

Path of Shadows

Gwydion

A stream of blood flows by breaches among the skin
Life drifts away, departing from this physical host
And it's so hard to resist the call

Letting go, succumb
Dissipate mundane worries
Discard shredded tissues
Forgive this broken soul

Why climb these ghastly stairs?
The height of lightnings
Shall I mourn the end of myself,
Or strive, and sore on each step?

Choosing to strive
To sore on each single step,
Reaching the surface of consciousness
Sure that it won't bring any relief...
...Just the opposite

Letting go, succumb
Dissipate mundane worries
Discard shredded tissues
Forgive this broken soul

Why climb these ghastly stairs?
The height of lightnings
Shall I mourn the end of myself,
Or strive, and sore on each step?

I arrive at. the summit,
entangling sparks of awareness
But soon I longed for the lasting torpor
to claim me once again
A cold reality awaits,
heavy truth to bear or accept