

Drifting Further

Defeated Sanity

Marching on the land of the enemy
Extents paved with corpses
Mirrors of their own fate
Atmosphere of cadaverous smell
Stench of rotten flesh
sounds of the menacing abyss
Scenery of scathing brutality
Nothing left than the
Souls of the damned

I found myself
In this morgue of war
Hidden in the ruins of
Generations' passion
To be witness
Of the senseless butchery
Dead soul staring
Through the eyes of the dulled

Scarred brains getting numb
Controlled by inferior circumstances
Remnants of cruelty
Enchroaching on the executioner

Not of their own will
Not from inside
Lacking in ideas
Lapsed in outer reality
Brutish deeds of satisfaction

Widow's juice before her
Children's Eyes
Woeful cries not to be heard
To be lost in the everlasting wailing

Cold perspiration covering my skin
I catch myself drifting further
Thoughts of perversity capture me
Spineless victim.
Puppet without threads

Necrophiliac desires
Primitive Human cravings
Innmost nature of my race

Drifting further towards
Demonic possession

Flight from my mind
Mutated reasons of
A once healthy system
Defenceless.
Shattered from inside