

Blindead 23, Towards the Dark

Count the scars
inflicted ably
as though out of plight
Slavishly
searching aimlessly
for ways to contrite

Faceless
Are the ghosts that haunt me
Leaving their unsightly
determining mark
Nameless
Is the path before me
Treading all but lightly
towards the dark

Nowhere near
but I won't back down nor turn around
I'm still here
On trembling legs traversing barren ground

A flickering flame
far off in the distance
is burning anew
Dreading the shame
of lacking persistence
to accomplish what's way overdue

Baseless
are the fears that crowd me
It is forthrightly
manifestly stark
Timeless
is the voice that calls me
A beacon shining brightly
leading me towards the dark

Nowhere near
but I won't back down nor turn around
I'm still here
on trembling legs traversing barren ground

Stepped in entirely oblivious
somewhere commonly calamitous
A mistress so insidious
turned into the rock of Sisyphus

Nowhere near
but I have come too far to turn around
I'm still here
on trembling legs traversing barren ground
It's so clear
there is no doubt as to where I am bound
My deaf ear
hears something calling me without a sound

Towards the dark
Towards the dark that I must push on through