

Bedlam Walls

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Across the veil in the womb of the dark,
A structure was built from bones,
Bones of the maniacal, insane, and cynic,
To silence their screams and moans,
Housing the land's B-population,
Of fungus and filth they were born,
A place where they can meet and congregate,
Dwelling at night, asleep in the morn.

They would dance, and play and sing,
Then frictions would violently grow,
Beat each other even to the death,
Rape women like venomous whores.

Blood flows from bedlam walls,
Sanctuary for the diseased,
Institution for the demented,
Architected for suffering.

No authority regulates the premise,
The asylum lives off of their pain,
Surrounded by sewers, miles from nowhere,
Radiant through the pitch-black rain,
As it stood 100 years before,
The building still stands today,
There's no place else the sick can go,
And drift through life day by day.

So, how do I tell do you ask?
Stories only the patients there keep,
Well, I had escaped for I was not ill,
But it still haunts me in my sleep,

Blood flows from bedlam walls,
Sanctuary for the diseased,
Institution for the demented,
And their souls will never be free.