

The Wretched Living

Cryptopsy

At first we were torn apart
By the totalitarian
Omnipresent regime
Forced to hide
Forced to wait
For a time to safely escape
We watched our families, being executed

Butchered and then buried, inches away
Our unexpected fortunes
Belittled by what would happen today

Alas, we were separated
But we later found each other
In the Promised Land

No sanctum

The unholy malignancy devoured them both so slowly
Our loved ones tortuously faded right before our eyes
With our hands linked tight

We somehow managed to endure

What began as a budding friendship
Began to blossom
A second wind prompted us
To begin again

And towards a new life we were thrust
To simple abode which we shared
But as the years trickled by
We were simply forgotten

Those whom we, sacrificed
So much for, had abandoned us

The curse of the wretched living

Our bodies began to whither
But at least we had each other
The painful memories
From our past
Made what would come
That much harder

A pact was born
A plan was set
Would eighteen floors
Be high enough

When the morning came
I helped her out from her chair
And held her hand
Taking in the late October air
We made our way
Up onto the railing

We embraced, one last time
And together we leapt to die

Bound in
Rigor Mortis
For all
Eternity
At least until they pried us apart