

A Never Ending Search For Closure

Conducting From The Grave

Digging through the yards of bodies, to finally emerge. My hands carry the scent of the souless, the soul seeking. I hold out my hands using this frame to seek vengeance upon the living through possession killing their killers with these hands, my hands. To grant me their visions, their last seconds from the world, it's not dreams I wake from, it's their whispers and their cries. To a child you were their only trust, the only light to be shaped not to decay. Souls were too young to cry out, only left to watch as their protectors become the possessed. Digging through the yards of bodies, to finally emerge. My hands carry the scent of the souless, the soul seeking. How many of the innocent, the defenseless have to fall from a loved ones hands? In this life span there will be this revenge which only some may wis