
And learned what was not the plan,
But from his mistakes arises the fan
That extinguishes a stoked flame.

It was really me, myself and I,
That rose beyond the teacher's lie
That I was totally destined to die,
And found the truth lying there within.

So, tonight I shall write this in blood
And pour the truth out in a flood
So that the world sees through mud
To the truth of who I've always been.

No more lies, no more jealous hate,
No more false pretenses as a gate
That leads all others to recapitulate
The bullshit he has fed everyone.

The time, the new season, has come,
The parts are greater than the sum,
Parts the carpenter deemed as plum
And the temple is now set to be built.

So, laugh at me, and jest if you must,
But his joke has proved to be bust,
His lies have circulated like a gust
Of wind that dies but moments later.

Again

Intensity grows

Rage shows

Heat blows

Like

a

volcano.

Hate filling

Fury grilling

Fuel spilling

Into

the

void.

Voices raising

Bodies pacing

Hearts spacing

Like

a

wound.

Anger set

Blood let

Vain threat

I

lose

again.

Life on the Rocks

Been staring out this window,
Hours passed, still staring,
Contemplating, hesitating
As my life flashes before me.
I pour another glass of life
On the rocks, served cold
Like the day's temperature;
It goes down like frostbite.
Then the flare, the warmth,
The false sense of security
Is as intoxicating as the hope that
I'm worth more alive than dead.
It's a long way down,
The bottom, the sudden stop,
The mercurial descent...
It's closing time ? perhaps tomorrow.

Dark Hallways

The spiritual high is nice.
The buzz of positive energy,
The sense of God's presence
Fills me in the moment.

I let it go tonight
And the pendulum swings.
The gears are in motion
And the countdown begins.

It's only a matter of time
Before my bastard twin emerges.
It feels glorious to be here,
But darkness comes with the storm.

My Lord, forgive me in advance,
For the darkness is my obstacle
And I don't know how to navigate
Through the dark hallways of my mind.

"My name is Legion, because there are many of us inside this man" - Mark 5:9

Chamber of Echoes

Time passes by and by,
Darkness settles across the land.
Sounds of senseless words
Fall deaf upon my ears.
My heart bleeds black,
The birds of death soar.
Will it be me this time?
The fiddler's jig begins to play.
Skeletal reflections of myself
As a hollowed, cavernous abyss;
The fates damn me evermore,
Their scorn driven by enmity.
Why are you mocking me?
The silence is harrowing.
Am I alone in here,
Stuck in this chamber of echoes?

Angel of a Thousand Shadows

Dance, shadows, dance!
Swirl around this frail twig;
Snap this branch in half.
Brown leaves, black lives,
Plant the seed ? burnt rose.
Fallen angel, take your time,
The wings of your god will kill you.

Knowledge

Knowledge is elusive.
Nothing is truly known,
Only ever believed.
What faith it takes to
Live as if one knows.
Even empirical facts
Don't equal knowledge.
Great doubt is the
Epistemological truth.

Pride's Abode

The blackened mist appears now and again,
Like a wispy shadow figure rising up
From the damp floor of the lions den;
It suffocates those that breathe it.
It fills the Sky with an evil gloom
Upon its release from pride's abode,
Impregnating the world as a womb
From which blackened curses are born
The innocent are killed and laid waste,
While those on top seeth in their pride
And find more victims to boil into paste;
Where will this hate find its needed end?
While no darkness can withstand the light,
It takes more than a candle to break through
And more than one flame to win the fight;
But each candle's lost before more can amass.

Lost

I come to this place
To sit in the silence,
But like all places,
It has lost its sanctity.

What was once secret
Is now discovered
By the ones to whom
Silence is utterly lost.

Unfettered

Up
Down
All around
My blood pours out.

Lost
Found
Heart's unbound
And bleeding out.

East
West
What's best
Is not what's better.

North
South
Shut your mouth
My demon's unfettered.

Frozen Solid

It is snowing out and I am cold,
And what I say you probably won't hear,
For ever atom in me is frozen,
Right down to the heart.
I'm sitting and freezing to death.
I'm freezing as I sit in discomfort,
Observing the blur of white
That surrounds me.
My face, my blood, they are all frozen solid.
I am now seventeen years old and already in bad health,
Hoping to die sooner than later.
Retiring from a long struggle within, a fight which was lost and has been forgotten.
I harbor the good, but only allowed to speak at every hazard.
Nature, without guild, has rejected me.
I am one with the snow and like the snow I fade away.
I seem beautiful at first,
But my beauty melts, only to reveal this ugly, cold-hearted beast.
I am the beast who scares away people,
And I can say that people reject me as much as nature does.
And they say I am an ugly beast,
Only because I am.
I moan as I live on.
And I scream aloud beneath my frozen skid,
And nobody hears me.
The end of the day closes in on me,
It flights me like a ball of packed snow,
And I am hurled into one of the corners of the earth,
And it leaves me there to remain frozen.
I depart as the snow, I slowly fade away,
I shatter at the hot feeling of the sun,
And then I begin to melt.
You who hardly know me, I hope you can hear,
For I've ended my life in bad health as I slowly

Dissolve into a puddle,
And the puddle is red, and is filled with my blood.
Failing to be a winner,
And winning at being a failure,
I stop now hoping you have heard,
And waiting for your response.

Horrorland

The hope that once was
Is now no longer.
Eternal darkness takes flight
And flies with speedy haste.
The sun gets replaced
By clouds and frost;
Grabbing the very icy reigns
Death takes the charge.
Onward toward death's
Frozen Horrorland of Life.
Life is but a model town
Found at a nuclear test site.
"Enter in, take a seat!
You don't really have a choice.
This sky ride is a cruisin'
And the jump is a killer!"

This is your captain speaking. Fasten your seatbelt, we will be experiencing turbulence along the way! This flight will last as long it takes for you to die. We will be arriving at your final destination shortly. In the mean time, enjoy our complimentary movie, "Death's Horrorland of Life", played for you over and over and over and over and over and over again, for the low cost of your health and sanity. Please enjoy your flight and thank you for flying with JetBlack.

Featured Presentation

My death stares at me,
It points and speaks,
Calling my name and
Tearing it to pieces.
Impaled, my pride bleeds,
Hanging lifeless, it dies.
Yet, that is only my pride,
There is more left to devour.
My death in Technicolor,
Displayed for the world
To see on a big screen;
Many like a macabre movie.
Sit back, enjoy the show.
My death will begin shortly.
It will be slow and torturous
To ensure your money's worth.

Afraid to Love

There was an ugly kid in town
That no one wanted around.
He was not worth anything,
Just a silly ugly freak.
Sat all alone at school,
Self-hatred scarred fool.
Cried suicide down his cheek,
This world devours the weak.
What were they afraid of?
Was in need of someone's love.
What were they afraid of?
Were they afraid to love?
A fat man slandered down,
Became the talk of the town.
He used to look like a freight,
Until he lost all of that weight.
But they never really cared,
But for gossip in the air.
Apathetic words tore apart
His lacerated heart.
What were they afraid of?
Was in need of someone's love.
What were they afraid of?
Were they afraid to love?

TOOL

Totally used

Often without regard

On top of being ignored

Like wisdom by fools.

The Abyss of Damnation

The dream turns into nightmare,
The hellish, piercing cold stare
That freezes the surrounding air
Into shards tearing into flesh.

Blood flows down into a river,
Working its way into a shiver,
And makes the weak quiver.
The wretched wretch it out.

The organs of death pulsate,
An oozing and seeping state
Of being past the final date
Assigned to an expiration.

Death is the end of us all,
Squawks the bird its call
As it watches the living fall
Into the abyss of damnation.

The Walls of Insanity

My mind is a blank abyss,
An endless void, numb,
Unable to focus, spaced,
Aloof from any sort of reality.
I am a lack of meaning,
Silent screams for help
In endless solitary confinement.
I am chained to the walls
Of insanity within the
Gray matter of my sane mind.

Our Eternal Slumber

Lost and losing grip,
I cannot see my face.
My fingers bleed liquid lead;
My throat is swollen melancholy.

The winding road is broken
The cracks slip through the fallen.
The air sits upon my shoulders
Leaving me crushed and breathless.

Who has come to save me,
To save all who are left behind?
What hell awaits the living dead,
Those who walk in eternal slumber?

When the fire is sparked alive,
When it burns but never consumes,
When death makes demons of us all,
Life and angels have certainly fallen.

Unleashed

Not how I planned,
Nor what I hoped.
The muse sits amused
While I try to cope.
Cries turn to screams,
Sadness to rage,
There's no getting back
What's flown the cage.
Not within my grasp,
That ship has sailed
Beyond the chasm.
Hope is impaled.
Time now to close,
Resigning tonight,
The terror is loose
And ever my plight

The Tolling of the Bell

Awake! No rest for the weary
As the sunshine grows dreary,
As the savannah sounds eerie,
The ghosts of the grass?they yell.
Rise up! The wicked are woken,
By a pale and unseemly token
Of death which is hardly unspoken.
From grace, to hell, he fell.
What a pallor fit for the grave,
The color of a ruthless knave,
Whose soul to Satan he gave
At the tolling of the bell.
Sickly skull and sunken face,
He looked so damned out of place.
If he was bludgeoned by a mace,
His death will surely never tell.

The End of Everything

The trip has begun
With rapid resolve
Into another realm,
An alternate reality.
The serpent skin
Sheds like a dress
Falling off a body
In the summer heat.
The end of everything
Is vividly revealed
To the one who
Enters the dark.
Enter in my child,
It's gotten wild
As the hot wind
Off the desert sand.
The minister lies
Awake in the night,
Sending prayers up
For the deceased.
The dead dance,
While the living
Die in streets
Paved with gold.
Who has heard
The latent cries?
Who has survived
These strange days?
The mob controls
This horrifying
Realm of hell
We're now in.

Rigor Mortis

The shape looms in the shadows
As the brittle branches of trees
Creek in the cool, shrill autumn air.
It's jaundice eyes pierce the night.
There is a certain menacing feel
To the glaring stare of the hulk
That leaves one's skin crawling
And one's body in rigor mortis.
The paralysis, much anticipated,
Leaves one completely stunned
Allowing for the the dark form
To lurk forward toward its prey.
Taking advantage of kindness,
Absorbing every ounce of pity,
The monster seizes its victim,
Feeding its lust for the living.
Like a feline that's been fed,
The shape returns to get more
Of the same from the unwary
Who leave their hearts open.
Each new victim falls for it,
For the damaged soul's cry,
Which precedes the rabid bite
That seals their doomed fate.
The violation of all that's pure,
The mark of the shadowy ghoul,
Is the ultimate blasphemous sign
That can't be erased or undone.
Necrosis besieges the arteries
Of the open heart that bleeds.
The seeping venom of the hydra
Quickens the approach of death.

A House With No Mirrors

"They came to protest hate."
Words scrawled out in chalk
And marking the scene
Where the devil had his day.
Lost in a sea of complacency,
We drift along pointing out
Across the darkened way
Toward beastly extremities.
Like quick sand and cement,
We are set in place
And sink further down
Into the abyss of blame.
In a house with no mirrors
It's hard to see
The all of the dirt
Stuck to our own faces.

Razorblade Symphony

Sounds shall not escape,
They shall not burst out
Of this chamber of echoes,
This shadowy chasm of bone.
So many voices crowding,
With cunning they resound,
Crushing the memories and
Confusing them with reality.
"Do it! Do it! Damn it!"
Screams a disembodied voice.
Or was it disembodied?
The voice dwells deep inside.
"Do it! Do it! Fuckin' do it!"
The voice reverberates on,
Followed by a sobbing cry
And a low maniacal laugh.
Scarlet riverbeds are carved
By another razor blade symphony
"Like virginal sex," the voice hissed,
"It's awkward and messy."
What is wrong with me?
"Do it again...and again...
"It always gets better!"
The voices mock my sanity.

I want to stop...to stop...
I want them all to fucking stop.
I want to be free of this asylum,
Of this entombed, bony abyss.
Haunted for what seems
An eternity of utter madness,
"There is no escape...no escape."
The demons keep telling me.

Ra

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de Symp

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3

3 ang3ls din3 with a d3vil
Whil3 th3 shadows danc3
And th3 darkn3ss tak3s
A long, blank, and icy glanc3.
3 days bring us to th3r3
And back again in sil3nc3
As w3 mutilat3 our fl3sh
In compl3t3 indiff3r3nc3.
3 is k3y in this forsak3n r3alm
As injur3d souls dissipat3
The vows of 3t3rnal lov3
To this, lif3's foul3st stat3.
3 d3vils f3ast on ang3l wings
At th3 tolling of th3 b3ll.
Th3 wr3tch3d on3s forsak3
Th3ir humanity for this h3ll.

Apparition

Fatal is the blow
That cuts deep the wounds
From which blood doth flow
And wherein death blooms
Who halts to listen well
To the shrill, distant cry?
For whom doth aged bell
Toll its haunting reply?
Ghostly apparition stares
With vengeful malcontent.
Its horrid finger bares
Blame to its dark intent.
Haunted is the lost one
Who at death's door awaits.
Lo, the evil that's won;
It ne'er dissipates.

Lies

One day I lied a small lie.
The next day I made up a second small lie.
The third day I had three lies.
These lies went to five lies,
And then to seven lies,
And then ten lies,
Until I was drowning in a lake of lies.
And the lies kept getting deeper and deeper,
As I was sinking farther and farther down.
Until I found myself lost
In and endless abyss of lies
That kept surrounding me.
And the only way out was to tell the **TRUTH!**

Anxious Dreams

The voyage of peace,
Long-time awaited,
Is waning to its close
And killing me softly.
Anxious dreams
And restless sleep
Creep up on me;
the rape is vicious.

Black Onyx Eyes

Tears fall like Franklinite
From my black onyx eyes;
Little specks of hopelessness
Falling en masse to the abyss.
The mines run deep,
Their shafts are filled
With murky, deadly waters
Awaiting the next fool's plunge.
The weight of my eyes
Are crushing my soul
Like a man caught beneath
Fallen, treacherous boulders.
My sight is clouded, dazed
By the gloom of my eyes.
I am a prisoner of my
Own melancholic perception.

Flickering Shadows

Upon the setting of the eternal day,
And the descent to a world of blackened night,
What was once a welcomed, beloved dream
Becomes an unwelcomed and tormented nightmare!
To where has all of this been taken?
To where shall all of this be brought?
Life is but a series of darkened shadows
Flickering beneath eternity's hellish flame.
What was once alive, vigorous, and divine,
Has been crucified, tortured, and abandoned.
What was once filled with passionate, love,
Has been hollowed out with the spade of time.
It is in this moment of painful reflection,
This agonizing moment of realized despair,
That one finally reaches the depths,
The eternal depths of hopeless existence.
Yet who wants to lose hope?
Who, in all of life, wants to be hopeless?
It is experience that betrays and arrests us,
It is knowledge that blinds and binds us to hope.
For what is ever truly known about anything?
What experience can be counted as truly real?
Knowledge is beneath the flickering shadows,
Experience is all that we really know.
Yet what measure of experience holds truth?
We are trapped in the shadow lands of the gods,
Trapped beneath the weight of knowledge,
And trapped beneath the reality of not knowing.
What could be known about each other,
Is forever lost amongst the flickering shadows.
What was once alive and full of vigor,
Is now slumped over a table of tribulation.

Flesh and Blood

Here I am again,
Awake and alone,
Left to ponder life's mysteries.
But what do I really know?
The cold night air
Cuts my flesh like a knife.
The blood letting begins
In crystallized, jagged shards.
To be warm again,
To feel warmth's embrace,
To share in the mysteries
Of all that is and ever was.
I am but flesh and blood,
A man, if I can be called that,
A mortal coil, frail and fragile.
I am death's surly smile.

Death Becomes Me

Death becomes me,
It consumes my soul.
It terrorizes me
And leaves me shaken.

Who will stand to gain
All that has been lost?
The poison sets in,
Quickening the murky end.

Grin

The grin widens
Like the stoned cat
That haunts the dreams
Of the rebellious child.
It stays there
As a crescent moon
Hanging onto the edge
Of the raging melancholy.
It lingers on,
And forces its way
Into the minds astray
With endless atrocities.
The smile wins
And soothes those
Who hide from truth,
Like the dead from death.

A Feast That Festers

Sleepless nights in the valley,
Deep in the chasm of life,
Walks a shadow, a ghost,
A being lost in the strife.
No hope and deeply wounded,
Not a prayer, not a chance.
The wraith grows bitter
As he continues on the dance.
Who will save the darkness?
A black hole, he absorbs the light.
He has become another monster
So feast your eyes in your fright.
Anxious knots of desperation;
Bleeding, ulcerous, cancerous pain.
The phantom stays a shadow;
He feasts on your fiery disdain.

Dans la mort de la nuit

A vine wraps around
The poisoned fruit
And intoxicates the
One drinking its elixir.

Visions of the dead
Dance like ballerinas
On hollowed ground;
La mascarade de la mort.

The comedy is finished,
The tragedy an art
That betrays the artist's
Faux pas extraordinaire.

As time ticks onward,
The clock forms a smile
As the hour tolls in loudly
Dans la mort de la nuit.

Death Rattle

The master's stroke,
The swift striking of a key,
Resonates throughout the vessel
Of poetic music made tonight.

Who will hear the tune,
Who will listen to its call
To delve deep into the aged heart
And extract the maestro's soul.

Everyone wants a piece,
To dine with the genius
Of the one who makes true music
Like the whispering winter winds.

The icy chiming strokes
Of fingers upon ivory keys
Beckons forth the ghostly presence
Of death's intoxicating rattle.

The Walls

I know the walls you've built,
And why you have built them.
They stand impenetrable,
Or so seems the monstrosity.
Barricaded inside the keep,
Fortified by mortared stone,
You hide within the castle
Repelling the outside world.
But you're not truly safe,
For you're now imprisoned
In a haunted stone abode
Filled with ghostly demons.
The specters of the past,
An abyss in each shadow
Swallows up all your hope
To escape this hell alive.
But you've overlooked it.
You've overlooked the one
Who's calling from within,
Who calls you by name.
The dim light within you
May be dim, but shines
Through the deadly dark
Of your haunted hallways.
The light exposes fissures
In your failing bulwark.
Your fortress is exposed
To be an ill, fallen home.
Light beams permeate
Your walls of entombment.
Listen to the warm voice.
Follow the light to escape.

"Now, God be praised, that to believing souls gives light in darkness, comfort in despair."

?William Shakespeare

Pick Your Poison

We're all going to die,
So pull up a chair
And pick your poison.
Murder is self-made.
The rats run in circles
On torture wheels
That rotate in hate.
The struggle is real.
Open wounds bleed
Into the chalice,
The Holy Grail divine.
The blood is the life.
We're all going to die,
So pull up a chair
And tune in to the show.
People love to watch.

I Once Knew You

I once knew you,
I knew you, loved you
And thought change
Would never come.
I once knew you,
But now you're gone.
Your ghost haunts
Hallways in my mind.
I once knew you,
Looked up to you
And aspired to be
All you'd want of me.
I once knew you,
And I see you in me.
Your specter shades
My tormented soul.

No Response

This place haunts me.
It's both foreign and, yet,
It's a familiar abode
For a tormented soul.
Hope rattles like bone
In the brutal winter wind.
The apathetic will
Inspires no response.

Born of the Night.

Care
less.
Lose
more.
Live
death.
Born of
The night:

The Abyss

I've heard the promise,
"No man is an island",
And struggled to find
Truth in those words.
It may or may not be,
One cannot be sure;
Yet, even if it is true,
Another one surfaces.
"No man is an island",
The saying rings out.
One can, however, be
The abyss, a dark pit.
The black hole erases
Any traces of hope.
No one can know
It ever existed at all.

Voyage de l'enfer

The road winds its way,
Coiled like a constrictor
Around a rocky summit
That peaks at despair.
The higher one climbs
The giant monstrosity,
The further the distance
Of one's impending fall.
The road narrows greatly
Into a gnarled pathway,
Becoming treacherous
And impassible to travel.
Where shall it lead to,
Where shall it all end?
There is no end to it,
This voyage de l'enfer.

Preordained

On the rocks I drink
The poison that I think
May lead me to numb
The pain that is done.
There is no escape
To the hell that is fate
For the unholy damned;
The garden is unmanned!
This world sucks the life
Out of all of this strife,
But it cannot stop the hate
That fills the scene this late!
The garden is colored black,
I can never, ever turn back.
This world sold out; no gain,
The dead stand preordained.

Manhattan Day

Where do we go from here,
Does anybody know the way?
Wandering lost and broken,
Just another Manhattan day.

Can we fight against feeling
Like we've been here before?
Is there anymore road left on
The highway of closed doors.

Where has hope been hiding?
Why is it shrouded in a tomb?
Is it wrong to wish our absence
From exiting the watery womb?

Why are we stuck in purgatory,
A limbo with no end in sight?
There seems to be no escape
From this hellish, eternal night.

Confined

Pick your poison
And I'll pick mine,
'Cause in the end
We're out of time.

Choose your path
Mine's chosen me,
Without any hope
To turn back or flee.

Plea to the fates,
Me, I'll skip on out
And finger the hate
Till there's no doubt.

Pick your poison;
I have taken mine,
To the pits of hell
I am now confined.

Midnight Dreary

Shrouded and clouded
The veil of night encloses
The boundaries of hell
Around the lost and weary.

Defined and undermined
By the senses surrounding
The gray, gloomy ambiance
Within the midnight dreary.

Phantom

There was a child
Who longed to live
Life and true love
Of which he'd give.

Dreams of sunlight
And garden trees
Bearing much fruit;
Ripening to please.

Days of innocence,
Of playful dreams,
Came to a halt
Like dried up streams.

The garden a pox,
Death it became,
Dusty and desolate,
A remorseful shame.

His house a tomb,
Cursed with decay.
The boy now a man,
Innocence betrayed.

Dust and bones,
A mortal coil,
The living dead
Becoming a foil.

Withered garden,
A decrepit tomb,
There's no way to

Retreat to the womb.

Death-head agape,
Displayed on a shelf.
The boy's a phantom,
Of his former self.

In the End

We live in a land of loss
What we've gotten is gone.
The damned lose it all and
In the end, nothing's won.

No matter how hard one tries,
The truth is nowhere near.
Ignorance consumes us;
We are stricken with fear.

Lingering, we fall down hard
To greet failure alone.
Who will save us tonight,
When we've withered to bone.

Who will save us here and now,
Who will care enough to try?
There are no heroes here.
In the end, hope's a lie.

Metamorphosis

It was a home,
A lovely, warm home,
Never just a house,
That was built here.

A small, quaint home,
Made with brick, mortar,
Blood, tears and sweat,
For life and love.

Over some time,
The home grew larger,
Expanding far
Beyond a dream.

The unit for two
Grew to three and four,
A legacy that
Was built on love.

Like all things new,
The home aged in time.
The hallways became
Troubled chambers.

Time went beyond
The returning point,
The place had changed
From home to house.

Its floors were cracked,
Walls in disrepair,
The house of love

Was abandoned.

Hallways haunted
With what used to be,
The house of brick
Became granite.

The expansion
Continued onward,
Brick upon brick.
Death became it.

Like necrosis
Hell spread rampantly
From limb to limb
Within the house.

The hearth grew cold,
Each dying ember
Led to the spread
Of icy cold air.

The cracks agape
Welcome frigid air,
Painting the house
With glass-like ice.

The winds howl within,
This haunted abode.
The icicles
Form jagged teeth.

The house is now
A mausoleum,
Haunted within
By memories.

What was isn't
And shall never be.
The tomb's phantoms
Haunt every hall.

Each closet filled,
With strung skeletons,
Dangling from rope
Made in despair.

Requiem Aeternam

The insomniac's persistent dream
Flows from the jagged mouth
Of a poisoned river flowing South
From the land of blatant hypocrisy.
Receiving rest, requiem aeternam,
There is great hope in death;
Yet, the living abandon such hope
For a sense of hopeless security.

Nothing

Nothing.

A word, just a word.

A meaningless word

That holds meaning.

Nothing.

Nothing particular

About that word,

Yet it's also specific.

Nothing.

As in there's no thing.

A binding loneliness

Manifest in that word.

Nothing.

Not a solitary thing

Can provide any hope

There's more than...

Nothing.

These Three Things

Why do wishes come in threes?
Well-pennies, genies and lamps
Bear honest witness to seize
Apathy out of love cramps.

Since I cannot begin to hear
The answers in my own head,
I have to speak, I do fear,
These thoughts chock-filled with dread.

These three things, then, I must say,
Whether they're wanted or not,
For truth must win out each day;
It's time to give it a shot.

Before I profess the whole
Of what is within my heart,
It is an important goal
To have actors play their part.

So, now it's time to begin
The end of all hopeless lies.
Will the play end without sin,
Or within another guise?

Three simple things to be said,
Let me start with number one,
That truth is already dead
Murdered by those who now shun.

Which leads me to number two,
A treacherous fact indeed,
That often what gets to you,

Aren't the things that make you bleed.

Now, with not a moment's pause,

Comes the cold number three.

What is gone is without cause,

And that has imprisoned me.