

“THAT BITCH CALLED REALITY”

Before me she stands; obscene and laughing, that cold and bloody bitch called reality,
insidiously smiling.

Cold and brutal are her ways, tearing mercilessly into the heart and soul, as she's ever done
since the ancient of days.

Serving up a warm dish of sweet sorrow, lives ripped away, the pain so deep, that it seeps into
the bone's very marrow.

Wrapping me in that warm blanket of misery, the darkness, O darkness so suffocating; how it
snuffs out the soul's light, leaving life cold and dreary.

Woke me up this morn' with your cold dark kiss of madness, death's sweet caress.

Bloody screams echoes through-out the mind, the world, what a fucking mess.

To life's cruelties I am no longer blind, lunatic laughter ringing in my ears;

As I boldly stand to face my own darkened fears.

Shadows dancing quite jubilantly before my eyes, as at-last I realize----

Life. Is surely one fucking mess, of this I'm a valid witness.

Nothing is ever really what it seems, as thread by thread it all comes apart at

The seams.

Sanity itself has become a blatant mockery,

When one stands face to face with *that cold and demonic Bitch*

Called Reality.

David E. Bauguess (11/26/2015)

aka: SIX "PERDURABO II"