

The Draconian Oculus

Enterprise Earth

They think that I'm crazy.
I know that I'm not,
but their words keep coming back to haunt me.
A book falls off the shelf.
How can I trust myself?
When I'm alone I'm never by myself.
I flip through the pages.
Every word is sedating.
The hairs stand up on the back of my neck,
the words read "Your heart is black."
I've decayed on the inside,
poisoned by the judgment of man.
I can feel the nails hammered in my hand.
Crucified like swine, but the meat goes to waste,
because you can't stand the taste.
Internal war wages.
I bled these words on to the pages.
The hair stands up on the back of my neck.
The words read "Your heart is black."
I'm starting to believe it my self.
The voices in my head need to be bled.
After a while of hearing "You're insane,"
You start to doubt yourself and wonder if it's in your head.
Maybe I am.
I pull out the nails hammered in my hand.
You're all laughing now,
but in the end we'll see who's laughing,
when the judgment you pass is what destroys you all.
Maybe I am insane.
I'll be pushing up daisies.
I know that I'll rot.
I'll rot the man I am,
not the man that they want me to be.