

# Deceased, Morbid Shape In Black

What lurks as the pesticides spray evil's dust,  
Killing life's roses so red?  
Hooded, defeated, as a cloak hides a name  
Making my mind demented  
It seems to be living, but yet it looks ill  
Not moving onward with time  
As dawn brings new day, eroding away  
The sunlight now shelters my find  
Believe, but can I trust my eyes to see?  
To see, the unexplained in front of me  
To me, this other side I must believe  
Believe, that hell is now a part of me  
Exhausted, I speak to all with an ear  
My story, this vision unseen  
I tell of this shape, appearing in black  
But no one wants to believe  
But they will believe  
I live with that day, as only I can  
I laugh, but only to hide  
This inner fear, that something's out there  
Just haunting forever inside  
And time goes on.....  
Why did I see? Do you believe?  
The highway was dead, my mind was all alone  
The grasp of the dawn surrounded me  
A tunnel was dug, direct into fright  
Leaving me hooked, into death's own eyes  
Hooded shapes float above misplaced  
The time frame the flowers are dead  
So many ways, to justify and place  
Thoughts occurring and conceived  
And time goes on.....  
Morbid shape in black!!!