

Now is the hour of our discontent.  
With voices cold, chill then our eyes to grey.  
Awake the fire within this deathly pit  
Of which the light you shine cannot condense.  
Your words are wounds I keep to convince me  
That you are not my guide through dark and sin.  
As poison flows, so does your flippant hair  
Which oozes thick and pours unto this mud.  
Upon my words I'll choke a thousand times  
Before I know that life is not your touch.  
And with these tears I'll drown myself to sleep  
Before I wake to feel them stream again.  
I hate how I am mocked by my own heart;  
Encage it tight with bounds that to my ribs  
Gives no regard. For love is not its job.  
An expert I am not, I do concede  
Yet here, I feel that lust to me is kind;  
To starve on falsities is not for me.  
To dine on scraps is thus henceforth my choice;  
So here is my problem. Or so to speak.  
And fine I am to stand and take my share  
Of blame myself for all my own regrets  
Or chances missed and losing known promise.  
A fool would grasp that hope which now has failed  
To try and burn the embers in the ash.  
But who will keep the battered hope just freezing?  
The one who has just nothing else to keep.