

## Morbid Poetry

### "The Dance"

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Many restless voices in my thoughts  
Crucify my mind and make me scream in numb  
distress  
Yearning for the needle to come in again  
Waiting for the pain to die inside my brain

And the dance goes on  
A myriad devils stand along  
Living without reason - Dying for the shot  
And the devil comes to me  
With his fatal remedy  
Burning in my veins like dead man come alive

Writhing in my pain - the fallen angel laughs  
And I feel his hand on me - in neverending agony  
No resistance - just a dream that's hurting me  
Stinging fingers like the saviour's cross to bear

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