

Nicodemus

"Something In The Walls"

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Where is the peace and levity that I once knew?
How darest I be thrust unto this, comfort lay in
preterition.
My ambiguous mind thought it sound all the same.
A violent painting hangs amid my former mirth,
Beautiful in silence I am captive of it's pain.

Wading through colours, black drifts into pleasant
twilight blue.
What may I see within it's patterns?
I am waiting for you.

Figures and their shelter cast, are obstructing my
odium.
Resist I may, yet hollowed by the searing gaze of an
unknown eye.
I fear that here amongst the oppressive fog of a tired,
yet ageless night.
My restraint too common, a vassal am I, suffer I shall to
she'd my blight.

What is this cancer, these lessons from the abstract
design?
Enter it's grievance, I am tortured to see it through.
Blind to your apparent cause, all I see is you.
Rise thy wicked purpose... rise.

Fierce serpent, speaking in tongues,
Your breath the soliloquy I crave.
Yet deaf I be to the monologues,
I beg of you interlocution... I am afraid.
Only damp sorrow in the air to breathe.
Territory of thine choices and words,
Decisions I remember, how I wish to forget.
Growing impatient with passing reminders,
I run in fear, fall into inevitability.

I am not ashamed of these perverted dreams of mine.
A mystic art thou... terror present... truth behold.
That for which I hunger is a human plague,
A hunger worth dying for, yet I shall ne'er see a grave.

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