

From the height of this peak  
This crooked path that I've toiled along  
Betrays itself to me unswerving  
Through this wasted land  
Stifle terror I'm cradling in  
Benign reverence of a nightmare

Don't pull me out  
The climax comes  
The leaves of this clover ablaze, I must burn!

Fluid in tongues through accelerant lips  
Forged my own signature on my own permission slip  
I grappled angry  
Would not let go  
Cathartic subjugation  
I have come to know  
Dangling like a thread

Over the heads of the children of woe  
The credits scroll up and away left with nowhere to go  
But departures are arrivals in a certain sense  
And the rations I've been given have been marked as evidence  
Of willingness yet to survive

I want to want to die  
I want to want to die  
I want to want to die  
I want to want to die  
But I don't!

From a mind under mire  
The sputtered patterns of endless thought  
Will strike the artist as self-serving  
As ugly as it appears  
The implications hyperbole  
Familiarity unnerving  
Powerless to change what I can't see

To thumb through a manual inherently losing my place  
A myriad of options  
Incisions to make  
Give me a moment