

Garden Of Shadows, Company In Solitude

I am lonely-I am not alone. We are together.

Pleasure concomitant with pain. Joy and sorrow intertwine on life's verdant tendrils. Ever so black.

Dull ached crouches on my chest. Stupidity a curse. Intelligence a burden. Innocence is bliss.

United in our solitude. Contentedly wasting our lives. I want to exchange my gift.

As balck as my life. As dark as my thread. As strong as concrete. As weak as thought.

I scream so loudly. But I cannot hear myself ...Anymore.

Pain dulls through repetition. Part played incessantly. The same night over the next exact.

oin in lonliness. We shall rise...never...eternally. We hang below the neophytes. The strand splitting