

Esmee Denters

"The Blood Of The Eyes"

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I have not seen myself for ages.
This empty shell cares no longer for life.
Slowly replacing the flesh with steel,
So that I may carry on...
Unfettered by this mortality.

The air no longer carries favour,
The water that passes these lips
Keeps only this mortal shell alive.

For hope has been not here,
Nor raised in it's form.

And all is lost again.
Eradicate the shadows, That dement's these thoughts.
And if I were to enter slumber?
Only sleep, guarded by a sense I may never wake,
Slipping into narcoleptic state.

Seas of tormented bliss,
Ebb away from these barren shores.

Nothing remains.

Only pieces of this intimate jigsaw

...And 'tis upon me again.

The clock ticks on
And still I remain.
Death wrenched upon my eyes,
To the birth of a second sight.

Visions surround,
The haze of my labyrinth,
Angles of dimensions unreal, unseen.

Blood, in the deep of my eyes,
Fires within the mountain.

'Tis within my grasp.

The point that will shall eventually reach,
And shall have no return

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