

Metal

Do you feel it?

Soft whispers of a rhythm weave their web around the

Delicate thoughts invading a mind.

Tap your foot involuntarily to keep pace with a tempo

Unheard by those around you.

Let your senses fall prey to the predatory nagging

That is instinct.

Do not fear the level of redemption that would

Be needed in order to

Purge a soul of those sinful daydreams.

Go home and introduce your “poltergeist”

To the realm of “Hell” and exorcisms.

Drop a mental wish or two;

Ignore a prophetic nightmare.

Cling to the fallacies that provide an

Illusionary veil of protection.

Why not just

Crawl away and hide.

Wait for the walls to deteriorate.

For the people to change their tune.

All the while,

Feeling the beat pulsating in your

Blood.