5-1-2006

Just Some Harmless Killing

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JUST SOME HARMLESS KILLING

Daniel Hues

Now it’s time to go and make a bunch of poor choices,  
And when it’s all over I’ll just blame it on the voices.  
Is that irresponsible?

I speak of blood and death  
Because it’s all that suffices the voices in my head,  
Screaming with a blackened breath  
For me to reach out my hand and embrace the dead,  
Decaying in the skin of regret,  
Has no one perished in their stead?  
“Do not stop until the fire is fed,”  
My voices said,  
Fear being their only threat,  
But I am not among them yet!

I speak of pain and sorrow  
Because it’s all that the voices allow me to say  
For those impatient for tomorrow.  
They threaten that there is no new day—  
“Burn the bodies until only ashes remain,”  
The shrill whispers in my ears relay.  
I feel so alone, for they don’t allow me to pray,  
They just stay.  
The stab wounds in my back  
Aren’t the source of my pain.

I speak of lies and slander  
Because the voices compel my lips to spew  
Resin from false candor,  
A smile to defile what you thought to be true,  
A thorn among the hearts of the lost.  
The same flame cannot resurrect anew  
A freshly-branded blade to cut you through.  
I’m killing you.
The wrath of these voices is like a winter frost,
Blood adorning the snow from those double-crossed.
The vengeance of these voices is unforgiving,
I could silence them, but I desire to remain among the living.