

To a Breathless Oblivion

The Black Dahlia Murder

the chair's been kicked a rope tied to the rafters
blue faced and broken necked I sigh
relieving my vision from the sick mocking stare
of that hated sun burning the sky
slumped like a headless scarecrow
cold and limp against the wall
blood paints a pattern of rorschach's design
thawing the winter that burdens this heart
shit stained and shameful
an exit in disgrace
not a splash but just a ripple left
I end this life in vain
in vain
in the dead of the darkness I breach the still lake
toward the reflection of the moon
the night colored liquid arresting my lungs
finally at peace in this watery tomb
destroy this fragile body
to be gorged upon by worms
not a splash just a ripple is left
in the wake of my merciless scorn
beyond those cursed stars above
lies the answer that I seek
on the backs of bullets rides my name
longing to kiss my cheek
resentfully decline
retire this hated life
without guilt I break these veins
carved with salvation's knife
turn not away avert not your face
this is how it was meant to be
in silence found hanging there 'bove a pool of waste
the beauteous workings of mortality
no one can truly touch another parallel never to cross
pointless fumbling sad mistake only capable of pain
beyond those cursed stars above
lies the answer that I seek
on the backs of bullets rides my name
longing to kiss my cheek
resentfully decline
retire this hated life
without guilt I break these veins
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(fades out)

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