

Let the Demons Come Out to Play

Bloodshot sleepless eyes,
Wet with tears,
Driven by the darkest fears,
Smile at the thought of finally
Letting the demons come out to play...
I truly have no say,
In the matter, anyway.

So all I can relay is...
When the darkest angels come knocking,
Driven by the tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick tocking,
They come to play at the moments of weakness,
Driven by the healthy hellful sickness,
That sleeps, and seeps, and creeps...
Out of me.

They dance and meander, laugh and slander,
All that I was
Not.
The naivety in me was a dream I suppose,
A story I told myself in safe repose,
But they knew and know,
It was all a lie.

What drives all this out of me, ask you?
Time, I suppose, tiredness, I suppose, weakness, too?
Or is that all the rounds fired are finally landing,
And looking around I feel the guilt of the one last standing?
Watching everything else burn to the ground,
And accepting that it is me, the demons, playing, have finally found.

So here I am sitting in the dim, dim darkness,
Watching demons play in my grim, grim starkness.
Taking another shot of courage,
As my hopes hemorrhage and future of discouragement
Collect on a numbing mind.
Dig any deeper and you'll see this is all you'll ever find,
In me.

Said the slithering leader of the demon crew,
"Are you ready to go?"
"Ready to play?"
"Ready to sow?"
"Let come what may?"
I'm blindly smiling now, dancing with them all,
It's the demons dancing, and I've answered their call.