

## Misc "Crown"

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If eyes are the mirror of the soul  
You will find in my the scorn and apathy  
You will read my hatred as in a curs'd book  
You will see yourself as I see you  
It is a mirror sombre and opaque  
Which protects me, which stifles me  
A great ditch around the heart  
Which rejects, which estranges me  
There is a world in my head  
A dead world where nothing lives  
And it is there I am, too far,  
Far too far to be rejoined  
A crown of thorns is still a crown  
I am a king in a kingdom of suffering  
I have taken my time to reach this stage  
I have taken pains to torture myself  
To descend, to descend  
Into pain, I exist  
And I my brain is numbed  
The thorn in my flesh  
Can overcome apathy  
There is glory in humiliation  
A throne to be taken, a crown to win  
I have no more tears,  
And my smile has lost its brilliance  
I have forgotten who I was,  
I have killed my emotions  
Crushed, empty, weary,  
Always standing, I am a tree  
Awaiting the lightning.

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