

Below the Root

Pathology

The endless miles of tunnels break
Directions - paranoia sets as no light escapes
Total darkness - your breath one of the only sounds
Through these walls of stench record sorrow

And the passages lined with bones
Walls of glyphs seem to stare through black
Sometimes faint screams can be heard
I wonder how long since their death

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Now living with no light -
Voice of the dead become far clearer
My hands trying to guide but only the
damp messages imprinted to stone I feel
water remembers

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How must I travel through darkness
Until depression takes my mind
Knowing I will never see light again
I trust the other side
as we have become one and together
We conquer

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