

The Broken Result

"Repercussions Of Thy Diminished Self"

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Reflecting the hue of a waning moons glow
A solace in this city, hiding nothing within it's silence
Viruses invade the cracks and crevices
Of this civilization and it's forgotten failures
A blood infused empire in ruin
Still feeding off the flesh reflected
Still feeding of the flesh...

You who once were the cattle, now shepherding our
demise
Caretakers of our destruction
And like the anterior of the sun
This end shall escape human eyes

Gritting my teeth in anguish
With stains leaving taste to prevail
Convulsions cutting short conversations
As this temple starts to crumble into the sand
Another dilapidated soulless disguise
A victim to circumstances unplanned

I, the forgotten and the cursed
Residing in rodents faecal filth

A stench permeating from my body
So sick it leaves them violently twisted

A dead giveaway in the darkness
Stagnation so humid and thickened
With no home to call my own,
Unless the owners are to die... tonight

Roadmaps with no relevance to them
Blueprints to search for the holes that keep me dry
But still yearning marches me onwards

Through better lack of identity
No past promises lived up to in time
No future napes, to leave bloody at the bite
For biles burning sensations, blistering the back of my
throat

I submit to this vampirical coma
And this benign life, I do evoke

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