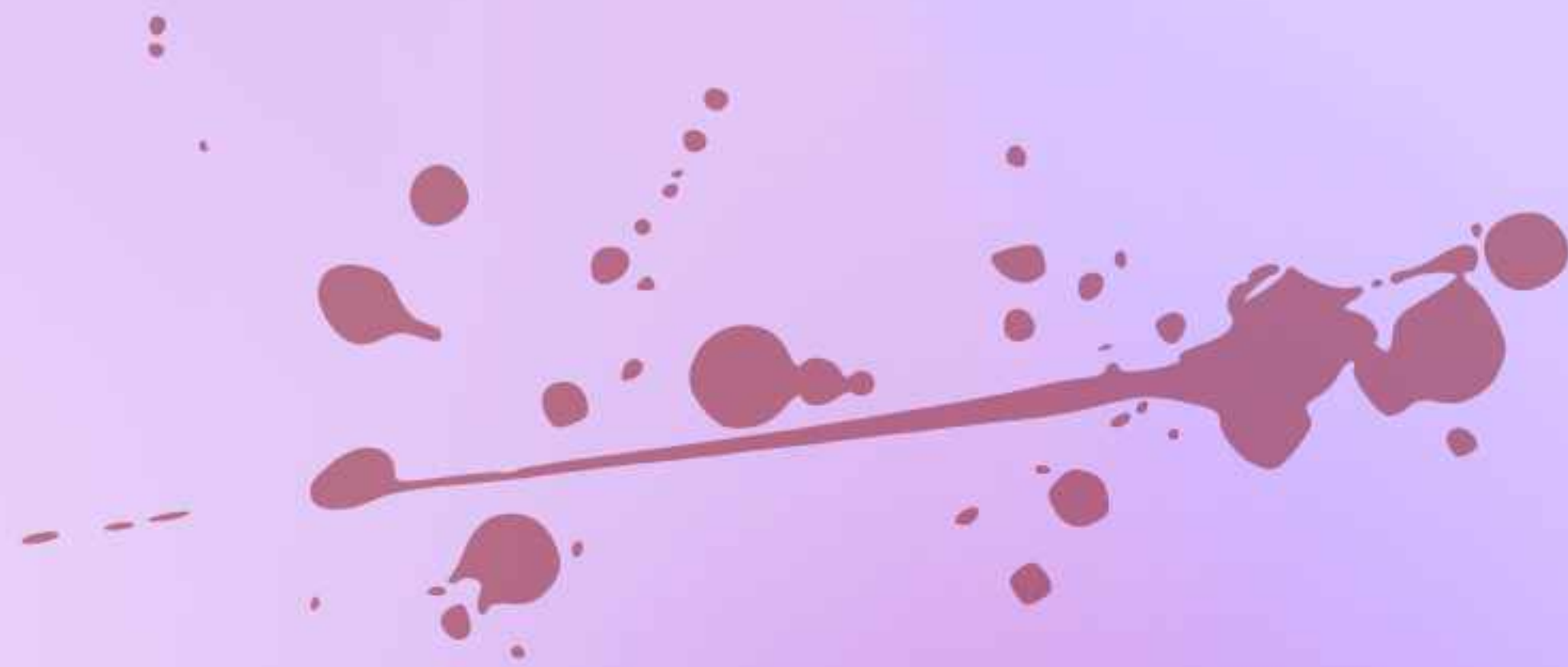


NADIM SADAKA

AURA

PROLOGUE



*we're all just broken body parts,
floating around in an endless sea of misery.
every waking morning and every dying night,
our tears are tried by the Sun God,
and our fears are devoured by the Sea Goddess.
to be broken is unacceptable,
every crack in our shell is deemed to be weak,
and we are torn apart to find what we seek,
even if it's happiness at the darkest hour,
even if it's ending up like a bloodstained flower.*

*I have no life left to live,
they've taken everything away from me,
they told me that I would heal,
and become better,
but all they've done is destroy me
with every beautiful lie,
all they've done is cast
darkness and chaos into my sky,
and dig deeper into my bleeding wound.*

*I cannot escape,
every part of me is bound to this wretched place,
I cannot sleep without seeing his haunting face,
that subterranean mass of wickedness and greed,
that possessive stare that whispers 'you belong to me'.*

*they're approaching and I fear that my time is near,
and so I begin to write that letter of warning...*

*if you're reading this,
run and don't look back.*

*I hope that you're stronger than me,
and won't be tempted by their sweet lullabies,
and their false sense of belonging,
they'll tell you that they're going to help you heal,
but they're merely wearing you down to earn your trust,
all to make you blind
and infiltrate your state of mind.*


*a sacrifice is made every summer,
and they need a perfect vessel,
but don't let them take you,
don't let them awaken what lurks beneath*

*it's time for this to end,
but not by their hands,
by mine.*


*I looked at the water below,
and decided that it was time for me to go,
my chariot to peace is here ...*

Heartbreak Hotel

*what was the silver lining for this love?
was it the staircase we built to the stars above?
the prospect of a brighter flame?
or the way you whispered my name?
only to tell me that I needed to be a better man,
bear the weight of you,
and run through quicksand,
all to prove my worth.
at the start of this bruised fairytale,
I only wanted to kiss you in the dark,
in the hopes that you wouldn't notice my scars,
but after countless nights in the underpass,
you grew impatient,
and cracked apart my bandaged hourglass,
and walked right into my insecurities,
the most glaring form of immaturity.
that should've been the day I left on my own,
but I stayed because I refused to be alone,
and for the months that passed,
every day felt like the last.*



*our private love was a dying breed,
but I planted and watered a cautionary seed,
a tale of broken promises,
and a longing for a perfect love,
because you had said 'forever'
but left at 'enough',
I had said that word
when being with you was too much,
and it was only then that you
lit the chamber in my heart,
and told me that you
forever wanted to be in my arms,
but it was far too late
for you to dust off this frame,
I had served my wounds justice,
all by erasing your name.*



now I'm at the heartbreak hotel,
but I still remember fragments,
lines of our night at the highway motel,
were for a second,
looking into your starlit eyes,
I was happy,
and thinking of how we could try,
but then you splashed your
true colors all over our potrait,
ran me over like a violet daydream,
and left me gaping for air.

I gave you everything
and you gave me nothing
but a permanent scar,
I told you my story but you packed it away
and threw it in the back of your car,
I regret every moment of it.

I lost her to you,
and you lost me to him,
you drenched yourself in fiery sin,
how did it get this way?

*they're telling me that someone is waiting for
me on the balcony,
a woman that can help me,
aid me as I wash away your stain,
she'll be there at half past seven,
but can we stay till eleven?
then dance through midnight,
and watch the sun rise,
and swallow the island in a shade of yellow,
and be painted in a feeling so mellow.
isn't a man like me supposed to dream?
or is he supposed to spend
his life in constant agony?
thinking of lucid things that
only come to those who win,
strike luck in the lotto of life,
and maybe find a token of a wife,
a sun-kissed seashell lost after a beachside
fight.*

it's time for me to lock our broken love away.

We All Fall Down

*I thought about that day under an autumn sky,
where I must've seen a better life,
in my reflection in a lonesome pond,
and realised that there could be somewhere beyond,
a paradise I could escape to,
and it was a promising vision
that was daringly sublime,
and nothing promising is ever worth the goodbye.
it was only right to pack my bags
and leave the mainland,
wave goodbye to some of my friends,
but can I even call them that,
when they've to call me back?
and I can't help but feel a sense of grief,
and feel an urge and longing need
to bury my past in a sand grave,
because it took all I ever gave,
and I've been repaid in the worst possible way
with a permanent scar
and a briefcase full of tears.*

*moving on is easier said than done,
and when their faces and their feelings occupy the
footnotes of your life,
the hardest part has only just begun,
and you'll soon become engaged to an eternal strife.
everyone told me to heal but
they didn't tell me how,
and I've found myself in the midst of the sea and
under storm clouds,
acknowledging that we all fall down,
and drop our jeweled crown,
but we can build our own railing to lean on,
find an uncharted piece of homeland where I could
belong.*

*I wish I could trace my fingers over my byline,
and write a better fate to my life,
free myself from an ambiguous ending,
where my sorrow weighed me down and I would
eventually drown,
but my hurting vessel is never found and the cries
for peace are the only sound,
the only words that anyone will ever hear again.*

YOU ARE THE REASON THE SPRING OF MY SEASON

*you were the daylight in my darkened sky,
you were there for me,
more than words could justify,
you were there to sketch over my pain,
and you were the gasoline to my wild flame.*

*every road we ever drove,
to take us to a forgotten grove,
reminded me how lucky I was
to have you as my friend,
as you brought every feeling
of sorrow to a sudden end.*

*and then we were packing your
bags on a summer day,*

preparing for you to move away,

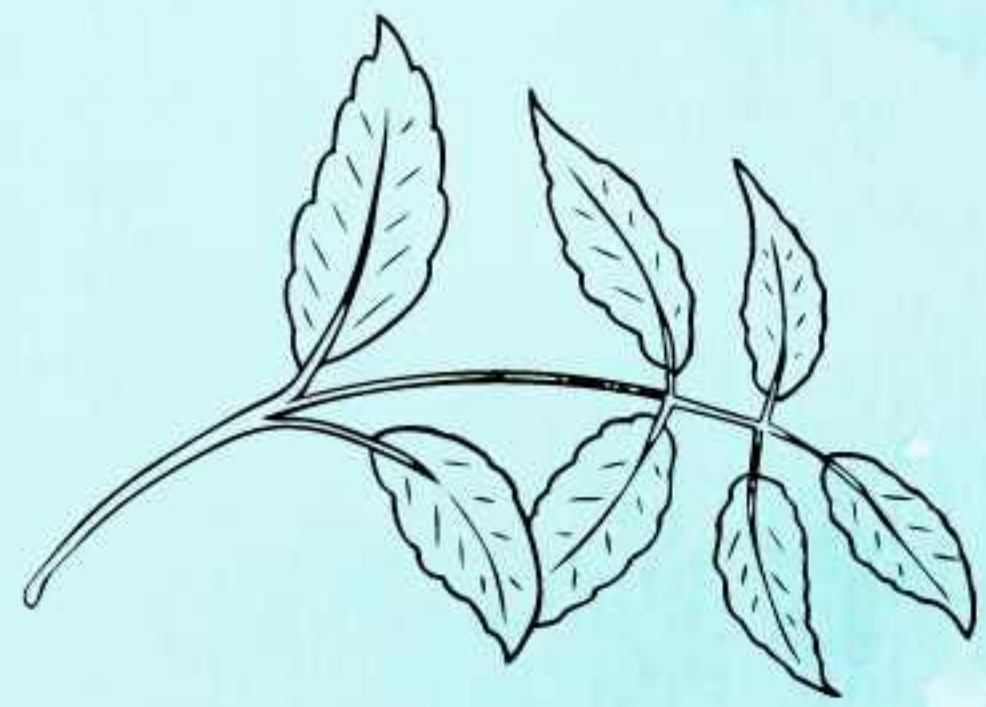
write the next page in the story of your life.

it was difficult for me to accept that you'd be gone,

but you put your hand on my shoulder,

and told me that this brotherhood would live on,

even if we were worlds apart.



*you were the reason, the spring of my season,
the glue that held my final
strand of happiness together,
the water that ran straight
to my mind that would often wither,
and I continued because of you.*

*as the air of reflection covers this windswept island,
I can do nothing but remain silent,
listen to the better sounds of my past.*

*I miss you,
but when I get better,
I promise we'll meet again.*

CRYSTAL CLEAR

*on the sunrise of the third day,
my body and mind had decided to stay,
bathe in the everlasting glow of recounting my
lullabies to anyone who would listen,
and feeling the serenity that came with telling them
that I would eventually gleam and glisten.
like the face of a polished crystal,
everything is becoming clear,
I can hear the faint screams in the distance mixed
with a brutal wave of ocean wind,
but I've yet to question the
imperfections of this hypnotic locale,
and as the pieces of my future
begin to fall into place,
I can't help but look onto my past with a royal gaze,
as I will be the one to dictate my fate,
but the sun and the sun will help me along the way,
to turn my weeping wounds into battle scars.

but a touch of uncertainty lingers in the air ...*

SLEEPING BY THE SEA

*this dagger in me continues to
seek deeper by the hour,
every wound is like water to
the foundation of my weakened tower,
and as I lay on the blankets of the sea,
I question whether one would
term this moment as infidelity?
does the man in the mirror
not wish for me to turn this stone?
does he desire for me to lay numb in the forest
and cold to the bone?
I can never tell.
at one stage of this photo album,
there was no battlefield,
and my corridors were as pure as platinum.
there were no torn curtains to cover my windows,
but now every part of me is hidden
in a mass of shadows.*

I remember the very first night,
the hours that I spent on the bathroom floor,
staring at my reflection in the
fragments of a broken mirror,
I hadn't felt that way before before,
the end had never felt nearer.
I had written a note to myself from myself,
writing that I could emerge,
be free from this self-inflicted hell,
and see a new light,
and I lived and breathed those words
until I became the centerfold of sorrow,
and now I question if this beautiful sea will engulf
me or I'll live to see tomorrow.
as I lay sleeping by the sea,
I can feel every torment of the wretched mainland
swimming towards me,
but then I heard the sweet sound
of the people calling to me,
they were going to help ...

H I G H

*they told me that a shroom could be my muse,
a subtle compliment to the island view,
a palette for my coastal canvas,
an embodiment of disenchantment,
the sword to my broken shield,
a forbidden feeling that I could yield,
to create a facade that I was alive,
be carried away by the dying tide.*

they had whispered in my ear,

‘what you see,

you cannot fear’

*the shroom was worshipped like a golden idol,
the colors glistened and it was like a bridle,
a force that kept them in an indigo spell,
spinning endlessly on an emotional carousel.
they brought it to me on a golden platter,
told me that it would remove the emotions,
and the memories that didn’t matter,
seal the wounds from my faded past,
and lay me down on a different path.*

is it wrong that I wanted to try?
or is it because I was about to be high?
soaring away with the summer sky.
remember when you said I was lost,
living life without a cause,
I thought you were delusional to even judge,
when you're stuck in the bustling city,
without a touch of self-love.
but if you asked,
I could tell you what they told me,
before I reluctantly gave in,
to what felt like a sweet and savoury sin.



'you could get high with the summer sky,
feel the bliss trickle down your left thigh,
hear the sun recite a tainted lullaby,
and dance through the fluorescent night'



it started off slow,

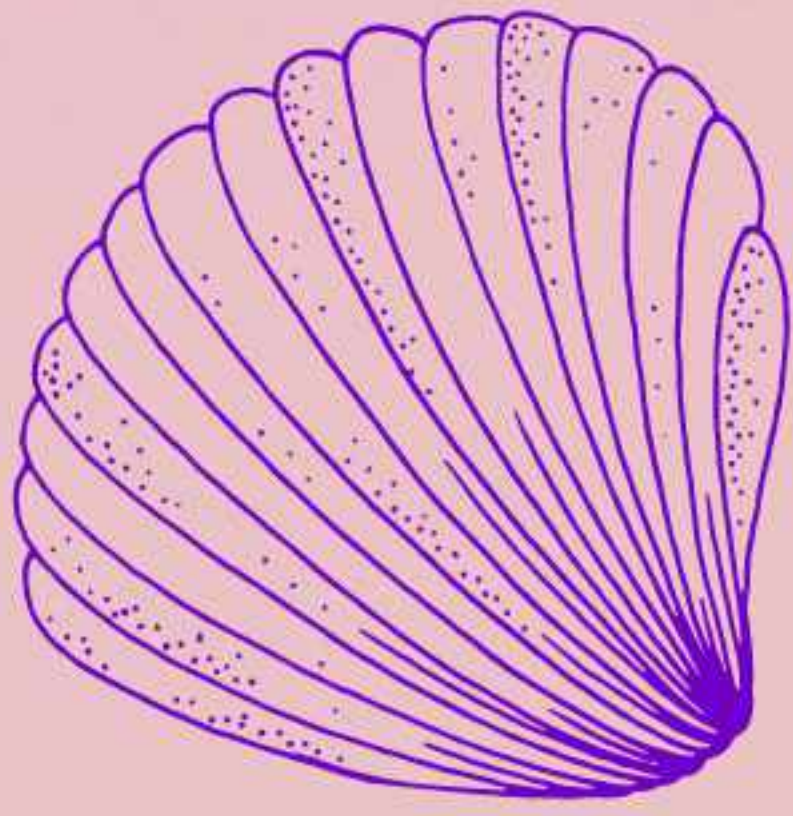
*I could feel the blood against my bones,
and that's when I felt her hand around my neck,
pinning me down on the silver sand.*

*without hesitation or even distress,
she plunged her fist into my chest,
and ripped my heart out.*

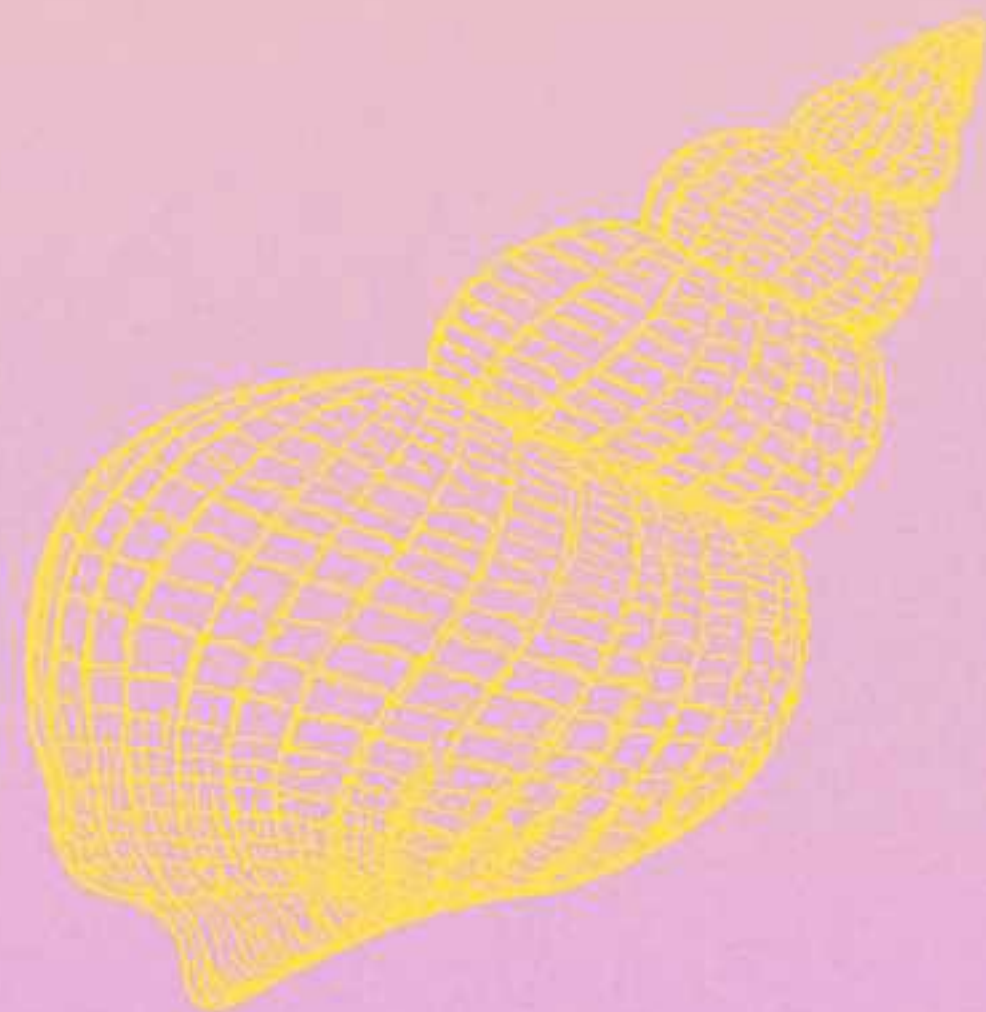
*as she held it up in the light,
the blood dripped down from the scars of my life,
showing me the constant pain I had been doused in,
just waiting for the match to strike.*

*before I could begin to even contemplate,
allow this experience to resonate,
she dug her claws into my eyes,
and I could hear the bolt of lightning erupt in the sky,
causing her to release her grip,
and that's when I felt my conscience slip.*

*I could feel no pain,
only my hands digging into the soft and wet terrain.*



*I had laid there like a washed-up bottle with a note,
a message about this supposed antidote,
was all that a dream or a glimmer of hope?
or another wound of this tiresome island trope.
I could never be a healer of the eternal gloom,
or a dealer of the coastal shroom,
I'm just a boy with a dream,
of true happiness and love meant for me.*



FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

*she was my first flame and we burned so bright,
we played a sensual game
and I fell for her on that first night.
every moment in each others' eyes,
our spark would shine brighter
than a summer swarm of fireflies.
there was a time and place for us to thrive,
and between us both,
we had never felt more alive.
swimming through the streams of love,
you filled me up with your golden touch,
and showered my world
with stardust from your wings,
I felt like the night I held you in the rain
was the beginning of beautiful things.
our connection wasn't clandestine
and we showed it all,
and when the universe was crumbling down,
we both took the fall.*

but then one day,
the vines of our forested heart
paved us different paths,
where to grow,
we needed to be alone.
you must've followed through,
because I felt no pain until my heart
was captured by the woman of the night,
and the rest is history.
but how could I forget you?
how could I forget the way
we left no footprints in the sand?
all because our love was light
and free from baggage.

Abandoned / Happiness

*my presence could be deemed as outlandish,
like mixed palettes splashed on a coastline canvas,
it was strong and mighty,*

but doubt still clouded my fragile psyche.

*I was delusional to think I could run from what I
was,*

*burn those heartfelt pages without a probable cause,
maybe I was frightened by the poetry that lived
inside me,*

*a fractured memory of no one standing beside me.
silently weeping on an empty shore,*

*I've come to unearth a sense of rapport,
a connection between my past and my present,
a realisation of the unavoidable malcontent,
towards myself and my boundaries,
towards my heart and my memories.*



*I've tried to cry but no tears will fall,
so I douse my scars with alcohol,
to feel an emotion of any kind,
to remind me that there is something by my side,
the feeling of pain.*

*I let out a scream because no one's about,
taste a sting with an ocean breeze,
and suffer a comfort drought.*

*I see the footprints I've left in the sand,
and realise I'm miles away
from my peaceful woodland,
where I sleep with the stars in a dreamland,
and tell myself 'I will and I can'.*

*I sit in the middle of a torn canvas,
and drench myself in a bout of sadness,
realising that I abandoned myself,
when I needed myself the most.*



every time I've cried to myself,
I've tried to picture what happiness meant to me.
and as I sat around these people on this
warm island night,
I thought about what had happened
to me as I was high,
I lost control,
but maybe that's what I needed,
maybe I had made all the wrong decisions
and had pleaded,
for something to come along my way,
and defog my darkest day.
but will this make me happy?



PALM TREE

as I laid silently under the shade of the palm tree,

I wondered what godforsaken

legacy was waiting for me,

if I was to be swept away by the brutal tide,

what would I leave besides the

fractured heart that lives inside?

I have my writings,

but they're too painful to be observed,

they'd only remind me of

the basic happiness that I deserved.

I never would ask for much,

I only longed for the things I couldn't touch,

so that I couldn't taint them with my scarred hands,

even though I've tried to wash

the blood away in the waters of many lands,

what else will it take?

I used to etch my name in every tree I brushed past,

just so I could be happy that something held me.

SERENITY

*he was levitating over an open flame,
a sight that one would call an 'unholy shame'.
there was a certain texture of dread in the night sky,
and I could now hear the chants coming from nearby,
and it was being spoken in another tongue.
there was the sound of rustling leaves and a distinct
scream,
and it was all beginning to feel like a dream,
mixed with a visceral nightmare.
as I lay by the window looking out at the shore,
the moon had shone on the brochure I had pinned to
the front door,
it read 'you'll find serenity, you'll get better'.
as I continued to remain silent,
the sounds lessened,
but my thoughts grew violent.*



*I became unsure whether I was
really going to get better,
and whether this sense of impending doom
was merely an afterthought.
I felt like the prey to a hunter and that somehow
comforted me,
I felt wanted,
and that may have brought me brief moments of
serenity.*



SAGITTARIUS SUNSHINE

*the common sight of my own blood would remind me
that I was alive,
and not a lonely shard of someone who was completed
and had a will to survive.*

*I remember that twelfth month and how the summer
sun would expose my scars to those who had gathered
around me,*

like spectators in a jester's court.

*it was supposed to be my time to run among the
raging waves and feel the water*

nourish my many graves,

the clouded cemetery that breathed inside of me

and held all my worries and woes,

those stabbing memories like the thorns of a rose.

everything about those moments cut deeper than the

blade I used to carve away the pain,

those moments in the sunshine

were supposed to be my chance to start a clean slate.

*I had all these people around me,
but barely one could care whether I remained
on the soil of this earth or not.
but now the sunshine seems to fulfill my roots,
it's becoming a rush rather than a ruin,
and as I stood by the shoreline,
I noticed the human remains that are lightly buried
in the black sand,
but I wish to get better so I turn a blind eye,
and stare aimlessly at the bleeding sky.*

DEEP BLUE

*"the deep blue sea could swallow me and I would thank it,
the salt that trickles through the
oceanic particles could pierce my wounds,
but I would refuse to ever quit"
I plan to say these words one day,
I don't plan to always stay this way,
bobbing in the grasp of the sea as my emotional weight
weighs me down and the pollution that clings to my back
continues to eat away at my essence.
I could scream and no one could hear me,
this is the way it's supposed to be,
not screaming for help and ignored,
even when they wander foolishly alongside me.
the lungs of the deep blue sea could fill me with a feeling
that no therapy could provide.
I want nothing more than to become one with this vicious
tide,
and command the ocean to wash away the stains I find
difficult to remove,
as they're attached to a memory I find difficult to erase.*

A BREEZE

*soaking wet and still reeling from that
beautiful venture into the arms of the sea,*

*I collapsed onto the floor of my room
and thought back to that night up in the oak tree,
where it was just me and the moon,
talking about how I would be leaving soon.*

*she must've given me her blessing
as I felt a quaint breeze brush across my cheek,
and the stars whispered for me to collect what I seek,
and return here on a familiar night to share my prize
with the symphony of the sky.*

*I wished to tell her of my time on the island,
and so I made my way over to the window and opened it,
but was met with a violent breeze,
one that slashed into my skin.*

*after brief moments of struggle,
I looked to the sky through teary eyes
but was met with an empty abyss,
neither the moon or the stars were
there to wave at me through a constellation.
something was very wrong.*

TOPAZ / MYSTICAL

*you gave me a topaz four weeks after we met,
I'd wear it around my neck and close to my chest,
so that everytime my heart would skip a beat,
I'd be reminded that you were the one
holding the rope under my feet.*



she.

she colours the faded lines I struggle to hold in.

*she is a gemstone,
a violet force,
announcing your existence with every breath you take.*

*you are the forests that weep and whisper,
all in one single beat,
unified with rhythm that will give but shall never take.*

*you are the dream that speaks in magical tongues,
you are the aura that everyone wishes to worship,
and you are the enigma that passes by.*

*I wish I could describe this feeling.
I would run out of words.
I would become silent and distant if I was forced to
describe the beauty that lurked
in the corners of my earth,
if I spoke more of it,
the feeling would tear,
and become old and weary.
it's a feeling that sticks,
and follows you with every turn you take.
but if I could use one word,
I would.*

I would call it 'mystical'.

ENCHANTED

*their medicine is magic,
a silky liquid that runs down my spine,
purifying my story that is so eventfully tragic,
and enchants this world of mine.*

*they blew stardust into my eyes,
and told me to ignore the 'visual lies',
of the ritual and the remains I had seen.*

*I can feel my heartache subside
and a mystic energy infiltrate the fortress inside,
flooding every room with a violet glow,
followed by the stroking of my skin by fingertips that
were as cold as snow.*

I can see nothing but bliss and feel nothing but warmth.

*I am enchanted,
like a fractured fable made whole,
like an old vessel gifted a new soul,
but why does this feel temporary?
why does this feel like February?
where for one day we put our demons aside,
and drove off into the blinding sky,
only to crash and burn days later.*

*I am enchanted for now,
but what will happen when my sanity gives out,
and I succumb to the treacherous hell
that continues to grow,
and become antagonised by their rotting faces,
blaming me for sending them to wicked places.*

MY MIND

have you ever been lost in the maze of your mind?

have you ever felt your sanity

slipping through the sands of time?

my mind is a delicate relic that cannot be contained,

my mind is a supernatural cascade

that cannot be explained.

it is a fragment that has aided and

abetted my uprisings and my downfalls,

it is a dangerous construct that

has trapped me within white walls,

and tormented me with a fantasy

that beckons to be fulfilled.

the mind can be a light that is so divine,

and turn the darkest corridors into evergreen halls,

so why does mine continue to deface my internal shrine?

no one has entered my mind and made it out alive,

they become overwhelmed with depression

and loose the will to survive.

*have you ever lost consciousness and
awoken in a broken world?*

*have you ever realised that you will
always be the shell to a shining pearl?*

*this mind of mine is a poison that won't seep through,
this mind of mine is a notebook that cannot erase you.*

D R I N K S

how many drinks is enough to escape my infected mind?

how many drinks is enough for me to

cross over to the darker side?

the seashells had spoken of two factions that lived on

each corner of this tropical haven,

with every worshippers' heart painted as black as the

feathers of a midnight raven,

and yet I remained a lonesome wanderer

in the midst of it all.

there was rage inside of me but the bitterness was

splashed away by a drink,

and I looked closely at the glass and pondered,

will this miniscule flood of alcoholic arrows be enough to

help me think?

cough up my sorrow all over the bathroom sink?

and collapse like I did when I knew my second flame

could burn out,

and that I could remain lonely forever.

AFTER DAWN

*as the daylight retreats into the backdrop
of the indigo night,
my vision and a question slowly begin to unite,
what happens after dawn?
when everything has gone quiet,
and someone has killed the island fawn,
do we dance around the naked flames?
do we feast upon the bloodied remains?
do we spread our love and self-proclaim,
that we will be rescued from this dreadful demise?
ignore the terror that we can see with our own eyes?
carve their symbols into our innocent skin?
burn our ears so that we may listen?
is this a ritual or a chance to belong?
is this the time to march along to their possessive song?
and feel every fibre of my body turn to stone.*

*if this is the path,
why does it feel like falling?
why does it feel like the unspeakable is calling?
waiting for me to walk into the crosshairs, a
nd ruin me when I least expect it.
the dawn is a beautiful and bloodied mess,
and I must confess,
I enjoy it.*

Stardust

*blinding by stardust is an experience that no other
supplement can provide,
the temporary impairment of vision
as you stare into her third eye,
maybe not as damaged as you,
or as ruined as you,
but just as swept away by the idea of you.
you lie on that blanket as you stare into the eyes of the one
you call 'home',
you stroke her cheek and tell her that she's allowed your
feelings to roam,
and prance about in bleeding infrastructures,
towers that you built for her that are so painfully in love.*

*you remind her that she mystified you
and fixated your gaze,
and tell her that when the royal pieces of
the palace fall into place,
you'll take her by the hand and dance around like two
lovestruck souls in the golden halls,
and promise to not run when the curtain falls,
revealing that this was nothing
more than a tragic masterpiece,
destined to fail like a boat without a sail,
as you both knew that these currents
were too strong for the love to thrive,
and breathing and walking on
stardust is something difficult to describe,
especially when someone has taken you into their view,
and sprinkled their thoughts and stories all over you.*

GETTING BETTER

*they're telling me that I'm getting better,
at ignoring the things that do not matter,
like the memories etched into my mainland,
every painful scar that was self-inflicted
or made by others.*

*I feel stronger,
and almost able to haunt them for the
state of trauma they threw me in,
I know I'm expected to forgive,
but how can I do that when I can't exactly forget?
the mass of rage that boils inside needs to be released,
one way or another.*



I'm out of tongue-in-cheek,

I'm out of words to speak,

I'm sick of not being the person I'm supposed to be.

just when they thought that they were done with me,

like an author to faded imagery,

they'll be washed up on this island beach,

and I'll show them how cruel I can be,

I'll rip them apart and throw their

broken bodies into the bleeding sea,

maybe this is what I've become.

LET GO

*it's hard for me to let go when I am the one
watering the seeds that they sow,
feeding the notion that their words
are like arrows to my comfort,
bludgeoning the temple that is my body and mind,
poisoning the river stream that runs across my cheek,
and my tears begin taste like the salt of the sea.*

*it should be time for me to let go
and tear apart that chain with my teeth,
cutting them off will only lead me back to them,
like the regeneration of a dying creature,
like a vicious and damaging cycle.*

THE SIREN'S SONG

*her voice is like silk and a drug to my system,
it's so easy to sit by the shore and listen,
bathe myself in that sensual melody,
one that has never been sung so heavenly.*

I AM YOUR SAVIOUR

some put their trust in the manic ocean wave,

learnt secrets of the sea,

that they'd promise to take to the grave.

some danced about in the blaze of the setting sun,

let their fears catch fire and watch their enemies run.

it was all too strange to choose one of the two,

it felt too easy when they whispered,

'this will heal you'.

those memorable words had been spoken before,

only this time,

I had chosen to explore,

unearth the possibility that my time had come,

to march into the fiery sun,

or dive into the sinking lungs.

a once-perfect dichotomy divided into two.

*but among the temptation and constant condemnation,
another force was brewing in the storm,
a man with a face that could not be described,
he spoke in a tongue that could barely be transcribed.*

*but for a second,
I could make out a few words,
'I ... AM ... YOUR ... SAVIOUR'*

People of the Deep

*they worshipped the depth of the seas,
by dropping to both knees,
and praying for her to wash away their weakness,
but drench them in a serpentine sweetness,
a dangerous and alluring charm
that entranced those around them,
possessed the vulnerable down to their stem,
and drew them to the mouth of the ocean,
where seduction awaited.*

*the people of the deep were flooded
with an overwhelming thirst for pain,
they enjoyed watching the innocent
squirm in the hands of the sea again and again,
thrashing about as they were eyed by the oceanic serpents
that lurked from afar.*

*they would gather by the edge of the beach,
and speak in an unrecognisable form of speech,
and would offer drops of blood into the blue
and watch as it became one with the water.*

People of the Blaze

*every summer,
the sky would erupt and send down fiery angels to become
one with the people of the blaze.
their charred robes and the carved symbol of the sun
on their right hand was their image,
and their cold smile and hypnotic stare
could pierce through glass.
they believed in the power of the sun,
a weapon to burn everything to a crisp,
but also a temple to revive them.
their hunger for conquest and control led to
bloodshed and an air of destruction.
they craved the idea of burning flesh,
and practiced the tradition of setting
themselves alight and skipping alongisde the sand,
calling for him to exalt them,
bless them,
and make them whole.*

HALLUCINATION

*it's becoming harder to tell what is real and what is not,
every time I close my eyes,
I wake up feeling distraught.
every step I take forward,
I take two steps back.
there's a dreadful beauty to what I'm feeling
and a part of me doesn't want it to end,
but there's also a majestic horror to the idea
of seeming to get better,
but still rotting,
and that is difficult to comprehend.*

LEAD ME

*I lay these flowers down at the grave of my old soul,
my time amongst the darkness has taken a permanent toll,
a tainted blow to what I think about this world.*

*no longer do I see things in screaming color,
every shade of the neon horizon continues to grow duller.*

*I've become hypnotised by the thought of corruption,
I burn every emotion before it reaches my heart,
and dream about destruction.*

*I'm stepping onto a dangerous path,
a cobblestone stroll that has taken me so far,
and into the mouth of madness.*

*they've offered to lead me,
hold my hand as I trek through this forbidden land,
promise to conceal me and protect me from myself.*

AURA

I can't do this.

I can't let myself become something I'm not.

they're turning me into a creature

I refuse to look at in the mirror,

a shameful byproduct of my darkest dreams.

even when I was hurting,

I still gave it my all,

and smiled.

but now,

all I want is to deal the same pain that I've been dealt,

and it's eating me away on the inside.

they've ruined me and I've failed to acknowledge it,

they want to lead me but how can I be led?

I would rather be a lone wanderer than a

mindless vessel in a large crowd.

I can't do this anymore,

what remains of my aura needs to be saved.