Descent

Esoteric

Speech falls silent.
The more words that are spilt, the more hopeless it becomes.
The more desperate the need, the stronger the apathy takes hold
.
And it spirals out of control,
Descending into some riotous state.

Oblivious to all,
And only horror most severe,
Could bring the senses to reason.

Regret, and despair so great,
Make this body of lead.
Cognition burns my eyes.
The angst pulses, through my veins.

Can this malignant realisation be set to forge paths anew?
Or is it just another wound to burn on,
Until all hope is rotting in vain?

Contain. Castigate. Abscond. Descend.

That old faithful.
The whispered promise,
Beguiled in doubt.
Transparent intent, bereft of substance.

And it always comes to this.
So let us raise a final glass.
To resentment, hostility.
To breakdown.
To end.

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