

In These Walls

Cloudscape

A mansion was built on a foundation so black.
Appearance was flawless, with evil intent.
Pain in the concrete and hate pouring out.
Blueprints existing from a place beyond all.
Ravishing landmark exterior beauty,
hiding those secrets in rigid grey walls.
Remains laid to rest buried deep within,
twisting and turning in grotesque deformities.
Letting you in then grasps for your soul,
ripping and tearing your mind into shreds.
In these walls they will appear,
draining your life.
You'll never be sane again.
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Windows like wounds, roof made of scales.
True eyes could see, you have to believe.
Inch by inch, expanding the limits,
devouring the ground with no hesitation.
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hiding those secrets in rigid grey walls.
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