

To Elysium, Carrion Carma

I stare down upon my hands as I float through intimate moments.
I swear on a stack of Bibles to strain every nerve to prevent...

Insane acts of hysteria
from teasing my senses,
yet not even hope
can disturb my offences.

Motives changed and left me deranged
to the gracing works of the soothing earth.
Exhausted by lust, with fingers crossed
I take the shine off the swoon of birth.

Sentiments are running deep,
miles to go before I sleep.
My eyes water in the speedy air,
their vision is bleak and sore.
Though these eyes said otherwise
the feeling's back for more.

I join the ranks of silent witnesses.

Hearts maintain a stony silence.
Quiet, nearly gone.
I seem to catch my breath
once the vultures come.

Now enter the scavengers.