

The Lurking Thing

Trapped in darkness, frozen in time;
It breaks all reason, it refuses all rhyme.
It begins as decay, as bitterness and shame;
And ends with numbness, with oneself to blame.

Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide;
It is always lurking, watching from inside.
With a will so strong and a grip so tight,
No end is near, no end is in sight.

Bound in confusion, frozen in despair;
The mind holds no joy, lost in disrepair.
It begins as a flicker, as a thought out of sight;
And ends with a desire, with a yearning for the light.