

Cave-In "Terminal Deity"

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Something is holding me down.
It makes its way through my arms,
and through these fatigued worn fingers in fury
fevered lashings of claw.
I somehow manage to gain the strength it takes to emit
its evils onto the page.
Blood-soaked desperate one sided attempts into the
chill of all words.
Let the sloth be told of horrid torment,
to watch him plagued in through for all of our years.
In every time, a star of hope is shining its regards as a
sparkle of vain mockery,
in these pained attempts of self alleviation.
To convert from the monster.

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