

Contemplation

Aeveron

Slumbering in the silence that gave birth to me,
I lay there contemplating the hidden secrets of life.
The weakness that for so many years made my life to a living hell
Had at length defeated my very will to continue an existence I
despised right from the start.

No god there to save me; was there ever one?
Reflecting on this I slowly raised my head from the pillow I had
rested on.
Shadows danced on the walls, laughing at me with their hellish
grins.
My weary eyes followed their grotesque movements across the grey
ceiling.

Desperation pervaded the dusk-filled room.
An air of depravity joined the gloom that surrounded my cadaver-
like body.
It must have been a wondrous sight for you to behold my emaciat-
ed frame in
The grief-
stricken chamber that witnessed the unholy hour of my birth.

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ed frame in
The grief-
stricken chamber that witnessed the unholy hour of my birth.

There I lay in the depressing and pale grey.
At this instant my soul was grasped by despair.
A sense or aim in this life I could no longer see.
Would a bullet in the head forever set me free?

No god there to save me; was there ever one!

A sense or aim in this life I could no longer see.
Would a bullet in the head forever, forever...