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On the edge of insanity

I confess, I indulge in it

The violent mania, the screaming, the loss of reason

I'm drawn to chaos and suffer as her mistress

Heeding their calls, discarding my Self

I feel myself drowning in it at night

I touch you, the sickness covering twisted arms

It's a means to an end, it's an outlet

Please don't get in my way when it's surfacing

Don't call for it

It's more than I can handle

It's out of my control

See the snake weaving through my hair

The fangs lost in the tangle of my spine

It feeds on me, I drink from it

It lets me go on for hours but after it releases me

I follow its slithering down, down, down

And it shackles me

So when I do what I want, I become less of myself

Searching for an identity left me more hollow than ever

It entices me

The only thing I can't know is how bad it's gotten

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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