

Dysphoria

Barren Earth

Layers upon layers of night
(Form over white dunes)
Liquid light running deep
(Flowing blue)
He lies writhing
A faint sentry
(Within waves of bloodred)
Agony apparent
(From the blue, tears were shed)

Our fears are the same
Expressed freely through alternate avenues
Having different outcomes
Severe or inconsequential?
What role belongs to will?

The re-opening
Of my sequestered world
The colour is drained
And the nights are fading out
Dysphoria
The re-opening
Of my secluded soul
The blackness that roared
Cannot take its final hour
Dysphoria

And so we remain
Stare into one layer after another
While unwilling, unconscious, unreal
We are drowning deeper
In a song
I embrace...

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Abhorring the silence
A summoned past recourse
Encasing the island
Boldly
As is my freedom

Come sweet slumber...
The black returns to me now

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Dysphoria
Dysphoria...