

Will You Have Me?

Funeral

Cast your charms,
And work past my
Massive hatred.
Might let my peels shed
If you'll drink
From my wounds.

Just might prove
Something not easily
Forgotten,
'tis what i feel
When I am strong.
Shining with death's beauty
Like a radiating black star.

But those moments
Are aeons apart,
If not but wishful dreams,

I soon awake to blood throbbing
In my ears like a horror scene,
Like salt in my wounds
A reminder:
I still live.

That cursed fluid.
Mocking me with its presence.
Preserving a state of being
I know not how to appreciate.
One dull thump after another,
Each a step closer
To that embrace I long for.

But time is of the essence,
And I have no patience
To endure this
Day by day purgatory.

Kiss me now
And free me.
Bruise me with the depth
Of your innermost passions.
I can take it all
Anti Will eagerly drink
From your poison chalice,

Dagger me with immoral,
And boldly steal my
That last peace of
Humanity left,
As insignificant
As the value we so
Willingly attribute
Life.

There are roses within,
Which, beauty steals breath,

And whose petals yearn for
A simple tenderness to release
Its fathomless warmth.
If not but for a single curious touch.

Instead i burn inside
With warmth never shared,
Anti love that may never be.