

Publicerad 2013-01-26 21:43 av Marcus Gabriel Fors

In the late hour

Thrill me, kill me, fill my heart with lies,
watch it now how all slowly fade away and dies,
my eyes bleeding blackest blood in the silent night,
it isn't anything but the prize of my sins at its height.

I feel my heart beating and coming now to an end,
in this dark corner the mask laughing knees do bend,
slipping into an abyss of my minds most wicked desire,
ripped to bloody rags and pieces by the sharp barbwire.

Loneliness be found in the both crowd and by myself,
it's a slow killing poison eating at my consciousness,
I run with the wolves in order to seek refuge far away,
but I await the grave on a beautiful midsummer's day.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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