

## Esoteric

### "A Torrent Of Ills"

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Avert my eyes to prevent the falling,  
Some things should not be seen  
And if I dare glance  
The quickening travels swiftly,  
To take leave of my senses

Excess in place of sleep  
Cathartic,  
Still, yet restless amidst this elucidation

The red mist contorts, distorts,  
Blasting through my mind  
Destroying all rational thought

Reflections of dissolution  
A malevolent labyrinth  
Spurious, blinding  
Unforgiving reality

This fantastic chaos that contains everything the mind  
could imagine,  
But mostly would not care to see

Merely breathing  
Searching for that elusive purpose that drives us,  
But we know not where

Time will eventually scrub me from existence  
And I will never have known it

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