

[Most of the time I am high on ego. This piece I wrote when feeling small, overwhelmed by the vastness of life itself, and realizing that every breath I take is to destruct the lasting p

Upon seas of starvation
Cast away and confused
Where no beacon can pervade the mist
But I have set sail to harder storms

The wind roars thunder
And whispers the word of wolves
Hunger

Dearest vile
Lay your ears to the voice of the wind
Like a familiar stranger
Who has overstayed his welcome

I craft my doom
The daily world fell dead to me
The seas of starvation flood in my name
I craft my doom and burst into tears

A stream, an ocean, a dead-end in tears

The tongue used in prayer
Makes murder sound so sensual
A kiss with a searing pain
From a mouth that urges oceans to rise

The hopeless sail abandoned
Downwards drowning always deeper
In the blink of an eye swept from the sea