

## Ephel Duath

### "Ruins"

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...And in poor seconds,  
The filthy figures surrounding  
Become obstacles....

Smell of acid thoughts.

Intoxicated eyes,  
Madly,  
Are you searching for the obscure calm,  
But the partial blindness doesn't relieve,  
And viscid words are shoves to the fury  
My hostile guide.

Memories contribute to mental fall,  
Skin refuses to feel.  
Hide my mind  
From the unconscious desire  
Of wound, deep wound.

I drag between a liquid grey and the hole.

Intoxicated eyes,  
Madly,  
Are you searching for the obscure calm,  
But the partial blindness doesn't relieve,  
And viscid words are shoves to the fury  
My hostile guide.

No way,  
By now, there's no way,  
And I spit on these ruins.  
What silliness....Quiet

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