

# 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 wither  
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