

Memory Palace

Between the Buried and Me

Awake me.
Stoic and ready. Living in levity.
Static entry.

Chatter has left me. A statue grown... with intentions from my own.
I stutter on. Key driven.
A swollen breeze insults me.
The scent of a natural place.

Chatter has left me. A statue grown... with intentions from my own.
I stutter on. Key driven.
Horrid thoughts finally leave me.
Dismiss the notion of the unwanted force.

Static entry. Alone and free.

Awake me.
I never want to get out of here.
Visions of my past will disappear.
I never end.

Focus on melody.
The sounds under my eyes.
Dreaming inside of this world inside my mind.
Drift on.
Never end.

Static exit. Animate.

Tubes swim with my veins..
An orchestra of lights graze over my corpse.
Our souls are melting.
Immobilized limbs secrete liquid smoke.
Fill the room with fear.
A losing act draws in the final wake.
Overcome "the end".

I did not, I did not want to come back.
I did not... take me back.

It's over...

I sit drenched in the summary of my past.
Live in the name of the ghost.
I drift on.

Focus on melody.
The sounds under my eyes.
Dreaming inside of this world inside my mind.
Drift on.
Never end.