

# 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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