

To Elysium, Absynthe Twin Stars

Speak my pain, c'mon scoundrel.

Fears under the fearless surface,
Eyes stare everywhere.
A lazy man's load of envy
stands still somewhere.

I saw redemption in you
and rushed to kiss its ghost.
One kiss of cloven tongue,
before the poison overdosed.

Make it painless, inject me a remedy.

Absynthe twin stars,
unforgiving switchblade screen.
Looking like revenge against murder,
merely reflecting what they've seen.

I know the lines and shadows in your face.
Soul-searching view won't settle.

Cast the twilight of my days
in the most depraved of ways.
Bordered to what is humane
your eyes promise me pain.

Make it painless, inject me a remedy,
but there wasn't place for all of it, leaking out all over me.

Vital pyres, fatal fires, insatiable animal.
Intimidating me
as you set out your hounds,
assaulting my lucidity.
Look askance.