

The Tragic Period

Exhorder

Here's a tale in history
About a period of tragedy
A man who thought of horrid things
But really sought what happiness brings
Terror instilled within the souls
Of men and women, young and old
Come and listen to me, my friend
He'll make your morale descend

One Boston day, it's sad to say
A newborn child was granted miserable life
Abandoned by his father and
Left alone by death of father's wife

Foster child
Tobacco exporter gave him a chance
History defiled
Twisted by literature, dark and opium enhanced
Irregularity
So far ahead of his time
A spark of a breed
Regarding all of his literature creed

Infamy of tales and poetry
Connecting his themes to his wildest dreams

The maelstrom grew but no one knew
He descended far beyond its spinning walls
Into the pit, the black abyss
His house was collapsing as he searched for El Dorado

Perched upon Pallas was life, hard and callous
The shadows of burden lifted nevermore
The vulture eye of death concealed
By wooden planks below the floor
The quest for solace evolved into sorrow
Lingering obsessions
Intoxication, stimulation, creation
Hindering addictions

Apparently the message in a bottle was lost
For I could see no conclusion
But all of us remaining in the shrouded past
Must remember to further ourselves by obtrusion

Inebriated grin leads the mighty pen
Across the paper as his fears come alive
Satiric whim ignites the brim
Of insanity as Pluto arrives
Swaying cognac barriers
And the beating of his hideous heart
Increasing ever so constantly
Conjuring the ne'er forgotten lore
'Tis only this and nothing more