

# Contemplation

Aeveron

Slumbering in the silence that gave birth to me,  
I lay there contemplating the hidden secrets of life.  
The weakness that for so many years made my life to a living hell  
Had at length defeated my very will to continue an existence I  
despised right from the start.

No god there to save me; was there ever one?  
Reflecting on this I slowly raised my head from the pillow I had  
rested on.  
Shadows danced on the walls, laughing at me with their hellish  
grins.  
My weary eyes followed their grotesque movements across the grey  
ceiling.

Desperation pervaded the dusk-filled room.  
An air of depravity joined the gloom that surrounded my cadaver-  
like body.  
It must have been a wondrous sight for you to behold my emaciated  
frame in  
The grief-  
stricken chamber that witnessed the unholy hour of my birth.

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There I lay in the depressing and pale grey.  
At this instant my soul was grasped by despair.  
A sense or aim in this life I could no longer see.  
Would a bullet in the head forever set me free?

No god there to save me; was there ever one!

A sense or aim in this life I could no longer see.  
Would a bullet in the head forever, forever...