

Nerve Bending

To Elysium

["Hope in reality is the worst of all evils, because it prolongs the torments of man." - F. Nietzsche]

A slow aching, bled dry of pain.
The pace of life sedates the sane.

Lure me into the fury of absence,
Let my train of thoughts collide.
In a trance of confidence,
Stirring up, I breathe cyanide.

Drawn in my horns, a stabwound slow-dance.
Holding on to a dog's fair chance.
A slow aching, bled dry of pain.
The pace of life sedates the sane.

I myself, I am a cold element,
But I contain a living flame.

Fading in, fading out,
Last visit for a long time.
While a legend lingers,
We pine away, into clime.

The wish is father to the thought,
The thought is father to the truth.
Ignite the imagination and take it far away.

I grieve over things that end,
Nothing in line to succeed them.
They become a part
Of the horrors I hold in my heart.

Neatly peeled all layers off,
Searching a stain to expose,
Lay bare imperfection,
Grow aversion, then dispose.

Now your self is bare,
In an instant flare,
If you have tears,
Cry elsewhere.