

To Elysium, Nerve Bending

A slow aching, bled dry of pain.
The pace of life sedates the sane.

Lure me into the fury of absence,
let my train of thoughts collide.
In a trance of confidence,
stirring up, I breathe cyanide.

Drawn in my horns, a stabwound slow-dance.
Holding on to a dog's fair chance.
A slow aching, bled dry of pain.
The pace of life sedates the sane.

I myself, I am a cold element,
but I contain a living flame.

Fading in, fading out,
last visit for a long time.
While a legend lingers,
we pine away, into clime.

The wish is father to the thought,
the thought is father to the truth.
Ignite the imagination and take it far away.

I grieve over things that end,
nothing in line to succeed them.
They become a part
of the horrors I hold in my heart.

Neatly peeled all layers off,
searching a stain to expose,
lay bare imperfection,
grow aversion, then dispose.

Now your self is bare,
in an instant flare,
if you have tears,
cry elsewhere.