

Solemn they await

Spawn of Possession

Aftermath, with hazy ocular I realize I am back, sheltered now.
Irrational paranoia swallows me.

Suppress the delusion.

My past gets mirrored when I'm there, a clandestine zone, a place I fear.

Can't recollect these memories as things I have partaken in reality.

A ruined focus a shattered view, I am transparent, cut and bruised.

Answers nowhere to be found, what is this past I keep getting reminded of.

Dissonant, with trembling hands I cover my eyes, a touch of sense denied.

Bound by suspense It's suddenly clear, I'll yield to the edge of the leaf thin steel.

Fixated state on the artery, in the city of death I'll find peace and it won't haunt me.

Desperately cutting without response, the blood keeps coagulate, refused by the reaper.

With fester disdain I stay, disharmonic signals, source unseen
A message I can't construe, a phantom cipher they speak.

This beacon I must find, it's alive rooted deep inside searching for its light.

I shall retort, hidden answers, I'll burn them every bridge just to stop clutching at every straw, I walk their stride of idle, death lurks everywhere, nowhere in my reach, refuge depraved, solemn they await.

Irregular beats pounding me harder for each breath I take.

With discern as I ponder, origin of the pulsating strokes
Seduced by my own heart's foul language, a light there never was.

Falling deeper, time stands still as I fall
Stranded to taste the void.