

Leviathan

"Madness Endeavor"

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I scream to notice my fingers numbing more and more

Losing my pulse, holding my breath

Saving its allowance to purchase one last hope

It's funny how fragile life gets, contained in glass

Waiting for salvation to come, one letter at a time

Forming redemption with ink and a feather

How many times must these wrists be severed

To bleed out all the tired blood

Hold my words, dust my page

Trace the ink strokes enraged

Carving out liberation, with pencil lead

Tones in flesh fed, lips to savor all truth, all pain

The madness endeavor

Not wanting to mix words

I separate my intentions by etching syllables in wood

Breaking down motives keeping store, what for?

Writing verse in rhythm, meter with premise

Currents forging cracks in smiles

Too precise to recognize

Knowing it's too late to reconsider my failing position

I succumb, unthreading the tide to be overcome

By this oncoming, unstopping mass

Hold my words, dust my page

Trace the ink strokes enraged

Carving out liberation, with pencil lead

Tones in flesh fed, lips to savor all truth, all pain

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