

Crushed and Defeated

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Perpetual pain that penetrates the skull
Drilled into the mind like an everlasting void.
Corrosive liquids that etch through the surface
Destroying the layers like one's drive so annoyed.

I lie destroyed and broken on the inside
Bearing deep scars of time carved that won't heal.
I lay in wait shadowed, crushed and defeated
A wound torn open with a knife point's feel.

An offering with intentions brighter than the stars
The path of wisdom, the path of prospect.
Happenings from time gone by leave me feeling wary
What one can project, what one can expect.

But the progress only runs smoothly for minutes
Instigation only leads to castigation.
Dreams from the past disinterred to cloud my conscience
The mood in the room soon removed all salvation.

Ideas and suggestions were rapidly slammed
A plan that stood firmly in place like a hotel.
Sensing that a climax was due to draw near
It did not take long for me to back down in well.

Alas this continued, failing to subside
Attentive and tentative this certainly was not.
For this did not subside, a failure in pact
Tale of frustrated torture punctures the shell that rots.

But then it came out, the truest conception
From rainbows and ribbons it was surely far.
An inner truth kept in hiding for so long
Made its emergence through disparity's bar.

A thought that I was not to be trusted emerged
Ripping a tear into my being and my soul.
To reach in and to tear one's esteem from the heart
Leaves one in tatters within and outside the bowl.

Anguish from past injuries already inflicted
Naked and resurfacing in a single motion.
An insult and curse that threads its way through my fibres
A legion of mistrust and contempt is the notion.

The outpour of emotion the true meaning of sorrow
The simple but harmful rays passing to the core.
The ways of relentlessness as my cuts begin to bleed
The foundations crumble underneath me with jaws.



Not one single thing could come to me in comfort
A legion of fucking with my mind and my emotion.
Eyes of hatred stare straight at me from the inside
An entity of carved ways form their poisonous potions.

Apologize again, apologize in craft
Within, the pain takes a long time to fade.
But never does this act as a shield to conceal
What one's true thoughts and intentions have made.