

To a Breathless Oblivion

The Black Dahlia Murder

The chair's been kicked, a rope tied to the rafters
Blue faced and broken necked, I sigh
Relieving my vision from the sick mocking stare
Of that hated sun burning the sky

Slumped like a headless scarecrow
Cold and limp against the wall
Blood paints a pattern of rohrschach's design
Thawing the winter that burdens this heart

Shit-stained and shameful
An exit in disgrace
Not a splash but just a ripple left
I end this life in vain

In the dead of the darkness, I breach the still lake
Towards the reflection of the moon
The night colored liquid arresting my lungs
Finally in peace in this watery tomb

Destroy this fragile body
To be gorged upon by worms
Not a splash but just a ripple is left
In the wake of my merciless scorn

Beyond those cursed stars above
Lies the answer that I seek
On the backs of bullets rides my name
Longing to kiss my cheek

Resentfully decline retire this hated life
Without guilt, I break these veins
Carved with salvation's knife

Turn not away, avert not your face
This is how it was meant to be
In silence found hanging there above a pool of waste
The beauteous workings of mortality

No one can truly touch another
Parallel never to cross
Pointless fumbling, sad mistake
Only capable of pain

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