

# Quo Vadis, As I Feed The Flames Of Hate

A conspiratory silence fills my mind  
A hardly mentioned name  
Yet it permeates my every move.  
Power of will is hardly enough  
Accomplishing nothing but a delusionary  
Sense of completeness.

Pretense, my own parody  
As played by me to humiliate no one  
But myself.  
This foolish game I play -  
[My spirit] being subjected to ever new,  
Devious plots by my mind -  
Permanently scars my soul!  
Etched in anguish, memories carved out in pain,  
Struggling  
To maintain my battered sanity brings relief.  
While rest is an euphemism for torture.

Denying myself the memories  
Only worsens the flood of emotion  
Drowning me every time  
As I struggle to maintain my composure.

It's asking to deny the reason for my existence  
Because I feel that somewhere, somehow,  
Our two paths will join at one point  
Through some spiritual, yet tangible bond  
Which so far had prevented all of my deceitful  
Attempts and insignificant conspiracies to  
Eradicate her from my heart.

Meanwhile I bludgeon pain into a manageable mold  
Encysted in layers of hate, permitting time to  
Pass as I maintain -  
Hidden behind impermeable walls  
Of my own bulsh\*t!!!