

Broken Result "What Lurks Below"

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I believe...

That your quintessence was conceived
In a ceremonial spawning of desires
Met at the junction of decay and empty promises met.
Your utterance held me in traction
While you regaled...
Scarcely removed with gentle persuasions
A percentile remnant is all that remained
Left to convulse in vain...

You believe...

That your quintessence was conceived
In a matrimony of satisfactory intentions.
But you only ever saw your side of the narratives
An observer to superfluous desecration's.
Let's blame them for your constitution.
Tell them all "she is what you made of her"
Carnivorous, the repeating offender.
Now seeking retribution...

But here you hold no power
It is I that shall decide
The numbers that fall upon the dice

No matter how much you may think you alter the
tumble.
From deep within the darkest deceptions
Lie the honest platelets of whom you used to be
A haemoglobular truth so hard to digest
Turning the dice into die
Landing as the world on your chest.

Feel the guilt of a thousand-year reign
Becoming what lurks below
Inflicting on others your infliction's of pain
If only for this realm to show,
The cacophonous creator, the king,
That at your end, a punishment shall ensue
A realm below yours is where you'll be residing...

And that's where I'll be waiting...
(And that's where I'll hate)

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