

Untitled

I'm a grenade in God's hands, ready to release and change the universe plans.

I watch the ocean steal the sand and offer it my hope.

Making mental notes with strategic foundations

There's no love and no relation on a life long probation.

Waiting for my own salvation on my knees thinking about days that are wasted.

Dead time with a lost mind is a deadly combination.

Thinking about my childhood but it's gone forever.

I guess it's time for change, better now than never.

No backs turned, I'm walking straight through bad weather.

Heaven or Hell can come get me whenever.

For My Rick

Why do you break my heart?

It took me quite a while

But now I finally realize

You can't change minds with words

And secrets cannot erase lies
I always knew who you were
So why would I give you my heart?
You came at me with a smile
Then tore my world apart
I no longer blame you
I only blame myself
You played with me like a toy
And put me back on the shelf
Somewhere in this blur of love
I lost sight of which I used to be
I don't know the end of you
And the beginning of me

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God's penmanship had not been legible on the most important scrolls.

Ancient artifacts made of fools' gold, curses left to those who stole the last staff of the child pharaoh.

Red rivers run narrow, drink from it to disintegrate bone marrow.

Life is only given to those who chose it.

Hell is given to he who froze it.

Heaven will be his whom closes it.

The Creeping Reaper

As I walk through my deepest memories, my shadow follows.

Food for thought, I never find hard to swallow.

Always know what's next, I try to listen to my heart but it's often hollow.

Conversations with my conscience sometimes gets deep, it seems the devil visits me while I sleep.

Entertaining questions of death while I sleep, entertaining questions of death while the reaper creeps.

Nightmares of my unborn seed wrapped in silk sheets, when I hear thunder I know it's my baby's heart beat.

I'll be there soon.

Mental energy leaves me as I soak in more.

Not scared anymore to knock on Heaven's door.

We are always getting ready to live, but never living.

We need to stop showing hate, and start giving.

We have done so much for so long with so little.

We're now qualified to do anything with nothing.

To me this life's a riddle.

Truth

I found a place where love is invisible and time is a nuisance.

Old memories of castles are now ruins.

Eyes have their own brains ignoring what is seen.

God won't except his own creation unless his soul's clean, arrogant, or stubborn.

Who's in control of their own Heaven?

The real creator is self.

I don't look to the sky for help.

I look into the mirror, gambling with my own hell.

I know a secret, but I won't tell.

So when you pray on judgment day you'll realize your life was Hell.

Your last breath was Heaven.

Mentally Deaf

Complacency is erasing me, while my heart bleeds and my soul weeps.

Where do I see? When will I hear? Does God ignore me because he has fear?

Prayers so far fetched yet simple enough for the common man to understand.

In the hands of the divine, I hide behind the answers I cannot find.

What does it mean? My mind I hope to shine, with the father I yearned to find.

I'm left blind with the gift of uncertainty. So I stand alone but strong, between right and wrong.

Everyday is a song that I hope to one day hear, with hopes of no more tears.

Shadows

My shadow holds all that I am.

To live I'd sacrifice anything.

Hearts of gold get tarnished as the years go by.

I write this in candlelight as the flame reflects the fire in my eye.

Forgiven by Christ but not by thyself.

Life and death no option for anything else.

I sense something wrong, my spirit seems lost.

I've been waiting so long for my veins to defrost...

Is there a price for life and what is the cost?

Freedom so imprisoned by self.

I think of Lady Liberty and I mourn her virginity and meaning.

The country raped her of it, just as existence today stole my spirit.

The strength my shadow holds is far greater than a nation or God.

I am everything so I cannot be destroyed; all these feelings are just decoys.

My shadow is my past, present, and future.

So focused I lose my own train of thought, so deep.

I feel like I dwell in the stomach of the Earth.

I need more understanding of value of self worth to break the vicious cycle of the universe curse.

Time

I swing on hydrogen dipped pendulums.

With frozen eyes I stare through Medusa making her cry, despising all that lies.

Flames come from crippled fingertips.

She's too scared to kiss my lips, too dangerous to love.

I stare and my pair of eyes pierce the air.

No one said life was fair.

Time is still frozen and I don't even care...