

# Esoteric, Morphia

This air of silence,  
Breathes through the sullen mist.  
Transparent winds,  
Ease these age-old wounds.

As stale thoughts disappear,  
Through Morpheus pathways.  
I am in wake but dreaming.

This warmth annuls,  
As time drew slowly upon this wretch of life.

Weary sighs of condolence never did urge with zest,  
The fire within hands made to rest.

Swallow me within sin,  
This blood flows free through my veins.  
Procure my will through lascivious rite.

Delving subliminal realms,  
As lust invites me to stay,  
Engulfed within flesh.

Casting gaze at the puppets,  
Acting out their play.  
Their slightly wooden frames,  
Stretched and splintered by their masters.

Crawling beneath their minds' eye.

Those whom follow, reflect,  
And do not become.

Not to be...Not to be...

Their words waste my time here,  
With their fragrantless tones.  
A veil to distract those whom wouldst live.

To create,  
Not to serve.

I walk amongst the shadows of the dead,  
Thoughts bleeding into the ether.

Into endless night.