

Artist: disillusion

Title: Expired

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Dismal grin onto still born lust  
like a whisper in a thousand other's rut  
slow and underestimated, dismissed touch  
the ferocious disgust pilfers the frail one's blood.

I miss this seditious revelation of your suns  
the fierce intimation, the abandonment for once  
But silence girds what regret should smother  
for in the end there lies no end in my hands or any other's.

I wish I felt torment  
for knowing casts a shade on suns  
expired for all moments  
a comfort that itself outdoes

Whatever Nothing I feel with no utterance it reigns,  
whatever torment prevails, expires me.

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