

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.