

## **The Broken Result**

### **"What Lurks Below"**

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I believe...

That your quintessence was conceived  
In a ceremonial spawning of desires  
Met at the junction of decay and empty promises met.  
Your utterance held me in traction  
While you regaled...  
Scarcely removed with gentle persuasions  
A percentile remnant is all that remained  
Left to convulse in vain...

You believe...

That your quintessence was conceived  
In a matrimony of satisfactory intentions.  
But you only ever saw your side of the narratives  
An observer to superfluous desecration's.  
Let's blame them for your constitution.  
Tell them all "she is what you made of her"  
Carnivorous, the repeating offender.  
Now seeking retribution...

But here you hold no power  
It is I that shall decide  
The numbers that fall upon the dice

No matter how much you may think you alter the  
tumble.  
From deep within the darkest deceptions  
Lie the honest platelets of whom you used to be  
A haemoglobular truth so hard to digest  
Turning the dice into die  
Landing as the world on your chest.

Feel the guilt of a thousand-year reign  
Becoming what lurks below  
Inflicting on others your infliction's of pain  
If only for this realm to show,  
The cacophonous creator, the king,  
That at your end, a punishment shall ensue  
A realm below yours is where you'll be residing...

And that's where I'll be waiting...

(And that's where I'll hate)

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