

No More Color

HeXeN

When the days begin to lose color,
And your will has fallen weak,
You will question all as well,
And just as well you will seek out your words deprived of meaning.
No matter how sincere you speak,
But now, now I understand,
What it means to live life bleak.

No More Color,
In lack of mental light,
Transformed this world of vivid dreams,
Into stills of black and white.
Confusion and malice,
Taints my palette gray,
You can't fix the errors of the past;
The hue of raw dismay.

Words fell short of meaning,
No matter how sincere I'd speak,
Dwelling on dismal memories,
That persist on lingering.
A monochromatic universe,
With only lifeless streams of thought
That stretched from the deepest infinity,
Into the minds of the distraught.

The basic tenets of nihilism are now enough for me,
I'm sorry to displease you but I shun this fantasy.
The more you realize the more you drown in grief,
Brings me to the age-old question; to be or not to be.
In this indifferent world of emptiness and negativity,
Nothing matters now; I've lost to curiosity.

For now I'll sit and wit,
Suspended in time alone,
Don't want it to end this way,
By now my mind has turned to stone.