

Waiting to Fall

Madder Mortem

A slate of darkness waits to fall
Cold tar pervades through crumbling walls
At the core, a black hole dwells
It will devour the moment I could win
From within the venom wells
A poison string of words to break the skin

Deep down something hides, softer and kinder
A ghost from long ago when nothing was broken
But it stays buried
The cease-fire was over
Before the war began

Each fragile grain of joy will fail
What's left is weak and small and pale
A thousand vicious voices joined
To gleefully point at where I went wrong
That anyone I ever loved
Was laughing at my fervour all along

And from the ruins a creature emerges
A crippled, lonely thing, bewildered and broken
It lifts its scrawny head to plead for a way out
Sit back and watch it run

Will there be a time where I'll be whole again?
Give me an hour's worth of shelter from the storm
I'm waiting to fall