

The Macabre Masterpiece: Repressed

Chapter 1: Crypt

Edge of Insanity

Dust and ash brush across the room
the smell of brimstone and firewood
the empty space of loneliness
echoes heard throughout the corridor
into a place without an object or being
Feelings of hysteria fill the air
As well as gloom and a deep sense of dread
The dirt blows with a strong wind
It's as if corruption took place here
And whatever was here still lingers
Stairs are stained, windows broken
Floor boards cracked, doors wide open
The scene is as its depicted to be
complete silence on the edge of insanity

Skullsplitter

It puts the damage on the head
or else it gets confused again
Fluids that leak out of the brain
Like water going down a clogged drain
The error of man is not that he bleeds
But it is this error to which a psycho needs
The body from the bottom all the way to the top
When bludgeoned or broken there is but a pop
But thy cranium is the most cherished part
To a psycho who longs to create art
For a large or sharp tool is but the brush
the psycho savors the moment not to be rushed
Remember those big jawbreaker candies?
Where you always wish you had a hammer handy
The candy or a psycho which one's more bitter?
A nutcracker for your head its called the skullsplitter

Temple of Madness

You look it over in astonishment
Before the adventure can begin
Go ahead and light the torch
And make your way in
You'll notice the old stone walls
Where cobwebs and skeletons lie
An echo of screams in the distance
Then a loud horrendous cry
Now you proceed with caution
Not knowing what to expect
You see and hear death all around you
But there's really nothing to detect
Something suddenly touches you
But you turn and just see blackness
Then all around you see padded white
In your very own temple of madness

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