New Page

Restless nights grow

Feeling my unclenched jaw snap close upon my tongue severing me from the world of speaking-lacking the truth only spitting lies

A weary knight

Who licks his wounds deepened by the despair of fallen comrades, no tears of mourning will wake them.

Growing blight

Plagued with rage and drunken hatred-reckless anger in gluttonous hunger, all consumed by malaise..

An eternal fight with oneself

Grabbing that knife on the shelf.

We see eye to eye… flying daggers and wounds open

Blood spilled, willing to lose everything for a token.

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