

Forging A Future Self

After the Burial

Please cut this noose.
Untie these hands for me.
They will insurrect my former self.
Hide behind your failed design.
Perfect its imperfections.
I'll carry out the plans of old.
I'll dig through the remains of my ruins.
Unearthing something truly remarkable once hidden by your opaque heart.
I..ll carry out plans of old.
Digging through the remains of my ruins.
From this day forth, your love will poison no longer.
A strange suffocation, enticing existence.
It..s comforting, the artificial life.
A ghostly bliss without your kiss.
Never grasping what you've hoped for.
Your translucent hands pass through the sunlight.
You..ll never feel that loving glow.
Damned to be deprived of the blissful warmth of heaven.
As you dissipate into the shadows.