

"Into the Stillness"

In silent darkness,
how deep doth the razor truly cut?
The promising sting of death's
loving embrace.

So depressing,
are the complexities of a wayward
world - A dying humanity,
none can fathom the true horrors
of this human race.

In this darkened world,
void of any divine sight -
Death and destruction; trademarks
of this human blight,

Hidden within their dark and evil desires,
spectres of yesterday's failures,
These singular creatures,
gorged within Hell's fires.

In the depths of the human heart,
where true evil dwells,
The shadows of you and I,
dancing in the madness there.
Flesh upon flesh, your hand in mine,
death's desire swells.