

Catharsis

"Comiserating The Celebration"

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Our pleasures be joyless
Doleful experiences
We seek not lifes beauty
But cherish it's funeral aspects
We crave the (mis)fortunes
Rich in their non entity
Rejoice in celebrating less severe trajedies
In the toil to exist
We excrete individuality
Whilst captivating internment
In cloned identity
Real is the oration of stone possessed emotion
I yearn isolation from this realization
Reject the elation of blissful tranquility
Obsessions they lay with the bleak and sinister
A wealth of treasures be ours to take possession
Yet we break bones and gruel to savour simulations
Disciples of the drabness
Devotees of worthlessness
Consent to endure
The anguish and form only ashes
Real is the oration(etc.)
Oh yeagh let me go
Let me wander through buildings
Immense in their desolation
At peace from your catastrophe
Here with gargoyles as my friends

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