

Rotting in Dereliction

Esoteric

Sometimes it seems like it can only be difficult.
Odd moments of peace may disguise the impending doom,
But the dissent rages, if not in one then in another.
And all sense of hope is culled.

Searching for utopia, only to find stagnation and disappointment.
The ego bloodied and torn, yet grasping still.
Desperate to find the one reason so great,
It might justify this unending time of unrest.

All that you are is a parasite
A leech that would drain the last drop
And offer only arrogance and silent indignation in return
I am done with days skulking in the blindness of false bliss
Dead is the will to believe
Crushed is the hope, buried in the blackest seas.

Memories are stark, damaged, bleak.
Aghast with misery,
Destined for failure, future is only the betrayer of hope.
No sustenance on which it could feed.

This vessel lay empty now, rotting in dereliction.
Frozen in time, as the last fragment falls to the earth.
Like some deathly tear.