

## The Checkered Demon

AFI

Too much to find,  
so much so little time.  
So many images persist to shade my mind.  
Will I ever come around or will I just hit the ground?  
Will I still be standing when it all comes down?  
Why can't I seem to sort it out?  
Why am I always filled with doubt?  
So many people everywhere,  
so self absorbed without a care.  
Of their viral lives,  
I'd like to bleed them all.  
When all is drained, who shall hold?  
When mindless bodies screw tortured souls,  
will somebody be there to catch me when I fall?  
Why can't I seem to sort it out.  
Why am I always filled with doubt.  
How could I always be so blind?  
Why can't I figure it out.  
I could always hope for change,  
could always hope to rearrange.  
But why not just abandon hope and tear it all apart now?