

## Black Light District

### The Gathering

Blaming global infection  
for the illness in him  
Little knowledge of the non-affection  
between him and his kin  
Old, grey, bitter, anxious and collapsed  
Like a wallflower once blooming  
Withered to apparent death  
Blaming the guilt  
Crying the tears  
Torture the pain  
Leaving the emptiness behind  
Apparently he had no reason  
To harbour the trust  
He'd forsaken inside.  
Apparently he left his reasons  
Forsaken the trust  
that harboured within  
Walk, I cannot walk  
For I am blind, blinded I am  
By the pitch of dark, so dark is it  
The narrow street, never ending narrow  
Clogs my throat  
Silently I try,  
Try to walk, blinded by the pitch  
The narrow darkness, clogs the street  
I am speechless  
I am speechless  
Fear puts a rush on my steps  
As I stare into the spinning depth  
The end is not near the sight that I am hoping for  
And all the light that paves the way for me  
Is the wish and will for the end to see  
The bright light is the end of the black light district