

My senses, how their impairment embitters me.  
With each rise and fall of my chest do I breathe such fire.  
Maintaining this caricature lacking opposition, I have stained  
the sheets of so fair a berth.  
I've wept for aeons in the maelstrom of vile addiction.  
The hounds, their symphony, accompanies me no more.  
The ties of depravity, my heart now ensnared.  
How I have hung my head in regards to such shame, morals conflicting my disposition.  
The discolour of my will, now afflicting the neurotransmitters  
now prevalent in my despair.  
With Id-like intent am I enclosed within such parameters.  
Though mortified, I am not bewildered.  
Colossal defeat, I shall ascend your cliffs again.  
I have not yet rested in my grave.  
This will not be my undoing.  
Thine ashes encompass me, countess of all repulsions.  
In ruin have I fashioned such wounds, to forever reconcile these memories.  
I will kneel no more.  
Oh, darkest of venoms, I draw thee out.