

Terrifier

War from a Harlots Mouth

I am the terrifier!
Farewell, my fellow men.
I've walked away from you,
made an intense effort,
to feel the pleasures of today.

They will not come to me.
Your pleasures mean nothing to me.
I feel like a ghost.

I am the terrifier,
wandering in a world grown alien.

You have to exercise rebellion,
to refuse to enslave,
to refuse to repeat yourself,
to drown in common misery.

My fellow men, I failed to understand.
I gave up...
...to refuse to displeasure,
mistaken for pleasure.

I have walked away from men.