

Miserum

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Something hopeless and odd, I can't explain it.

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Dr_Postal/19883/Miserum

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1 - Miserum

Morose.

I do not know, the way to weep
My eyes are shut
My sorrow deep

But somewhere dwell
My unwept tears
Somewhere cold
And somewhere dear

Do not look
I can't look back
My eyes are closed
My vision black

So now
You have to cry for me
Until the day
That I can see.

Get up, now.

Drop the razor
Stop the blood
Stitch the cut
And get out of the mud

Stop that crying
You look weak
The decay from the cuts
Is starting to reek

You make me sick
With what you've done
Given up blood
Rather than run

Look at yourself
You're bloodied and dying
I can even see tears on your face
You've been crying.

Weaver in the Dark.

Hanging curtains
Tangled webs
Darkness spins
The endless threads

All is shrouded
Out of sight
Lost and hidden
From the light

Those who hide it
Won't relent
Their secret places
Can't repent

They guard their world
Beneath the dusk
Under silt
And under dust.

Sleeper in the Mausoleum.

Slow the breath
And chill the blood
Stop the heart
And dull its thud

Close the eyes
And halt the fingers
Shut the door
And slide the lock

No more will the sleeper speak
No more will the sleeper walk
He is still
And cold as rock

Through the ages
He will sleep
Locked in cold
So hard and deep.

Raven on the Grave.

Sitting silent
Eyes are glowing
Filled with laughter
Bright with knowing

Beak wide open
Talons closed
Wings spread wide
Over gravestone old

Raucous squawks
And peels of laughter
Echo far in the hereafter
'Midst the graves at break of day

Songs of dying
Sung this way.

Make it Breathe.

As I struggle
Through the mire
Lungs are bursting
Chest on fire

I look up
And see the light
Above the surface
Near the bight

Fingers clutch
At broken earth
From the dark womb
I am birthed

Crawling naked
Into cold
Gasping wetly
In the mold

Wires and tubes
Obscure my skin
In the cold room I am in
With the men in coats and masks

Holding glowing vials and flasks
Cold hands touch me

And vision fades
One of them says
"look what we've made."