

A Scream Trapped Under Water

Soilent Green

The mirror breaks
All the little pieces falling shatter
Shards of me too sharp to put back together
Too small to matter but big enough to cut me
I bleed, I bleed
I breathe no more
Love on my hands
Blood on my lips
This redemption is forced to resist
Purpose of existence
Making much sense
Other examples of affection in unrest
Beautiful irony of mismatched enemies
Broken down words of apathy
Restless tired eyes, so don't make me try
Forcing respect from this sunken pride
Sense of direction
Front page murder rate
Oblivious to common sense over dead subjects
These disowned wings soar on flames
Tradition of a father's wish falls in shame
Never count your losses while adopting this bitter rage
Rewritten story of past events
Attaining breath within sickness
Another reminder around your finger
Lessons taught in lies
Bringing a smart man's death
Telling a truth to your face was a task of this self shame
Trial, the last man standing
Savior, to retain this soul from the noose
Escape the judgement for this abuse
Exposed, speech of a modest tone
Scar, false actions of a simple habit
Adapting to this bitter touch
Extinction of a family name
The present buries the past
A half ass equation emphasizing failure from cold dead hands
Nervous habit on the brink of haste
How poetic are your contradicting ways
Donor to these failures
Simple way for you to overcome
Ignored, overlooked
Less and less
The bitter end of all your fake regrets
Jaded eyes of the deaf
Crawling in my skin this taste for sin
Small and self involved
Looking down your throat
Reuse of excuse, in so many words you lose
Blind sided, face the facts, a thought for you
King of the black hearts playing all the odds
An apology, only swapping words
Finally got some guts
A non-sexual crush for all this tainted lust
Loss of all regret, this idea to accept
Do you ever stop listening to just yourself?
Echo of mistakes that you would like to forget

Unaware lips that drag things to the silent end
Hanging yourself with words of a finaly phrase
A burial of elegy within
Silent motion for the insane
This cold hall
Confined black walls
Dead subject for this dialect
Get over the fact, no one cares after death
Isolating this fear, seizing life again
Despair and the gun it holds
Tomorrow's broken promises of redemption
As yesterday's apology unfolds
Fighting words that stand alone
Three strikes, leave this vengeance behind
Leave the unforgiving outrage for the past
Reaching for the dead sky
Flight of the dragonfly
Swallowing the butterfly
Your last kiss good-bye