

A Gout From The Scar

Gory Blister

Mist blurred my eyes
Fear blocked my ears
I could not see
Inmost atrocities

Words...
Rip wide inner wounds
If spoken out like swords
As the prince spoke out daggers

Voices are too weak
To perceive secret sanity
As to be fault
As i still stand open-mouthed
So existence turns
Into a deadly sequence
Of pains overwhelming
Their own good precedents

Only I see my scars
Ripped again
I sustain my past expiating pain

Wounds seem to be healed
But memory Still
Makes'em bleed

Time...
Time does not heal
When wounds are so real
And a heart dies alone

See this

Gout from the scar
Sign of
My inner death