

26 maj 2019

**Steep deep, stark dark abyss**

If you dare stare  
into the steep deep,  
stark dark abyss;  
Bliss?

Mew slew sighs  
rue blue eyes,  
staring, glaring back.  
Misery?

Bliss. Misery.  
Blissful misery.  
Miserable bliss.  
Blissery?

If you dare stare  
into steep deep  
rue blue eyes.  
Blisserable?

The keen sight seen  
etched in your interior,  
stretched into delirium.  
Breaking with the mold,  
aching stark dark cold.  
Carved into your mind,  
starved until you're blind.

Insincere laughter in your ear,  
rue blue eyes sharing a tear.  
The depth of the abyss,  
the size of your heart.

Please dare stare anew,  
I thoroughly beg of you,  
unless you are truly blind,  
with an ever screaming mind.

