

The Burial

Contributed by vampy
Tuesday, 09 February 2010
Last Updated Wednesday, 10 February 2010

shadows cast on my draining blood
blurred memories of the sweet pain
blackened feelings of happiness
mixed in the glorified victory of the evil one
the razor kissed wrists pouring out its story in scary red
why hasnt my angel been burned to ashes
down to my grave and buried alongside me
this trodden path is a dizzying yard of dead bodies
this pain is a constant fear in the backyard of my mind
come face to face with another, helpless again i will be
bloodshot eyes weeps crimson red tears
and it trickles down my cheeks and cleanses my sins
to ready me for another burial
countless ones has gone by and yet a lifetime to suffer
what evil runs through my blood to be chained to this suffering
whip lashed and tattered mind RUNNING wild
through the horrifying maze of blood stained garden
nailed to the cross and struck on the face