

When Rotten Ideas Break Free

Grief

Thoughts buried long ago
Exist far below
Like worms that I can't see
Feeding on my pain they hunger
Burrowing through the past and present
They find liberty usurping me with melacholia
When rotten ideas break free controlling me
showing me what I ran from I feel dead
And fed upon violated and gnawed
Inhabited by ghosts haunted by the truth