

The Path Of The Dead

As We Fight

Behind the frames of perfection blood flows like rivers.
Your tears of decay will wash you away.
The cry from a thousand tongues goes unheard.
Ignoring the pain for beauty and suffering.
Creating your own hell.
Where your demons dwell.
She chose the path.
Like so many others before.
With a knife to her throat.
She just walks on and on.
The blood on her hands.
Burns like the darkest fire.
Still her eyes are blind.
To see she has become
another walking corpse
The walking dead.
Living life in death.
The path of the dead.