

Abysmalia

"The Mindscraping Multitude"

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It comes with the waves, beyond the tedious
magnifying lenses
Shadowed by yet another doubt to compromise the
safety of mind
Inebriated by the currents of thought, the shattered
faith
Rebuilt under pressure while all the choices appeared
untimed

Prone to disgust, ascetic devotion to depression and
rage
How long do I need to confide in myself to be saved?
The road narrows and confinements to life are
deranged and depraved

Disapproved identity, the delirious hand extends
throughout
All the red, blue, black, green and pink pills are helping
through the day
Flush down memories of perennial neglect and the
forsaken doubt
The voice of no reason demands to follow the exit way

Eluding the obvious reasons will shackle me in the
naked hall
The war within these wounds is fighting over a long lost
cause
Where no mind dares to tread unless the glass is once
more full

Blindfold eyes will realize all these lies
War will rise

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