

It's Over

It's dark.

A crackle, a creak, a croak.
The coward from a creed of carnage,
closing towards vestige.

It's incoherent.

Drum battered bitterly—broken yet beating.
Bent by a skull-shaped chasm.
Benevolence bleached with realism.

It's terrifying.

Heart bubbling with molten red rancor.
Realization ready to retire.
Rejection of restlessness and empire.

It's comforting.

No one told me it would be so warm.

- Tayseer