

Terminal Deity

Cave In

Something is holding me down.
It makes its way through my arms,
and through these fatigued worn fingers in fury fevered lashing
s of claw.
I somehow manage to gain the strength it takes to emit its evil
s onto the page.
Blood-soaked desperate one sided attempts into the chill of all
words.
Let the sloth be told of horrid torment,
to watch him plagued in through for all of our years.
In every time, a star of hope is shining its regards as a spark
le of vain mockery,
in these pained attempts of self alleviation.
To convert from the monster.