

# Luxt, Darker Times

Once, these bloodless veins held life, words a thousand months.  
Now the wet lights speak to me, windows glazing dark.  
The skeletons of faith, I draped with strips of guessing meat once.  
Clatter now and scratch the closet door as sleep drifts into spark.

So hold these aches and pains, reminders of the fear of death.  
Of what's to come, or not, the line without the punch.  
New worries stretch the larger portions of my doubt  
and jitters come to visit I had crushed or so I thought at once.

Quickening, the second that the spark of life ignites.  
Sickening the smell of rotting failed infinite plight.  
Crumbling the world within it's own self cleansing shell.  
Man the devil that he is and earth the breadth of heaven's hell.

Numbing so the speed is blistering our whims and thoughts.  
Curiosity will kill the lion in our hearts.  
Snapping on replacement parts for ripped emotions in our souls.  
Comforts few and far between denials set to rake the coals.

Cold, stiff, mechanics twist lifeless limbs contort to fist.  
Dead, dry, retracting eyes substitutions dampened cries.  
Caged, bound, the spark depletes, the human form is obsolete.  
Forced the hand of evolution, we've become our own solution.

The mirror cracked at one time, scattering our ashes far.  
These trillionth eyeblinks bring the phoenix ripping from it's scars.  
What once was pure enough to subtly corrupt the core  
of life and chain react, explode us into nevermore.

All energy turned inwards abscessed into pressured wires.  
Till far too tangled webs burst into flame and tears of fire.  
Resonance tells the tale subconscious listens in our dreams.  
Whispered the pathway and the smallest lie that split forever's seams.