

Clint M. Haney

"Epitome"

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Take a look at what's inside.
A door to a tunnel,
Of hollowed- out sorrows.
Deep inside, inside the mind
Of a one-celled brain
Deep, dark void, no knowledge gained.

Screaming at the top of my lungs!
Saying nothing of importance.
Why am I feeling like this!
Cannot make any difference!

I'm JUST THE,
EPITOME!
OF SIN
There's nothin' within!
I'm JUST THE,
EPITOME!
OF SIN
So hollow and dim!

Sorrowed cries fill up the void
'Round this damn prison
Real mind cage, no fiction.
Deep inside, inside this
Rusty cage
Think I'm fine, I've gone insane!

Think I'm going out of my mind!
Am I lost or really just blind!
Does life really end up like this!
This bullshit feels like death's own sentence!

I'm JUST THE
EPITOME!
OF SIN
There's nothin' within!
I'm JUST THE
EPITOME!
OF SIN
SO HOLLOW AND GRIM!

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