

Taphephobia

Infected Rain

Walking through this alley unknown
Alley of thorns and broken trees, alone
My face scratched from poisonous branches
My tired feet dragged me through puddles with leeches

Emptiness and hopelessness

Emptiness and hopelessness embroidered in my skin
A nebula of frustration spiraling around my head
Oblivious to where I go or where I've been
I can't recall what brought me here

And when the quiet around me is getting real loud
I'm wondering, what is the sound of the feeling?
I want to touch the core but there is nothing inside
So what's the poison that keeps me from leaving?

The answer is dancing on the tip of my tongue
It penetrates my consciousness like a paralyzing dart
There's no more balance, no more use in the symmetry
It's cold and humid in this forgotten cemetery

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Numb to the world

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On my knees
I can't feel

Numb to the world, I can't feel pain or pleasure
I'm worthless on my knees, embracing my failure
With my fingertips I can feel the end of the rope
It's soaked in frustration and leak of hope

My limbs are broken, my fever is high
My stolen dreams are melting in the night
All that is left in this disordered mind
Is rage, rage for the dying light

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