

Open Veins To A Curtain Closed

Loss

Fatum vestri vita
The end of everything
The end of myself
Razor find a way
Slice the veins
Bleed it all away
Stomach slit wide
Hung with a noose of my own intestines

Passed
Laid to rest with final wounds
Nothing more to take
Surrender
Release
Self surgery
Explain to none
The reasons
Open veins to a curtain closed
Left to be found
Perfectly shamed

Cornered in a cold room
Fallen
Cannot raise me
Skin is scoured
Raw but unclean
Unfeeling
Wet
Red sleep
Can and shall release

Lowest point of being
A wound erupting
Masterpiece of my despair
No decipherable expression heard
As arms fall, the blood screaming
Singing
Of a world drawn in

Mind's eye projecting
Blinding light on curtains closed
The audience unseen
Unseeing
Theatre of the defeated
A numb performance culled from memory's imprint
For a standing room unaware

Ascend!

Sinking, I will die for this (for you)