

Called Home

Allegaeon

In the web you left behind
I fail to find or forgive myself.

Long and cold have they grown
sunless days in this home.
Often and over and over again -
thoughts that won't come to rest.

Why did you suffer this alone all along?

All dim, all pale - so lift me on the pyre -
The feast is over. The lamps expire.

Long and cold has it grown,
this road you wandered once.
Often and over and over again -
led to inevitable ends.

Why did you suffer this alone all along?
What desperation guides your hand to blanket these vacant walls?

By keystroke you wrote, "I was called home,"
and through that action I lost my own.

Through that action I lost my own home.

The peace the trigger granted begat the horror of flesh and bone.
I only hope you found, that which was sought

By keystroke you wrote, "I was called - called home."

The dissolution of brotherhood brought by a mist of red - I am home.

Carried you thusly and later read
that I, "deserve better," - what this life has fed.
Now I must embrace the lessons taught -
everything you taught me.

I cleaned your blood from off the screen,
scraped your brain matter, and let loose a scream.
Relegated your life to trash and unseen -
shattered butt grateful for all you did for me.

The role you played was the most important of all.
Why did you suffer this alone?
No one was with you when you died.
I am home.