

A Devouring Rose

Immortal

I can feel.
But the door is locked.
I wear my beauty.
In the mirror it's mocked.
It's rotting and dying.
A rose is devouring my brains,
It's starving.
Why not appease its hunger?
It's got a good taste...
I don't need any drugs,
My madness - the only drug of mind.
Something that has come out
of the World's control,
Something God has invented
to have a good fun...
or to run an experiment?
or to enjoy a new pun?
Dying of despair
Dying of nothing...
Nobody cares...
Dying for nothing...
For nothing can happen,
Nothing can help...
Still I'm falling mad
Sliding to Hell...
Anybody! Save me!
No answer.
Nothing to say.
Bottomless abyss of oblivion
before me
Is ready to absorb
the next senseless prey...