

The Poet And The Painter Of Souls

In Mourning

The creatures in his empty eyes are watching the moon
Cuts on faded fingers that are following every thought
Creating wallpaper flowers with bloodstained hands
Writing down the feelings, asking all about the questions
Pleading answers, screaming, scared for what they will tell
Turn the lights out and hide away, all the eyes are on you
Dreaming your nightmares as they are begging you to fall
Staring with the eyes closed
And the view from there is frightening

No don't try to figure it out
This is not a suit that fits your fake
Lay a razor in the hands of a broken heart
Don't tell the tales that tells it all

The walls are closing in, creeping closer and closer
Shadows are raping another one in the hall
Teardrops are falling from the eye of a fractured mind
Alone beside the candles, that burned down so long ago

Everything is words in a poets mind
And the teller of his tales, are deaf and blind
Scratching the stains of this tragedy
Carving another poem from his insanity

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