

## This, A Murder Of Crows

Deinonychus

Beyond these eyes, wade nightmares yet to come.  
My innocence is nothing but a veil of equivocation.  
Only whores wear black, and offer red roses at funerals.  
This opiate offered me serenity, when I was on my knees.  
Once it was so beautiful.  
But like a dying lilac; the beauty soon turns black.  
I was lonely, but I'm not alone anymore.  
My vein rivers of pollution, injected harmony.  
I no longer need such a longing kiss from your parched lips.  
I can reach the stars from here.  
Something I've never been offered before.  
And your desire wanes when you have a universe to discover.  
And pleasures other to be had.  
I'm slowly dying now, a pleasant death.  
I can see them coming; three birds flying across the darkened sky,  
this...a murder of crows.