

Quitter

"Dead Man's Diary"

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Reader:

Dead Man's Diary on the nightstand
will it hold the truth to an unanswered past
Thoughts of yesteryears
Will they be revealed to the world at last?
Wooden floor cracks as I take a step forward
A cold breeze in back of my neck
A stench fills the room, the stench fills the room
Accumulated dust showed by the moonlight
Dark cover manuscript reveals its age
My hand approaches and I feel the rage

Writer:

I'll hunt you down and punish your life
I'll nail you to the beams of red
I'll watch you bleed and beg for mercy
I'll savor the moment when our eyes will meet

Reader:

The content feared, the diary I open
First page, "To my love, the first and last"
A black and white photo from 1912
An image to remember from a forgotten past
I turn the pages, the horror grasps my attention
Shocking plots, and detailed footnotes

Confession begins:

"My actions are haunting me, I must confess.
But I fear brutal punishment for years on end."
"The truth will stay with me untill my body rests"

Writer:

I'll hunt you down and punish your life
I'll nail you to the beams of red
I'll burn your flesh, you will be covered with sores
I'll feel your pain as you scream for mercy

Reader:

A dark presence overcomes me
Agression starts to roar within my veins
The pages turn, without applying torque
A blank page appears at the end of the plot
The ink starts to appear as I read the words
My name inscribed, the time of death appears
Scripted to today's date, minutes untill tomorrow
An unexplainable fear is experienced

I close my eyes, I feel a soul above
I look into his eyes
His face...
... My face
Is staring at me
Writer:
I'll hunt you down and punish your life
I'll nail you to the beams of red
I'll ram a bullet right through your head
I'll put an end to the misery

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