

The words of lies, they say, the words of lies.
I *hold* my paper full of eyes.
They say to write, to draw; anything but stare.
Yet I'm not that sublime, I muse.

To papers, so *bland*.
I shall rest my hands tonight.
I seek no wisdom, no peace, no *perfectness*.
Death shall seek my grave for it shall be:
"I have no *great* sincerity to change or create such a world...
It is already as *perfect* as it could ever be for your existences."

They can cry.
They *may* shout; but I shall *not* pout.
I could not design this with *this* integrity they think of.

They can cry.
They *will* shout.
But my eyes will not open up for their *ugly* desires.
For they will crave their blood whilst half-asleep.
But no worldliness, no wisdom is of your *dream escape*.

That of which, you can stay in your distant reveries.
The world will sleep, will live, and *die*.

And, to get those things from these *needed* sentiments...
Serenity, existence.

Tenebrosity...
