

SOULLESS

BY: ANTHONY F. ESPOSITO

SOULLESS LONELINESS

FROWN UPON DEAD LEAVES

WITHERED IN SORROW

UPON A SUNKEN BROW

INSTILLED BACTERIA DECOMPOSING

NEVER MOURNED

SPECTRAL PARTICLES

OF MEANINGLESS EXISTENCE

MORPHING DARKNESS INTO PLAINS OF FLAMES

AND VALLEYS OF SHADOWS BECOMING SCORCHED EARTH

INDOMITABLE APOCALYPSE

THE DAWN OF THE END AND A JOURNEY

UPON WHAT WAS AND IS NOW

THESE OLD WOODS ARE BATTERED

AS IF THEY NEVER MATTERED

CREEPING AND FALLING

IT'S HERE OFTEN

PORTIONS TAPED OFF

THE REST COLLAPSING IN THE DISTANCE

YET STILL HAS ONE UP

CAUSE YOU FEAR IT

AND IT WILL CONSUME YOU
IT'S ART IN THE FLESH
AND AS ALWAYS,
YOU'RE TOO STUPID TO REALIZE WHAT'S REAL
BUT THESE OLD WOODS WILL FADE AWAY
IN THIS MOONLIGHT SERENADE
EMPTINESS REPLACES THE SOUL.
IN THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT
A SHIVER FROM FRIGHT
THERE IS A MELANCHOLY TONE
IT FREEZES ALL AND GROWS
WITHIN THE MIST
LAYS DEATH
THE MOST EAGER CRITTER YET
PROMISING SOMETHING
HORRIBLY NOTHING.
SICK AND DEMON LIKE
CREEPY CREATURE OF THE NIGHT
DESPISED BY ALL OF KNOWN LIFE
GUESS THAT'S THE NATURE OF THE FIGHT
AN ANCIENT MYSTERY OF THE NIGHT
GODLY LIKE YET FULL OF TRIFE
MINDFUL FLIGHT
A WILL OF MIGHT

WHO JUST MIGHT

SEEK A THRILL TO KILL

TONIGHT

A SPARK OF LIGHT

THAT INSPIRES FRIGHT

TO ALL ALIKE

YOU DIE TONIGHT