

Anah Aevia, Gather and Weep

Choke on the lies you live.
Your forked tongue speaks of nothing at all.
Sleep on a bed of nails to pierce such a spineless back.
The tears of innocence falls into cold hands and dries.
Amputate your tongue entwined with deceit.
A congregation gathers and heals, gathers and weeps.
They entrusted warm words in their hearts but all is broken.
Nothing remains, no mantle left to protect their hearts.
Severing memories of content.
Shards lay facedown on the feeble ground.
Obscure visions breathe.
Thriving upon careless words encased in our world.
Tear at your throat that produces words that mislead.
Let it bleed uncontrollably.
Hold still, breathe, wait as they force their dreams within our conscious.
Inhaling indirection, exhale steadily.
Eyes straining to see without the inferno.
Produced beneath recoiling kingdoms.
Repent, my eyes searching for something, anything that is lost.
My trust would have been a good place to start.
I have no one to blame but myself for leaning upon careless works.
They were what kept me standing.
They kept me feeling alive.
But all is broken and nothing remains...