

## 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.