

The Unechoing Dread

Evoken

Entangled in fury, it is prolonged beyond all explanation.
Terrified by the veiled strife that torments the thoughtless mind,
all consequence flows through these veins; I will not repent, but destroy.
Derision of the innocent, sparing of the soul.
It only matters when tragedy grips the self, my morning will never come.
The dim reality is slowing killing me.
The subtle art of transcendence shattered in cold blood, never forget the pain inside.
Arise to the still air, the piercing cold; the diminishing flame that calms the black stream.
Why has life forsaken me?
Nothing lasts forever, within the ruptured encasement this reality, time and sentiment shall not sever.
Dreading the emotive sense this cannot be my dreamscape, but the call of solitary and eternal sleep.
Blessed by the tears I shed, worn by the weather I am taken from my place of shelter.
Within the calm of the wind, taken by the day, this is my final breath
It has always been the illusion of life, for this is my sole moment, it is the moment of my death...