

Suffocation, Immortally Condemned

To walk amongst the dead
plagued by an undeniable thirst for blood.
Stained by an immortal suffering given to you.

Acceptance from your kind
is only a temporal solution to your misery.
Transcending time haunts your very existence
visions of events are forever imbedded in your mind.

For you are never allowed to sleep eternally.
Countless prey have satisfied your hunger.
Intoxicated with the essence of life
blood tastes so sweet

The lives of many course through your veins.
To live off the lives of others seems morbid.
But to you they are only a source of food
Blood splatters as you bite deep and hard
Draining every once of liquid.

A lifeless corpse falls to the ground.
As you stand before the waste you create.
A path walked time and time again.

Has darkened the emotionless heart.
To deny the pleasures of feelings

To feel one would certainly starve to death.
But how ironic since death does not become you.
As you sit amongst the bones of judgement
contemplating your role.

You are never ending drawn out
to oversee the mistrials
And demise of others
A prisoner of your own prison

Immortally condemned to you
Why does this have to be?

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