

Cave In, Terminal Deity

"something is slowing me down.
it makes its way through my arms,
and through these fatigued worn fingers
in fury-fevered lashings of claw.
i somehow manage to gain the strength it takes
to emit its evils onto the page.
blood-soaked desperate one-sided attempts
into the chill of all words.
let the sloth be told of horrid torment,
to watch him plagued in thought for all of our years.
in every time, a star of hope is shining its regards
as a sparkle of vain mockery,
in these pained attempts of self-alleviation.
to convert from the monster."