

Esoteric, Awaiting My Death

Windows of shattered dreams.
Laid out before me.
My broken reflection hauntingly stares back,
As once again I pick up the pieces of my mind.

Rebuilding myself again.
And I know what is done.
The smaller pieces lost.
They used to be large,
But now they are gone.

I cannot find my hope, my joy or my life,
Just empty splinters embedded in my mind.
Causing me pain, I grimace in awe at the overwhelming pain.
Caused by what I've lost, by what has been destroyed.

My scars start to bleed.
From my wounds of sorrow,
I watch the blood run.
A release of my self-hate,
And still the blood flows:

Scarred all over my body.
With each scar comes a memory of pain.
Though it's hard to tell now, they all look the same.
Awaiting the day when my blood is no more,
Maybe then the pain will be gone.
I await my death with both relief and with fear,
I sense that my shattered mind knows it is near.

(Music - Greg. Autumn 1993)
(Lyrics - Greg. 9/1993)