

hail of shadows
rain down
in suicidal waves

come oblivion
until this psychotic
sea has gone

endless sleep
amid the burning stars
bright and blue

dreams of fields
filled with white
flowers and golden rain

somewhere solitude
no longer feels
 like a hole
 torn in
 the structure
 of being

rose red
and bible black
are not for me

what do I need?
where to plant the seed?

something unaccounted for
 evading sense
 a phantom
 madness
 creeping death

give up the mission
 do not resuscitate
 save yourself
 or descend

into endless
black

she is not coming back
she is not coming back

too far gone
even before this song
was sung

somewhere on
the open road

somewhere deep
inside

something is
irreparable