

Permanent Days Unmoving

Downset

The minute is hard and it walks an unfit honest mile alone.
The truth laid out to wait rest well and die cold.
I know the method lips drawn wide to turn and sway.
To smile behind the biting tongue. Each of us danced well in lies.
The hand the handle and the sword.
Lies there are those of us who will embrace lies and yet if it comforts us we will do what lies do...
When I confess there is no truth demons remain sleepless in love
with blood starved souls forgotten without sounds...
Between birth and death lies will whisper deepest disintegration before the living.
Lies fashioned with the images of angelic faces.
It grows into a stillness and we will respond lies can I speak
of deepest deaths unseen...
Pearl teardrops will fall from the faces of undeserved suffering... Forcing
permanent days unmoving...
Slicing clean but not as deep and what equals scars will tell pain runs hard hate runs clean and on the floor your whittlings fell.
Because this monster begets the monster...
Myself and the thorn of fear that the selfsame well from which my laughter comes would also bleed with my tears...