

December, Quiet Cold

At the first sign it begins the terrible certainty the doubt consuming
This time it simply must be it seems impossible to turn away now
And it will hold on till the end
So lift another page another life another day
Just to escape the dreams you hold inside your mind
The waves that crush the life of everything
That you desire and leave you standing in blood
Once the fear awakens it seems impossible to turn away now
Into panic stricken it leaves you all alone
To contemplation of all the ways the end will come
Your eyes they will not save you now
And to the truth you turn a deaf ear
Swallowing anything to quell
Placebo savior on your tongue
To calm the pain falsely gave into self-invented death
And as the chasm fills with ulcered blood and cements in the fear until the
Next time
Your senses seem unclear only one thing appears the prison safety that is your
Own
Quiet cold